



"THE BISCAYA" ICE BOUND IN THE KARA SEA.

Across Siberia.

A Special Artist's Journey Round the World.

By ARTHUR H. LAWRENCE.

WHEN, in the spring of 1890, Mr. Julius M. Price, F.R.G.S., the subject of this sketch, started on his travels as "special artist," on behalf of the *Illustrated London News*, first with the commercial syndicate, which was formed by a number of City gentlemen for the purpose of opening up a trade route with Siberia by way of the Kara Sea, and afterwards with no companion save a servant or so, across the great Gobi Desert, and so through China to Peking, he had no idea, so he told the writer, that his journey would form the subject of so much interviewing, or that he would have been persuaded, as he has been, to make his *début* as a lecturer.

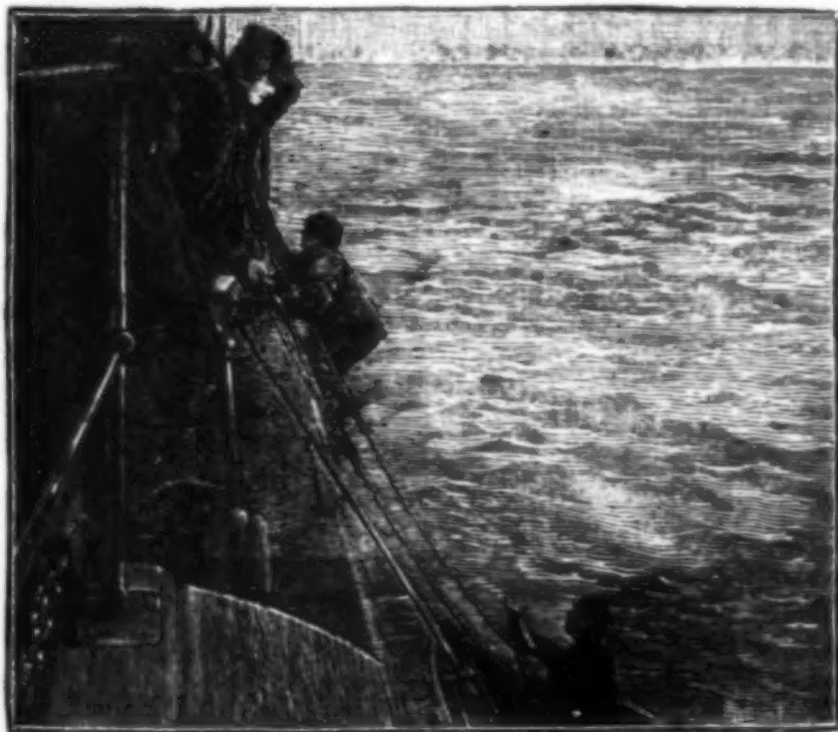
He is the author of a book entitled "From the Arctic Ocean to the Yellow Sea" (Sampson Low & Co.), which, coming as it did, soon after the publication of Mr. Kennan's experiences in Siberia, as well as the more rosy, and, it may be added, the less interesting account of Mr. de Windt, attracted a good deal of attention at the time, and his experiences and sketches were, of course, published as they came to hand, in the pages of the *Illustrated London News*, the proprietors of which bore the whole of the expenses of his expedition, giving him full opportunity, sufficient funds and a roving commission generally (after he had been landed by the Trading Syndicate), to do as he liked and to go on round the world by what precise course he chose, so long as he sent them something from his busy pencil. Most of the illustrations given in this article, have not however, either in his book or elsewhere, previously been published, but are, at the same

time, the property of the proprietors of the paper named, to whom we are indebted for the permission to reproduce them.

The fact that Mr. Price was landed in the very heart of Siberia by the English Syndicate stood him in good stead, for, arriving in this unusual manner, he was able to take notes and make sketches of what he saw without that close police surveillance which would have been his lot had he arrived in Siberia in the ordinary way; but, nevertheless, he found it desirable, while visiting the Siberian prisons, to use a very neat little sketch-book, which he had arranged so that it could be slipped, if necessary, down the neck, while apparently engaged in the innocent operation of rubbing the back of one's head, or placed in some other receptacle, so that vigilance itself might be deceived. The material on which they are drawn is of about the same size and texture as an ordinary cigarette paper, but one of these little outlines, representing a line of prisoners, has formed the basis of a very life-like picture.

The little crew which mustered on the deck of the *Biscaya*, a Norwegian steamer of some eight hundred tons burden, numbered two representatives of the commercial syndicate, a mining engineer, a master stevedore, to superintend the discharge of the cargo, the ice-master (Captain Crowther), the captain of the vessel, and Mr. Price.

On the 18th of July, 1890, this little band of explorers left Blackwall on their way Northwards to the Arctic Ocean, and had for their object, nothing less than the open-



DROPPING THE PILOT AT HARWICH.

ing up of a new trade route with Siberia, by way of the Kara Sea.

The little expedition experienced a rough enough passage on their way North, experiencing a head wind and a heavy sea nearly the whole of the way after passing Harwich; but they were at last sufficiently rewarded, according to Mr. Price, by the beauties of that wonderful region—"the land of the Midnight Sun." Until the coast of Nova Zembla was reached, they did not come into contact with the ice, but here it gave them battle royal for several days, and, notwithstanding the best efforts of the ice-master, Captain Crowther, whose duty it is for the time to assume the command in place of the captain of the ship, the ice proved conqueror, and they were ice-bound—an unpleasant predicament. It was, indeed, a question whether it would not be necessary to take to the boats and desert the ship; but, fortunately enough, this, on the strong advice of the ice-master, was not done, and when once the ice broke up, the way was almost clear to the mouth of the river Yenesei.

While the ship was ice-bound, however, the crew were not idle, and while some were engaged in making little excursions across the ice, or in rowing a boat over the untroubled and silent depths of the lakes which were formed by the enormous fissures of the ice, Mr. Price was engaged in studying and sketching on paper, with the temperature a long way below freezing point, the artistic "effects" of those still and icy solitudes which lie beyond the arctic circle.

It is interesting to observe that the Kara Sea, which they had successfully navigated, was discovered by Nordenskiöld in 1875, and is even now an almost unknown region. When the chart was consulted by the captains of the *Biscaya*, they discovered thereon a "caution" to the effect that as no survey had been made of this portion of the sea, it should be navigated with more than ordinary care, and it gave the further reassuring



A TRADER'S HOUSE ON BANKS OF YENESEI RIVER.

information that "the geographical positions of headlands and islands are all, without exception, uncertain, and that their general delineation is only approximately accurate."

They were now in the dangerous and romantic regions of the whale and the walrus hunter, and it was here that the *Biscaya* fell in with a vessel which was only temporarily prevented by the ice from working farther north in pursuit of the bear and walrus before returning to the coast of Norway, and to their care was entrusted a packet of letters which the captain promised to post at the first port he touched at—a vague and uncertain promise it seemed, but it is interesting to know that it must



MARKET WOMEN IN NORTHERN SIBERIA.

have been faithfully kept, for the letters in the packet eventually came to hand in London and elsewhere. Along with the packet were some sketches by Mr. Price for the *Illustrated London News*; and, as in this case, so in his subsequent experiences, especially in Siberia, he was often ignorant if his sketches had safely reached their destination until the reproduction of them met his eye weeks afterwards, in a copy of the paper, found perhaps in some out of the way corner of far away Russia.

At last they came to the mouth of the river Yenesei; having passed as far north as 75°. This proved a difficult river to

navigate; for the current was strong and turbulent, and is, in some places, as much as seven miles in breadth. This great stream runs its course through the "Tundras," as the immense undulating plains of moss in these regions are called, and there were not less than one thousand five-hundred miles to be traversed before the city of Yeneseisk could be reached. About two hundred miles up the river they touched at the port of Karaoul; this so-called port consisting principally of a wooden hut, some dogs, a white man and a few natives.

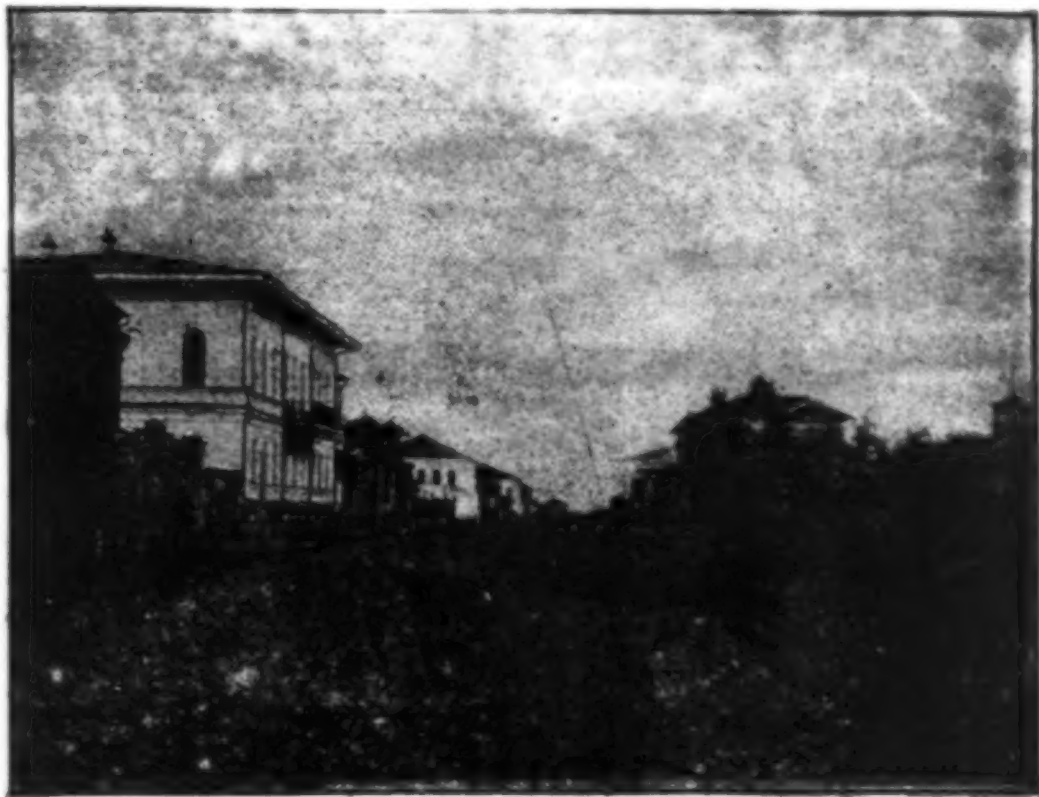
Here they met with the ship *Phoenix*, the vessel in which Captain Wiggins made his celebrated voyage, on her way down the river to meet them, as the *Phoenix* was to take them the remainder of the journey. Then all was bustle and excitement; and while this was going on, Mr. Price took the opportunity thus given him of studying the "natives"—roaming about the country with no companion save his gun and his sketch-book.

The Samoyedes are decidedly interesting. Their leading characteristics, if we may gather so much, seem to be cheerfulness and dirt. There is a touching simplicity in the way in which they leave their dead, buried in some lonely spot, perhaps on the hill-side, marked only by a sledge, standing ready packed as for a journey, a forked stick standing upright to frighten away evil spirits.

The trans-shipment of passengers from the *Biscaya* to the larger ship, *Phoenix*, having been effected, the little band of travellers then made their way up the river to Yeneseisk, and they had an eventful voyage. Their chapter of accidents, which contained such incidents as a fire on board, springing a leak, running aground, break-

ing a propeller, culminated in the death of their captain, Mr. George Lee, who fell overboard one night during a storm and was drowned.

At length, after a number of adventures *en route*, the city of Yeneseisk was reached



THE HIGH STREET, YENESEISK.

on October 26, 1890, some fourteen weeks after leaving Blackwall. So far, the commercial expedition had accomplished its end, that of conveying a cargo of British merchandise into the very heart of Siberia.

The trading expedition, from a commercial point of view, it may be remarked, was unsuccessful, nor are any further attempts at commerce with Siberia by this route likely to be a success; but while it is not the writer's purpose to discuss the matter, it is worth while noticing that in the summer of 1891 the first step was taken to-

wards the construction of a railway which shall cross Siberia. The first sod was cut at Vladivostok, in the presence of the Czarewitch, and though it may take, at the present rate of progress—for although it is being steadily worked at, it is, as can well be imagined, a gigantic under-



DRAWING ROOM OF AN EXILE'S HOUSE IN YENESEISK.



CATHEDRAL AT KRA'NOIARSK.

taking—nearly ten years to complete, it will do something to revolutionise the commerce of these regions. At the present moment something over six thousand men are constantly working on the railroad, only four hundred of whom have been imported from Russia, eight hundred are regular convicts from the mines, four hundred and fifty exiles under police supervision, two thousand Chinese labourers, and two thousand five hundred troops of the regular Russian army. It is interesting also in connection with the idea which prompted the trading syndicate, that since that date rich coal mines have been discovered, and are even at the present moment being exploited by the aid of English machinery.

A view of the High Street of the Siberian city of Yeneseisk certainly serves to upset the notion that a town inhabited by Siberian exiles contains nothing but wretched huts, and, indeed, it is Mr. Price's contention throughout that the condition of

the Russian exile is by no means so black as it is painted. It was not his experience to come into immediate contact with the political exile, in the same way that Mr. Kennan did, his observation being more confined to the criminal prisoner, with regard to whom we shall have more to say presently, but as he found more than one of those who were supposed to be expiating their political sins, exercising their powers, for example, in the artistic direction—a studio being, in one case, elegantly fitted up by the prisoner—it is safe to say that in some cases, at all events, the conditions of life in Siberia are not, after all, so bad as is usually supposed. Of course, little can be judged of life in a Siberian town by the appearance of the outside of the houses, though some of them are very fine pieces of work, or from glancing at the view presented by an empty street; but a step within one of these dwellings, which is a type of many of these in Siberian towns, will convince the reader that some of these houses, at any rate, are far from being wretched. Built of wood,



FIRE WATCHMAN.

and protected from the intense cold — some fifty degrees below zero—by double windows and by felting, a great stove keeps the house at an even temperature. The inner doors are never shut; the choicest exotics bloom in the corridors and in the dwelling-room, and the living is admirable.

Very curious is the local institution which takes the place, to some extent, of our English fire brigade station, and which consists of a tall tower, containing a large alarm bell, near which is stationed the watchman, whose duty it is to look out, day and night, for any fire which may break out in the town, and then to ring the bell. As most of the houses in the town are built of wood, his services are frequently required.

Accompanied by the governor of Yeneiseisk, with whom he had got on very friendly terms, Mr. Price paid a visit to the exiles' prison and entered the cells of the men who were to undergo long sentences for criminal offences, a visit which he thus describes:—

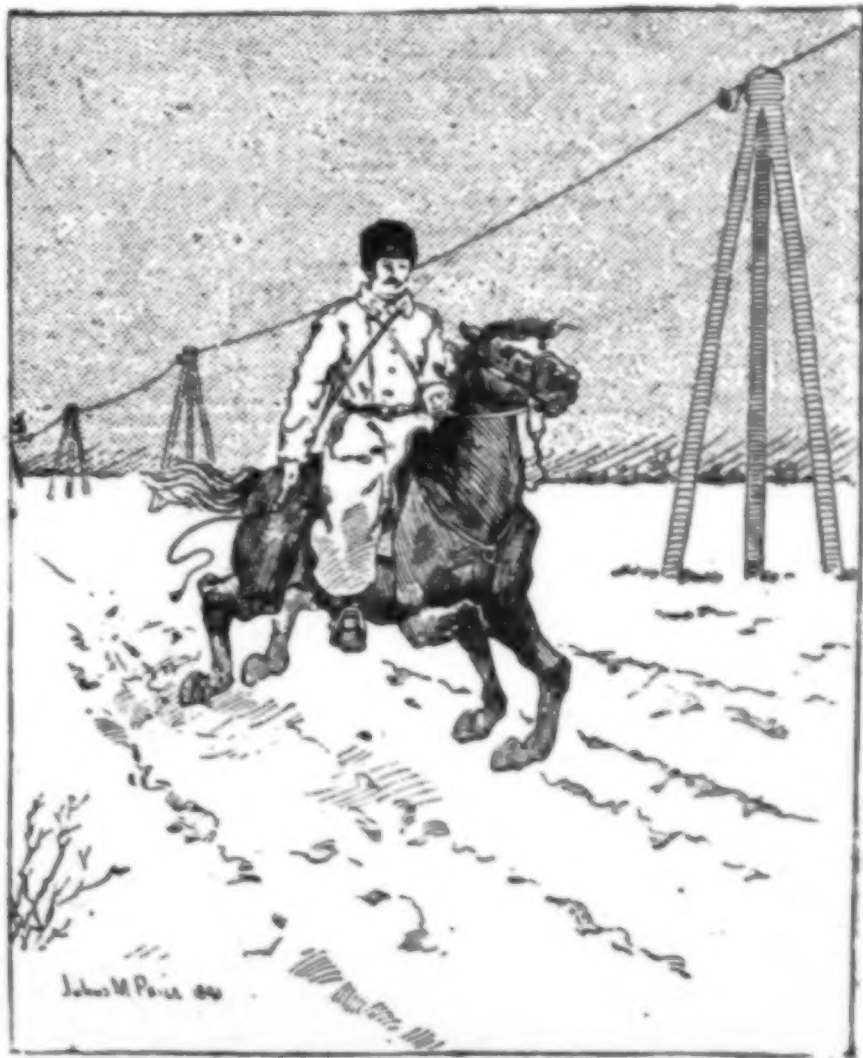
"There must have been at least eighty men confined in the large hall in which I now found myself, and as we entered they formed themselves into a long line up one side of it, and saluted the governor of the prison in a hoarse, guttural tone. As we walked slowly up the line, I had a good opportunity of inspecting a crowd of the most awful-looking ruffians I have ever seen. With very few exceptions, vice was written on their faces, and I was not astonished to learn that many of them were old criminals and had been there for many years. Heavy chains were, in most cases, riveted to their ankles, which were held to the waist by a rope. Until the rivets were struck off, these were part and parcel of the prisoner. They passed the day with him, and at night they were his



JULIUS M. PRICE.

bedfellows. This hall led into another, and yet another, with long lines of ruffians who had nothing to do but to eat and sleep, and with no supervision save an occasional visit from one of the jailors. The various divisions elect a captain, or a 'staroster' as he is called, who is generally the worst rascal of the lot. His abilities in this line have won him the first place. He has, as other ambitious men do in civilised communities, trampled over the other candidates for office, and pushed himself to the front.

"The Government allows so much a day for the keep of each prisoner, and those prisoners who wish to add to their income, cobble boots, make clothes, or roll cigarettes. It is the captain of the gang who arranges these details. The price paid for the labour is trifling, the Govern-



A SIBERIAN COSSACK.

ment takes half, and perhaps the captain has his commission. Woe to the prisoner who offends his captain. His life is not worth a kopeck. He retires to sleep in his filthy clothes and heavy chains, and in the morning, when the jailors enter, a lifeless body is found huddled up in a corner. Out of the hundred witnesses, who dares turn traitor?" Such is the life of a Siberian prisoner. It should be remembered, however, that many of these men are exiled for crimes which in England would meet their reward at the hands of the common hangman, and whatever may be said of the political exile, it may be safely asserted that the criminal is treated with greater leniency in Siberia than he is in England.



MR. PRICE'S SERVANT.

ing with a runaway prisoner, who, on being asked where he was going, answered that he hoped to make his way back to Moscow—a journey to his home of over three thousand miles, which he proposed to accomplish, and, doubtless, would successfully accomplish, on foot, and in the depth of winter, showing pretty evidently in this case, at all events, and it was no rare exception, that this man would prefer almost everything to life in exile. The plan, it

seems, which these runaway prisoners adopt is to sleep in the bath-houses which are to be found in every Russian village, and which are heated by means of pipes; and the peasants, never thinking of giving them up, as peasants would

almost certainly do in England, supply them, on the quiet, with bread and broken victuals, so that, at any rate, there is no fear of their dying of hunger within the village commune.

Lake Baikal was crossed by means of a sledge it having to be done by daylight on account of the enormous fissures in the ice, which was of so

peculiarly transparent a nature, on the day that Mr. Price crossed it, that one could see, as it were, into the depths beneath, and realise how thin a sheet of crystal divided one from all that we



Julius M. Price.

1884

MR. PRICE'S SLEDGE.

Continuing his journey, with only a servant with him, who attended to his sledge and to all the numerous details of Siberian travel, Mr. Price made his way across central Asia by means of the Great Post Road. Its track is marked by one endless succession of telegraph posts, while along its dreary stretches there is a never ceasing traffic, the great feature of which is the number of tea caravans crawling on the way to Moscow. Occasionally a mounted Cossack would gallop by, or he would meet with a gang of prisoners on their way to Siberia.

An interesting incident which Mr. Price relates, as occurring on his way along the Post Road, was his meet-



PONY BAZAAR AT OURGA.



MONGOL PRINCES.

mean by the word Eternity. This is one of the largest freshwater lakes in the world, and the scenery which surrounds it is superb. Some idea of its size can, perhaps, be gathered from the fact that it is about sixty times the size of the Lake of Geneva, that is to say, it covers an area of about 12,441 square miles, it being four hundred and twenty miles in length, and forty miles in breadth in the widest part. In the summer time, when it is without ice, its great and dread peculiarity is the way in which severe storms rage suddenly upon it, so that it is a saying in those regions that it is only on the Lake Baikal that "a man learns first to pray with his heart," for so unexpectedly do its awful hurricanes arise that no one can tell, however promising may be the outlook when starting, under what condition the opposite shore will be reached. At length, however, Lake Baikal having been crossed, the Mongolian frontier was gained, in which little was to be found to mark the dividing line between the Russian and Chinese empires.

The first stoppage of any importance, after crossing the Mongolian frontier, was made at the city of Ourga. This city is of considerable interest, as being the centre of Llama Buddhism and the abode of that mysterious personage, the "Bogdor of Kurene." Ourga is the Mecca of Mongol Buddhism, and long and weary are the

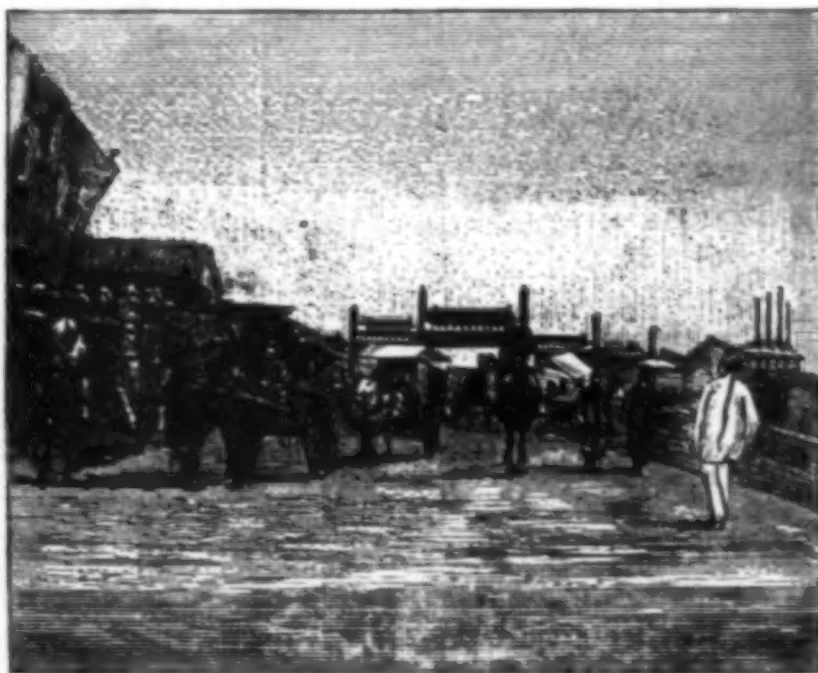
pilgrimages which are made by the true believer to the city for a glimpse of this mysterious man, who occupies much the same place in the faith of the Mongol Buddhists as the Great High Priest did in that of the ancient Jews, though, as becomes a religion which rests upon the superstition of the multitude, rather than upon their sense of the fitness of things, he keeps himself as secluded as possible, and is not often to be seen by the eyes of man—that is to say, by the eyes of ordinary men—and, it should be unnecessary to remark that the subject of this sketch being an Englishman and a newspaper correspondent to boot made no attempt at dissimulation, but gazed on the sacred procession as it came in view, while others covered their faces, and so he may be said to have been the only man who has succeeded in interviewing the Bogdor of Kurene. There is, however, as of course many of our readers in this



CROSSING THE DESERT.

enlightened age will be well aware, a mightier personage, or rather a series of personages, with whom certain of us here in England have, by report, become somewhat familiar, and they are the reverend Mahatmas of Thibet, the capital of which is the city of Lhassa, and which is still a forbidden place to the unbeliever.

Ourga is, in fact, quite a branch establishment, for it is from Lhassa, in Thibet, that the Bogdor is appointed, and whatever may be said of the mysterious Delai Llama who "holds the fort" at Lhassa, it is quite certain of the mighty Bogdor, of whom something is known,



STREET SCENE IN PEKIN.

that his life, as a general rule, is very far from being above reproach. The offerings and presents of the devoted, however, keep him in comparative splendour, and if everyone is satisfied, what more can be said?

The city of Ourga itself, is indeed a very religious place, and it is almost impossible to avoid stumbling over a kneeling native, or to lose sight of, for a minute, the sheds with their revolving prayer wheels, or the praying boards, which bestrew the ground.

A stay of a month in this city sufficed, and the next concern was to get across the eight hundred miles of sandy waste which lies between the desert city and the Great Wall of China. By dint of much persuasion and a substantial consideration, a number of Mongolians were obtained to form a caravan across the desert. "After three days' travelling," says Mr. Price, "I saw stretched out before me a vast, limitless waste, so flat and unbroken that it looked exactly like the sea. A quiet, as though of death, reigned over it, for not the slightest sign of life broke the oppressive stillness of the scene. Neither the Karoo nor the Kalihari deserts in South Africa ever produced upon me an impression so weird and indescribable as that first glimpse of the awful Gobi."

At length, after three or four weeks of weary travelling, the little town of Kalgan was reached, and as from thence to Pekin there is a very mountainous region to be crossed, the camels had to be changed for a mule litter. A few days' travelling brought in sight the Great Wall of China, a mighty structure, standing out in bold relief against the sky, where in places it actually crossed the tops of the highest mountains. What must have been the panic into which the inhabitants of China had been thrown to have erected such a barrier as a protection from Tartar invasion!

At last the welcome sight of the walls of Pekin met the traveller's gaze, and betokened the end of his long journey,



PEKIN SHOPS.

and, after skirting the wall for a considerable distance, an entrance to the Tartar city was found by way of the famous Chienmen Gate.

Here our traveller found himself the constant recipient of invitations to dinners, parties, banquets and receptions, at all of which it was difficult to realise how close one was to the barbarism which characterises the people of this strange old city.

A month's stay in Pekin and then Shanghai was reached, by way of the Peiho river. A Chinese house-boat is far from a luxurious craft, such as one sees, say in the upper reaches of the Thames, and but for the curious, mat-like sail, is more like a barge in appearance. Nevertheless, the trip was not unenjoy-



A CHINESE HOUSE-BOAT.

able, for the banks were lined with people, and junks were passing on either side. In Shanghai were found the comforts of the civilization to which for so long a time Mr. Price had been a stranger.

Nothing now remained but to choose a route home, which our traveller did by way of Japan and America, thus completing a journey round the world which has certainly never before been attempted and is not likely to be undertaken again.

The Experiences of Loveday Brooke, Lady Detective.

By C. L. PIRKIS, Author of "Lady Lovelace," &c. &c.

THE GHOST OF FOUNTAIN LANE.

"**W**ILL you be good enough to tell me how you procured my address?" said Miss Brooke, a little irritably. "I left strict orders that it was to be given to no one."

"I only obtained it with great difficulty from Mr. Dyer; had, in fact, to telegraph three times before I could get it," answered Mr. Clampe, the individual thus addressed. "I'm sure I'm awfully sorry to break into your holiday in this fashion, but—but pardon me if I say that it seems to be one in little more than name." Here he glanced meaningly at the newspapers, memoranda and books of reference with which the table at which Loveday sat was strewn.

She gave a little sigh.

"I suppose you are right," she answered; "it is a holiday in little more than name. I verily believe that we hard workers, after a time, lose our capacity for holiday-keeping. I thought I was pining for a week of perfect laziness and sea-breezes, and so I locked up my desk and fled. No sooner, however, do I find myself in full view of that magnificent sea-and-sky picture than I shut my eyes to it, fasten them instead on the daily papers and set my brains to work, *con*

amore, on a ridiculous case that is never likely to come into my hands."

That "magnificent sea-and-sky picture" was one framed by the windows of a room on the fifth floor of the Métropole, at Brighton, whither Loveday, overtaxed in mind and body, had fled for a brief respite from hard work. Here Inspector Clampe, of the Local District Constabulary, had found her out, in order to press the claims of what seemed to him an important case upon her. He was a neat, dapper-looking man, of about fifty, with a manner less brusque and business-like than that of most men in his profession.

"Oh pray drop the ridiculous case," he said earnestly, "and set to work, '*con amore*,' upon another far from ridiculous, and most interesting."

"I'm not sure that it would interest me one quarter so much as the ridiculous one."

"Don't be sure till you've heard the particulars. Listen to this." Here the inspector took a newspaper-cutting from his pocket-book and read aloud as follows:

"A cheque, the property of the Rev. Charles Turner, Vicar of East Downes, has been stolen under somewhat peculiar circumstances. It appears that the Rev.



"LISTEN TO THIS."

gentleman was suddenly called from home by the death of a relative, and thinking he might possibly be away some little time, he left with his wife four blank cheques, signed, for her to fill in as required. They were made payable to self or bearer, and were drawn on the West Sussex Bank. Mrs. Turner, when first questioned on the matter, stated that as soon as her husband had departed, she locked up these cheques in her writing desk. She subsequently, however, corrected this statement, and admitted having left them on the table while she went into the garden to cut some flowers. In all, she was absent, she says, about ten minutes. When she came in from cutting her flowers, she immediately put the cheques away. She had not counted them on receiving them from her husband, and when, as she put them into her Davenport, she saw there were only three, she concluded that that was the number he had left with her. The loss of the cheque was not discovered until her husband's return, about a week later on. As soon as he was aware of the fact, he telegraphed to the West Sussex Bank to stop payment, only, however, to make the unpleasant discovery that the cheque, filled in to the amount of six hundred pounds, had been presented and cashed (in gold) two days previously. The clerk who cashed it took no particular notice of the person presenting it, except that he was of gentlemanly appearance, and declares himself to be quite incapable of identifying him. The largeness of the amount raised no suspicion in the mind of the clerk, as Mr. Turner is a man of good means, and since his marriage, about six months back, has been refurnishing the Vicarage, and paying away large sums for old oak furniture and for pictures."

"There, Miss Brooke," said the inspector as he finished reading, "if, in addition to these particulars, I tell you that one or two circumstances that have arisen seem to point suspicion in the direction of the young wife, I feel sure you will admit that a more interesting case, and one more worthy of your talents, is not to be found."

Loveday's answer was to take up a newspaper that lay beside her on the table. "So much for your interesting case," she said; "now listen to my ridiculous one." Then she read aloud as follows:—

"Authentic Ghost Story. — The inhabitants of Fountain Lane, a small turning leading off Ship Street, have been greatly disturbed by the sudden appearance of a ghost in their midst. Last Tuesday night, between ten and eleven o'clock, a little girl named Martha Watts, who lives as a help to a shoemaker and his wife at No. 5 in the lane, ran out into the streets in her night-clothes in a great state of terror, saying that a ghost had come to her bedside. The child refused to return to the house to sleep, and was accordingly taken in by some neighbours. The shoemaker and his wife, Freer by



IN A GREAT STATE OF TERROR.

name, when questioned by the neighbours on the matter, admitted, with great reluctance, that they, too, had seen the apparition, which they described as being a soldier-like individual, with a broad, white forehead and having his arms folded on his breast. This description is, in all respects, confirmed by the child, Martha Watts, who asserts that the ghost she saw reminded her of pictures she had seen of the great Napoleon. The Freers state that it first appeared in the course of a prayer-meeting held at their house on the previous night, when it was distinctly seen by Mr. Freer.

Subsequently, the wife, awakening suddenly in the middle of the night, saw the apparition standing at the foot of the bed. They are quite at a loss for an explanation of the matter. The affair has caused quite a sensation in the district, and at the time of going to press, the lane is so thronged and crowded by would-be ghost-seers that the inhabitants have great difficulty in going to and from their houses."

"A scare—a vulgar scare, nothing more," said the inspector as Loveday laid aside the paper. "Now, Miss Brooke, I ask you seriously, supposing you get to the bottom of such a stupid, commonplace fraud as that, will you in any way add to your reputation?"

"And supposing I get to the bottom of such a stupid, commonplace fraud as a stolen cheque, how much, I should like to know, do I add to my reputation?"

"Well, put it on other grounds and allow Christian charity to have some claims. Think of the misery in that gentleman's house unless suspicion can be lifted from the young wife and directed to the proper quarter."

"Think of the misery of the landlord of the Fountain Lane houses if all his tenants decamp in a body, as they no doubt will, unless the ghost mystery is solved."

The inspector sighed. "Well, I suppose I must take it for granted that you will have nothing to do with the case," he said. "I brought the cheque with me, thinking you might like to see it."

"I suppose it's very much like other cheques?" said Loveday indifferently, and turning over her memoranda as if she meant to go back to her ghost again.

"Ye—es," said Mr. Clampe, taking the cheque from his pocket-book and glancing down at it. "I suppose the cheque is very much like other cheques. This little scribble of figures in pencil at the back—144,000—can scarcely be called a distinguishing mark."

"What's that, Mr. Clampe?" asked Loveday, pushing her memoranda on one side. "144,000 did you say?"

Her whole manner had suddenly changed from apathy to that of keenest interest.

Mr. Clampe, delighted, rose and spread the cheque before her on the table.

"The writing of the words 'six hundred pounds,' he said, 'bears so close a

resemblance to Mr. Turner's signature, that the gentleman himself told me he would have thought it was his own writing if he had not known that he had not drawn a cheque for that amount on the given date. You see it is that round, school-boy's hand, so easy to imitate, I could write it myself with half-an hour's practice; no flourishes, nothing distinctive about it."

Loveday made no reply. She had turned the cheque, and was now closely scrutinizing the pencilled figures at the back.

"Of course," continued the inspector, "those figures were not written by the person who wrote the figures on the face of the cheque. That, however, matters but little. I really do not think they are of the slightest importance in the case. They might have been scribbled by some one making a calculation as to the number of pennies in six hundred pounds—there are, as no doubt you know, exactly 144,000."

"Who has engaged your services in this case, the Bank or Mr. Turner?"

"Mr. Turner. When the loss of the cheque was first discovered, he was very excited and irate, and when he came to me the day before yesterday, I had much difficulty in persuading him that there was no need to telegraph to London for half-a-dozen detectives, as we could do the work quite as well as the London men. When, however, I went over to East Downes yesterday to look round and ask a few questions; I found things had altogether changed. He was exceedingly reluctant to answer any questions, lost his temper when I pressed them, and as good as told me that he wished he had not moved in the matter at all. It was this sudden change of demeanour that turned my thoughts in the direction of Mrs. Turner. A man must have a very strong reason for wishing to sit idle under a loss of six hundred pounds, for, of course, under the circumstances, the Bank will not bear the brunt of it."

"Some other motives may be at work in his mind, consideration for old servants, the wish to avoid a scandal in the house."

"Quite so. The fact, taken by itself, would give no ground for suspicion, but certainly looks ugly if taken in connection with another fact which I have since ascertained, namely, that during her hus-

band's absence from home, Mrs. Turner paid off certain debts contracted by her in Brighton before her marriage, and amounting to nearly £500. Paid them off, too, in gold. I think I mentioned to you that the gentleman who presented the stolen cheque at the Bank preferred payment in gold."

"You are supposing not only a confederate, but also a vast amount of cunning as well as of simplicity on the lady's part."

"Quite so. Three parts cunning to one of simplicity is precisely what lady criminals are composed of. And it is, as a rule, that one part of simplicity that betrays them and leads to their detection."

"What sort of woman is Mrs. Turner in other respects?"

"She is young, handsome and of good birth, but is scarcely suited for the position of vicar's wife in a country parish. She has lived a good deal in society and is fond of gaiety, and, in addition, is a Roman Catholic, and, I am told, utterly ignores her husband's church and drives every Sunday to Brighton to attend mass."

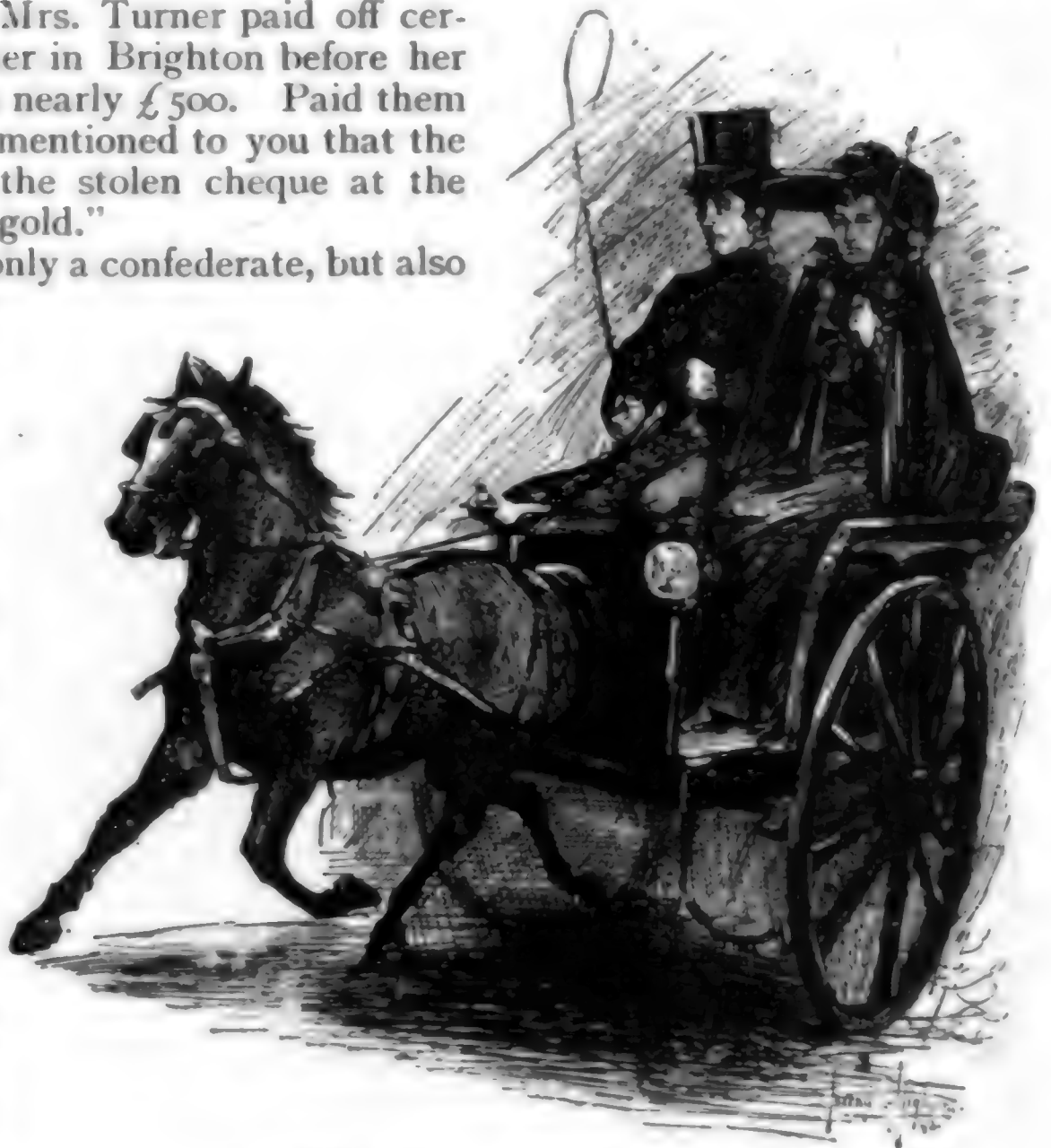
"What about the servants in the house? Do they seem steady-going and respectable?"

"There was nothing on the surface to excite suspicion against any one of them. But it is precisely in that quarter that your services would be invaluable. It will, however, be impossible to get you inside the vicarage walls. Mr. Turner, I am confident, would never open his doors to you."

"What do you suggest?"

"I can suggest nothing better than the house of the village schoolmistress, or, rather, of the village schoolmistress's mother, Mrs. Brown. It is only a stone's throw from the vicarage; in fact, its windows overlook the vicarage grounds. It is a four-roomed cottage, and Mrs. Brown, who is a very respectable person, turns over a little money in the summer by receiving lady lodgers desirous of a breath of country air. There would be no difficulty in getting you in there; her spare bedroom is empty now."

"I should have preferred being at the vicarage, but if it cannot be, I must make



"DRIVES EVERY SUNDAY TO ATTEND MASS."

the most of my stay at Mrs. Brown's. How do we get there?"

"I drove from East Downes here in a trap I hired at the village inn where I put up last night, and where I shall stay to-night. I will drive you, if you will allow me; it is only seven miles off. It's a lovely day for a drive; breezy and not too much dust. Could you be ready in about half an hour's time, say?"

But this, Loveday said, would be an impossibility. She had a special engagement that afternoon; there was a religious service in the town that she particularly wished to attend. It would not be over until three o'clock, and, consequently, not until half-past three would she be ready for the drive to East Downes.

Although Mr. Clampe looked unutterable astonishment at the claims of a religious service being set before those of professional duty, he made no demur to the arrangement, and accordingly half-past three saw Loveday and the inspector in a high-wheeled dog-cart rattling along the Marina in the direction of East Downes.

Loveday made no further allusion to her ghost story, so Mr. Clampe, out of politeness, felt compelled to refer to it.

"I heard all about the Fountain Lane ghost yesterday, before I started for East Downes," he said; "and it seemed to me, with all deference to you, Miss Brooke, an every-day sort of affair, the sort of thing to be explained by a heavy supper or an extra glass of beer."

"There are a few points in this ghost story that separate it from the every-day ghost story," answered Loveday. "For instance, you would expect that such emotionally religious people, as I have since found the Freers to be, would have seen a vision of angels, or at least a solitary saint. Instead, they see a soldier! A soldier, too, in the likeness of a man who is anathema maranatha to every religious mind—the great Napoleon."

"To what denomination do the Freers belong?"

"To the Wesleyan. Their fathers and mothers before them were Wesleyans; their relatives and friends are Wesleyans, one and all, they say; and, most important item of all, the man's boot and shoe connection lies exclusively among Wesleyan ministers. This, he told me, is the most paying connection that a small boot-maker can have. Half-a-dozen Wesleyan ministers pay better than three times the number of Church clergy, for whereas the Wesleyan minister is always on the tramp among his people, the clergyman generally contrives in the country to keep a horse, or else turns student, and shuts himself up in his study."

"Ha, ha! Capital," laughed Mr. Clampe; "tell that to the Church Defence Society in Wales. Isn't this a first-rate little horse? In another ten minutes we shall be in sight of East Downes."

The long, dusty road down which they had driven, was ending now in a narrow, sloping lane, hedged in on either side with hawthorns and wild plum trees. Through these, the August sunshine was beginning to slant now, and from a distant wood there came a faint sound of fluting and piping, as if the blackbirds were thinking of tuning up for their evening carols.

A sudden, sharp curve in this lane brought them in sight of East Downes, a tiny hamlet of about thirty cottages, dominated by the steeple of a church of early English architecture. Adjoining the church was the vicarage, a goodly-sized house, with extensive grounds, and in a lane running alongside these grounds were situated the village schools and the schoolmistress's

house. The latter was simply a four-roomed cottage, standing in a pretty garden, with cluster roses and honeysuckle, now in the fulness of their August glory, climbing upwards to its very roof.

Outside this cottage Mr. Clampe drew rein.

"If you'll give me five minutes' grace," he said, "I'll go in and tell the good woman that I have brought her, as a lodger, a friend of mine, who is anxious to get away for a time from the noise and glare of Brighton. Of course, the story of the stolen cheque is all over the place, but I don't think anyone has, at present, connected me with the affair. I am supposed to be a gentleman from Brighton, who is anxious to buy a horse the Vicar wishes to sell, and who can't quite arrange terms with him."

While Loveday waited outside in the cart, an open carriage drove past and then in through the vicarage gates. In the carriage were seated a gentleman and lady whom, from the respectful greetings they received from the village children, she conjectured to be the Rev. Charles and Mrs. Turner. Mr. Turner was sanguine-complexioned, red-haired, and wore a distinctly troubled expression of countenance. With Mrs. Turner's appearance Loveday was not favourably impressed. Although a decidedly handsome woman, she was hard-featured and had a scornful curl to her upper lip. She was dressed in the extreme of London fashion.

They threw a look of enquiry at Loveday as they passed, and she felt sure that enquiries as to the latest addition to Mrs. Brown's ménage would soon be afloat in the village.

Mr. Clampe speedily returned, saying that Mrs. Brown was only too delighted to get her spare-room occupied. He whispered a hint as they made their way up to the cottage door between borders thickly planted with stocks and mignonette.

It was:

"Don't ask her any questions, or she'll draw herself up as straight as a ramrod, and say she never listens to gossip of any sort. But just let her alone, and she'll run on like a mill-stream, and tell you as much as you'll want to know about everyone and everything. She and the village postmistress are great friends, and between them they contrive to know

pretty much what goes on inside every house in the place.

Mrs. Brown was a stout, rosy-cheeked woman of about fifty, neatly dressed in a dark stuff gown with a big white cap and apron. She welcomed Loveday respectfully, and introduced, evidently with a little pride, her daughter, the village school-mistress, a well-spoken young woman of about eight-and-twenty.

Mr. Clampe departed with his dog-cart to the village inn, announcing his intention of calling on Loveday at the cottage on the following morning before he returned to Brighton.

Miss Brown also departed, saying she would prepare tea. Left alone with Loveday, Mrs. Brown speedily unloosed her tongue. She had a dozen questions to ask respecting Mr. Clampe and his business in the village. Now, was it true that he had come to East Downes for the whole and sole purpose of buying one of the Vicar's horses? She had heard it whispered that he had been sent by the police to watch the servants at the vicarage. She hoped it was not true, for a more respectable set of servants were not to be met with in any house, far or near. Had Miss Brooke heard about that lost cheque? Such a terrible affair!



MISS BROWN CAME IN WITH THE TEA-TRAY.

She had been told that the story of it had reached London. Now, had Miss Brooke seen an account of it in any of the London papers?

Here a reply from Loveday in the negative formed a sufficient excuse for relating with elaborate detail the story of the stolen cheque. Except in its elaborateness of detail, it differed but little from the one Loveday had already heard.

She listened patiently, bearing in mind Mr. Clampe's hint, and asking no questions. And when, in about a quarter of an hour's time, Miss Brown came in with the tea-tray in her hand, Loveday could have passed an examination in the events of the daily family life at the vicarage. She could have answered questions as to the ill-assortedness of the newly-married couple; she knew that they wrangled from morning till night; that the chief subjects of their disagreement were religion and money matters; that the Vicar was hot-tempered, and said whatever came to the tip of his tongue; that the beautiful young wife, though slower of speech, was scathing and sarcastic, and that, in addition, she was wildly extravagant and threw money away in all directions.

In addition to these interesting facts, Loveday could have undertaken to supply information respecting the number of servants at the vicarage, together with their names, ages and respective duties.

During tea, conversation flagged somewhat; Miss Brown's presence evidently acted repressively on her mother, and it was not until the meal was over and Loveday was being shown to her room by Mrs. Brown that opportunity to continue the talk was found.

Loveday opened the ball by remarking on the fact that no Dissenting chapel was to be found in the village.

"Generally, wherever there is a handful of cottages, we find a church at one end and a chapel at the other," she said; "but here, willy-nilly, one must go to church."

"Do you belong to chapel, ma'am?" was Mrs. Brown's reply. "Old Mrs. Turner, the Vicar's mother, who died over a year ago, was so 'low' she was almost chapel, and used often to drive over to Brighton to attend the Countess of Huntingdon's church. People used to say that was bad enough in the Vicar's mother; but what was it compared with what goes on now—the Vicar's wife driving regularly every Sunday into Brighton to a Catholic

Church to say her prayers to candles and images? I'm glad you like the room, ma'am. Feather bolster, feather pillows, do you see, ma'am? I've nothing in the way of flock or wool on either of my beds to make people's heads ache." Here Mrs. Brown, by way of emphasis, patted and pinched the fat pillows and bolster showing above the spotless white counterpane.

Loveday stood at the cottage window drinking in the sweetness of the country air, laden now with the heavy evening scents of carnation and jessamine. Across the road, from the vicarage, came the loud clanging of a dinner-gong, and almost simultaneously the church clock chimed the hour—seven o'clock.

"Who is that person coming up the lane?" asked Loveday, her attention suddenly attracted by a tall, thin figure, dressed in shabby black, with a large, dowdyish bonnet, and carrying a basket in her hand as if she were returning from some errand. Mrs. Brown peeped over Loveday's shoulder.

"Ah, that's the peculiar young woman I was telling you about, ma'am — Maria Lisle, who used to be old Mrs. Turner's maid. Not that she is over young now; she's five-and-thirty if she's a day. The Vicar kept her on to be his wife's maid after the old lady died, but young Mrs. Turner will have nothing to do with her, she's not good enough for her; so Mr. Turner is just paying her £30 a-year for doing nothing. And what Maria does with all that money it would be hard to say. She doesn't spend it on dress, that's certain, and she hasn't kith nor kin, not a soul belonging to her to give a penny to."

"Perhaps she gives it to charities in Brighton. There are plenty of outlets for money there."

"She may," said Mrs. Brown dubiously; "she is always going to Brighton whenever she gets a chance. She used to be a Wesleyan in old Mrs. Turner's time, and went regularly to all the revival meetings for miles round; what she is now, it would be hard to say. Where she goes to church in Brighton, no one knows. She drives over with Mrs. Turner every Sunday, but

everyone knows nothing would induce her to go near the candles and images. Thomas—that's the coachman—says he puts her down at the corner of a dirty little street in mid-Brighton, and there he picks her up again after he has fetched Mrs. Turner from her church. No, there's something very queer in her ways."

Maria passed in through the lodge gates of the vicarage. She walked with her head bent, her eyes cast down to the ground.

"Something very queer in her ways," repeated Mrs. Brown. "She never speaks to a soul unless they speak first to her, and gets by herself on every possible opportunity. Do you see that old summer-house over there in the vicarage grounds—it stands between the orchard and kitchen garden—well, every evening at sunset, out comes Maria and disappears into it, and there she stays for over an hour at a time. And what she does there goodness only knows!"

"Perhaps she keeps books there, and studies."

"Studies! My daughter showed her some new books that had come down for the fifth standard the other day, and Maria turned upon her and said quite sharply that there was only one book in the whole world that people ought to study, and that book was the Bible."

"How pretty those vicarage gardens are," said Loveday, a little abruptly. "Does the Vicar ever allow people to see them?"

"Oh, yes, miss; he doesn't at all mind people taking a walk round them. Only yesterday he said to me, 'Mrs. Brown, if ever you feel yourself circumscribed'—yes, 'circumscribed' was the word—'just walk out of your garden-gate and in at mine and enjoy yourself at your leisure among my fruit-trees.' Not that I would like to take advantage of his kindness and make too free; but if you'd care, ma'am, to go for a walk through the grounds, I'll go with you with pleasure. There's a wonderful old cedar hard by the pond people have come ever so far to see."

"It's that old summer-house and little



MARIA LISLE.

bit of orchard that fascinate me," said Loveday, putting on her hat.

"We shall frighten Maria to death if she sees us so near her haunt," said Mrs. Brown as she led the way downstairs. "This way, if you please, ma'am, the kitchen-garden leads straight into the orchard."

Twilight was deepening rapidly into night now. Bird notes had ceased, the whirr of insects, the croaking of a distant frog were the only sounds that broke the evening stillness.

As Mrs. Brown swung back the gate that divided the kitchen-garden from the orchard, the gaunt, black figure of Maria Lisle was seen approaching in an opposite direction.

"Well, really, I don't see why she should expect to have the orchard all to herself every evening," said Mrs. Brown, with a little toss of her head. "Mind the gooseberry bushes, ma'am, they do catch at your clothes so. My word! what a fine show of fruit the Vicar has this year! I never saw pear trees more laden!"

They were now in the "bit of orchard" to be seen from the cottage windows. As they rounded the corner of the path in which the old summer-house stood, Maria Lisle turned its corner at the farther end, and suddenly found herself almost face to face with them. If her eyes and not been so persistently fastened on the ground, she would have noted the approach of the intruders as quickly as they had noted hers. Now, as she saw them for the first time, she gave a sudden start, paused for a moment irresolutely, and then turned sharply and walked rapidly away in an opposite direction.

"Maria, Maria!" called Mrs. Brown, don't run away; we sha'n't stay here for more than a minute or so."

Her words met with no response. The woman did not so much as turn her head.

Loveday stood at the entrance of the old summer-house. It was considerably out of repair, and most probably was never entered by anyone save Maria Lisle, its unswept, undusted condition suggesting colonies of spiders and other creeping things within.

Loveday braved them all and took her seat on the bench that ran round the little place in a semi-circle.

"Do try and overtake the girl, and tell her we shall be gone in a minute," she said, addressing Mrs. Brown. "I will

wait here meanwhile. I am so sorry to have frightened her away in that fashion."

Mrs. Brown, under protest, and with a little grumble at the ridiculousness of "people who couldn't look other people in the face," set off in pursuit of Maria.

It was getting dim inside the summer-house now. There was, however, sufficient light to enable Loveday to discover



THE FIRST WAS A PENCIL-MARKED BIBLE

a small packet of books lying in a corner of the bench on which she sat.

One by one she took them in her hand and closely scrutinized them. The first was a much read and pencil-marked Bible; the others were respectively, a "congregational hymn-book," a book in a paper cover, on which was printed a flaming picture of a red and yellow angel, pouring blood and fire from out a big black bottle, and entitled "The End of the Age," and a smaller book, also in a paper cover, on which was depicted a huge black horse, snorting fire and brimstone into ochre-coloured clouds. This book was entitled "The Year Book of the Saints," and was simply a ruled diary with sensational mottoes for every day in the year. In parts, this diary was filled in with large and very untidy handwriting.

In these books seemed to lie the explanation of Maria Lisle's love of evening solitude and the lonely old summer-house.

Mrs. Brown pursued Maria to the ser-

vants' entrance to the house, but could not overtake her, the girl making good her retreat there.

She returned to Loveday a little hot, a little breathless and a little out of temper. It was all so absurd, she said; why couldn't the woman have stayed and had a chat with them? It wasn't as if she would get any harm out of the talk; she knew as well as everyone else in the village that she (Mrs. Brown) was no idle gossip, tittle-tattling over other people's affairs.

But here Loveday, a little sharply, cut short her meanderings.

"Mrs. Brown," she said, and to Mrs. Brown's fancy her voice and manner had entirely changed from that of the pleasant, chatty lady of half-an-hour ago, "I'm sorry to say it will be impossible for me to stay even one night in your pleasant home. I have just recollected some important business that I must transact in Brighton to-night. I haven't unpacked my portemanteau, so if you'll kindly have it taken to your garden-gate, I'll call for it as we drive past—I am going now, at once, to the inn, to see if Mr. Clampe can drive me back into Brighton to-night."

Mrs. Brown had no words ready wherewith to express her astonishment, and Loveday assuredly gave her no time to hunt for them. Ten minutes later saw her rousing Mr. Clampe from a comfortable supper, to which he had just settled himself, with the surprising announcement that she must get back to Brighton with as little delay as possible; now, would he be good enough to drive her there?

"We'll have a pair if they are to be had," she added. "The road is good; it will be moonlight in a quarter of an hour; we ought to do it in less than half the time we took coming."

While a phaeton and pair were being got ready, Loveday had time for a few words of explanation.

Maria Lisle's diary in the old summer-house had given her the last of the links in her chain of evidence that was to bring the theft of the cheque home to the criminal.

"It will be best to drive straight to the police station," she said; "they must take out three warrants, one for Maria Lisle, and two others respectively for Richard Steele, late Wesleyan minister of a chapel in Gordon Street, Brighton, and John Rogers, formerly elder of the same chapel. And let me tell you," she added with a little smile, "that these three worthies

would most likely have been left at large to carry on their depredations for some little time to come if it had not been for that ridiculous ghost in Fountain Lane."

More than this there was not time to add, and when, a few minutes later, the two were rattling along the road to Brighton, the presence of the man, whom they were forced to take with them in order to bring back the horses to East Downes, prevented any but the most jerky and fragmentary of additions to this brief explanation.

"I very much fear that John Rogers has bolted," once Loveday whispered under her breath.

And again, a little later, when a smooth bit of road admitted of low-voiced talk, she said:

"We can't wait for the warrant for Steele; they must follow us with it to 15, Draycott Street."

"But I want to know about the ghost," said Mr. Clampe; "I am deeply interested in that 'ridiculous ghost.'"

"Wait till we get to 15, Draycott Street," was Loveday's reply; "when you've been there, I feel sure you will understand everything."

Church clocks were chiming a quarter to nine as they drove through Kemp Town at a pace that made the passers-by imagine they must be bound on an errand of life and death.

Loveday did not alight at the police station, and five minutes' talk with the inspector in charge there was all that Mr. Clampe required to put things en train for the arrest of the three criminals.

It had evidently been an "excursionists' day" at Brighton. The streets leading to the railway station were thronged, and their progress along the bye streets was impeded by the overflow of traffic from the main road.

"We shall get along better on foot; Draycott Street is only a stone's throw from here," said Loveday; "there's a turning on the north side of Western Road that will bring us straight into it."

So they dismissed their trap, and Loveday, acting as cicerone still, led the way through narrow turnings into the district, half town, half country, that skirts the road leading to the Dyke.

Draycott Street was not difficult to find. It consisted of two rows of newly-built houses of the eight-roomed, lodging-letting

order. A dim light shone from the first-floor windows of number fifteen, but the lower window was dark and uncurtained, and a board hanging from its balcony rails proclaimed that it was "to let unfurnished." The door of the house stood slightly ajar, and pushing it open, Loveday led the way up a flight of stairs—lighted halfway up with a paraffin lamp—to the first floor.

"I know the way. I was here this afternoon," she whispered to her companion. "This is the last lecture he will give before he starts for Judæa; or, in other words, bolts with the money he has managed to conjure from other people's purses into his own."

The door of the room for which they were making, on the first floor, stood open, possibly on account of the heat. It laid bare to view a double row of forms, on which were seated some eight or ten persons in the attitude of all-absorbed listeners. Their faces were upturned, as if fixed on a preacher at the farther end of the room, and wore that expression of rapt, painful interest that is sometimes seen on the faces of a congregation of revivalists before the smouldering excitement bursts into flame.

As Loveday and her companion mounted the last of the flight of stairs, the voice of the preacher—full, arrestive, resonant—fell upon their ear; and, standing on the small outside landing, it was possible to catch a glimpse of that preacher through the crack of the half-opened door.

He was a tall, dignified-looking man, of about five-and-forty, with a close crop of white hair, black eye-brows and remarkably luminous and expressive eyes. Altogether his appearance matched his voice: it was emphatically that of a man born to sway, lead, govern the multitude.

A boy came out of an adjoining room and asked Loveday respectfully if she would not like to go in and hear the lecture. She shook her head.

"I could not stand the heat," she said. "Kindly bring us chairs here."

The lecture was evidently drawing to a close now, and Loveday and Mr. Clampe, as they sat outside listening, could not resist an occasional thrill of admiration at the skilful manner in which the preacher led his hearers from one figure of rhetoric to another, until the oratorical climax was reached.

"That man is a born orator," whispered Loveday; "and in addition to the power of the voice has the power of the eye. That audience is as completely hypnotised by him as if they had surrendered themselves to a professional mesmerist."

To judge from the portion of the discourse that fell upon their ear, the preacher was a member of one of the many sects known under the generic name, "Millenarian." His topic was Apollyon and the great battle of Armageddon. This he described as vividly as if it were being fought out under his very eye, and it would scarcely be an exaggeration to say that he made the cannon roar in the ears of his listeners and the tortured cries of the wounded wail in them. He drew an appalling picture of the carnage of that battlefield, of the blood flowing like a river across the plain, of the mangled men and horses, with the birds of prey

swooping down from all quarters, and the stealthy tigers and leopards creeping out from their mountain lairs. "And all this time," he said, suddenly raising his voice from a whisper to a full, thrilling tone, "gazing calmly down upon the field of slaughter, with bent brows and folded arms, stands the imperial Apollyon. Apollyon did I say? No, I will give him his right name, the name in which he will stand revealed in that dread day, Napoleon! A Napoleon it will be who, in that day, will stand as the embodiment of Satanic majesty. Out of the mists suddenly he will walk, a tall, dark figure, with frowning



A MAN BORN TO SWAY.

brows and firm-set lips, a man to rule, a man to drive, a man to kill! Apollyon the mighty, Napoleon the imperial, they are one and the same ——"

Here a sob and a choking cry from one of the women in the front seats interrupted the discourse and sent the small boy who acted as verger into the room with a glass of water.

"That sermon has been preached before," said Loveday. "Now can you not understand the origin of the ghost in Fountain Lane?"

"Hysterics are catching, there's another woman off now," said Mr. Clampe; "it's high time this sort of thing was put a stop to. Pearson ought to be here in another minute with his warrant."

The words had scarcely passed his lips before heavy steps mounting the stairs announced that Pearson and his warrant were at hand.

"I don't think I can be of any further use," said Loveday, rising to depart. "If you like to come to me to-morrow morning at my hotel at ten o'clock I will tell you, step by step, how I came to connect a stolen cheque with a 'ridiculous ghost.'"

"We had a tussle—he showed fight at first," said Mr. Clampe, when, precisely at ten o'clock the next morning, he called upon Miss Brooke at the Métropole. "If he had had time to get his wits together and had called some of the men in that room to the rescue, I verily believe we should have been roughly handled and he might have slipped through our fingers after all. It's wonderful what power these 'born orators,' as you call them, have over minds of a certain order."

"Ah, yes," answered Loveday thoughtfully; "we talk glibly enough about 'magnetic influence,' but scarcely realise how literally true the phrase is. It is my firm opinion that the 'leaders of men,' as they are called, have as absolute and genuine hypnotic power as any modern French expert, although perhaps it may be less consciously exercised. Now tell me about Rogers and Maria Lisle."

"Rogers had bolted, as you expected he would have done, with the six hundred pounds he had been good enough to cash for his reverend colleague. Ostensibly he had started for Judea to collect the elect, as he phrased it, under one banner. In reality, he has sailed for New York, where, thanks to the cable, he will be arrested on

his arrival and sent back by return packet. Maria Lisle was arrested this morning on a charge of having stolen the cheque from Mrs. Turner. By the way, Miss Brooke, I think it is almost a pity you didn't take possession of her diary when you had the chance. It would have been invaluable evidence against her and her rascally colleagues."

"I did not see the slightest necessity for so doing. Remember, she is not one of the criminal classes, but a religious enthusiast, and when put upon her defence will at once confess and plead religious conviction as an extenuating circumstance—at least, if she is well advised she will do so. I never read anything that laid bare more frankly than did this diary the mischief that the sensational teaching of these millenarians is doing at the present moment. But I must not take up your time with moralising. I know you are anxious to learn what, in the first instance, led me to identify a millenarian preacher with a receiver of stolen property."

"Yes, that's it; I want to know about the ghost: that's the point that interests me."



"I WANT TO KNOW ABOUT THE GHOST."

"Very well. As I told you yesterday afternoon, the first thing that struck me as remarkable in this ghost story was the soldierly character of the ghost. One expects emotionally religious people like Freer and his wife to see visions, but one also expects those visions to partake of the nature of those emotions, and to be somewhat shadowy and ecstatic. It seemed to me certain that this Napoleonic ghost must have some sort of religious significance to these people. This conviction it was that set my thoughts running in the direction of the millenarians, who have attached a religious significance (although not a polite one) to the name of Napoleon by embodying the evil Apollyon in the person of a descendant of the great Emperor, and endowing him with all the qualities of his illustrious ancestor. I called upon the Freers, ordered a pair of boots, and while the man was taking my measure, I asked him a few very pointed questions on these millenarian notions. The man prevaricated a good deal at first, but at length was driven to admit that he and his wife were millenarians at heart, that, in fact, the prayer meeting at which the Napoleonic ghost had made its first appearance was a millenarian one, held by a man who had at one time been a Wesleyan preacher in the chapel in Gordon Street, but who had been dismissed from his charge there because his teaching had been held to be unsound. Freer further stated that this man had been so much liked that many members of the congregation seized every opportunity that presented itself of attending his ministrations, some openly, others, like himself and his wife, secretly, lest they might give offence to the elders and ministers of their chapel."

"And the bootmaking connection suffer proportionately," laughed Mr. Clampe.

"Precisely. A visit to the Wesleyan chapel in Gordon Street and a talk with the chapel attendant enabled me to complete the history of this inhibited preacher, the Rev. Richard Steele. From this attendant I ascertained that a certain elder of their chapel, John Rogers by name, had seceded from their communion, thrown in his lot with Richard Steele, and that the two together were now going about the country preaching that the world would come to an end on Thursday, April 11th, 1901, and that five years before this event, viz., on the 5th of March, 1896, one hundred and forty-four thousand living saints

would be caught up to heaven. They furthermore announced that this translation would take place in the land of Judæa, that, shortly, saints from all parts of the world would be hastening thither, and that in view of this event a society had been formed to provide homes—a series, I suppose—for the multitudes who would otherwise be homeless. Also (a very vital point this), that subscriptions to this society would be gladly received by either gentleman. I had arrived so far in my ghost enquiry when you came to me, bringing the stolen cheque with its pencilled figures, 144,000."

"Ah, I begin to see!" murmured Mr. Clampe.

"It immediately occurred to me that the man who could make persons see an embodiment of his thought at will, would have very little difficulty in influencing other equally receptive minds to a breach of the ten commandments. The world, it seems to me, abounds in people who are little more than blank sheets of paper, on which a strong hand may transcribe what it will—hysteric subjects, the doctors would call them; hypnotic subjects others would say; really the line that divides the hysteric condition from the hypnotic is a very hazy one. So now, when I saw your stolen cheque, I said to myself, 'there is a sheet of blank paper somewhere in that country vicarage, the thing is to find it out.'"

"Ah, good Mrs. Brown's gossip made your work easy to you there."

"It did. She not only gave me a complete summary of the history of the people within the vicarage walls, but she put so many graphic touches to that history that they lived and moved before me. For instance, she told me that Maria Lisle was in the habit of speaking of Mrs. Turner as a 'Child of the Scarlet Woman,' a 'Daughter of Babylon,' and gave me various other minute particulars, which enabled me, so to speak, to see Maria Lisle going about her daily duties, rendering her mistress reluctant service, hating her in her heart as a member of a corrupt faith, and thinking she was doing God service by despoiling her of some of her wealth, in order to devote it to what seemed to her a holy cause. I would like here to read to you two entries which I copied from her diary under dates respectively, August 3rd (the day the cheque was lost), and August 7th (the

following Sunday), when Maria no doubt found opportunity to meet Steele at some prayer-meeting in Brighton."

Here Loveday produced her note-book and read from it as follows:

"To-day I have spoiled the Egyptians! Taken from a Daughter of Babylon that which would go to increase the power of the Beast!"

"And again, under date August 7th, she writes:

"I have handed to-day to my beloved pastor that of which I despoiled a Daughter of Babylon. It was blank, but he told me he would fill it in so that 144,000 of the elect would be each the richer by one penny. Blessed thought! this is the doing of my most unworthy hand."

"A wonderful farrago, that diary of distorted Scriptural phraseology — wild eulogies on the beloved pastor, and morbid ecstasies, such as one would think could be the outcome only of a diseased brain. It seems to me that Portland or Broadmoor, and the ministrations of a sober-minded chaplain, may be about the happiest thing that could befall Maria Lisle at this period of her career. I think I ought to mention in this connection that when at the religious service yesterday afternoon (to attend which I slightly postponed my drive to East Downes), I heard Steele pronounce a fervid eulogy on those who had strengthened his hands for the fight which he knew it would shortly fall to his lot to wage against Apollyon, I did not wonder at weak-minded persons like Maria Lisle, swayed by such eloquence, setting up new standards of right and wrong for themselves."

"Miss

Brooke, another question or two. Can you in any way account for the sudden payment of Mrs. Turner's debts—a circumstance that led me a little astray in the first instance?"

"Mrs. Brown explained the matter easily enough. She said that a day or two back, when she was walking on the other side of the vicarage hedge, and the husband and wife in the garden were squabbling as usual over money-matters, she heard Mr. Turner say indignantly, 'only a week or two ago I gave you nearly £500 to pay your debts in Brighton, and now there comes another bill.'"

"Ah, that makes it plain enough. One more question and I have done. I have no doubt there's something in your theory of the hypnotic power (unconsciously exercised) of such men as Richard Steele, although, at the same time, it seems to me a trifle far-fetched and fanciful. But even admitting it, I don't see how you account for the girl, Martha Watts, seeing the ghost. She was not present at the prayer-meeting which called the ghost into being, nor does she appear in any way to have come into contact with the Rev. Richard Steele."

"Don't you think that ghost-seeing is quite as catching as scarlet-fever or measles?" answered Loveday, with a little smile. "Let one member of a family see a much individualized and easily

described ghost, such as the one these good people saw, and ten to one others in the same house will see it before the week is over. We are all in the habit of asserting that 'seeing is believing.' Don't you think the converse of the saying is true also, and that 'believing is seeing?'



"SQUABBLING AS USUAL."



THE beginning of the volunteer movement in England dates from the end of the last century, when the great Napoleon threatened to invade this country. He always maintained that England was at once the most persistent and the most generous of his enemies, and what he desired most was to inflict upon her a crushing defeat and to destroy her national independence. Elaborate preparations were made by the French for a descent on the coast of England, and that was why, in 1798, one hundred and fifty thousand volunteers answered the appeal to defend their country: the danger was imminent, consequently the movement was national. In 1801, after Egypt had been wrested from Napoleon by the battle of Alexandria, he said, "Well, there now remains no alternative but a descent on Britain." He strained every nerve to prepare for invasion. He established a camp and flotilla at Boulogne, and the

"Army of England" was enrolled. France, however, was not yet prepared, and in October, 1801, the preliminaries of the Peace of Amiens were signed. The peace was hollow. In 1803 war was again declared. In 1804 Napoleon was crowned Emperor, and once more his attention was turned towards England. The coast of France was lined with soldiers, and every harbour sheltered war vessels. The army was so trained that in half an hour

they could be got on board the flotilla. Such experienced veterans as Victor, Soult and Ney were placed in command. The plan was to decoy our fleet to Martinique, to return suddenly, and sweep the denuded channel with the combined fleets of France and Spain, to effect a landing on our shores, and, by seizing London, to practically blot us from the map of Europe as an independent nation. England was never in a more serious position, but never did her sons prove themselves



HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER, HONORARY COLONEL QUEEN'S WESTMINSTERS.

more undaunted. The manhood of England came to the rescue, and three hundred and fifty thousand volunteers were ready to fight shoulder to shoulder in defence of their beloved land. In 1803 King George III. reviewed in Hyde Park sixty battalions of volunteers, all equipped at their own expense; and Sheridan moved a vote of thanks to them in the House of Commons: "A noble and puissant nation roused itself, like a strong man after a sleep, and shook its invincible locks."

England was saved by the genius and indomitable courage of three men, Pitt, Nelson and Wellington. Nelson dissi-

troops, our volunteers became a great national organisation. In 1860, when Napoleon annexed Savoy, it acquired a still stronger impetus. French colonels, in threatening addresses, had called England a nest of banditti, and threatened to drag thence the refugees. In answer, the martial spirit of English manhood again asserted itself. The volunteers rose superior to the sneers and unfair criticisms of the malign, and proved to the Government, that should an invader come, they were ready and fit to take their place with their brethren of the regular army on the field of battle.



ST. MARTIN'S IN FIELD VOLUNTEER, 1790.

ST. CLEMENT'S DANE VOLUNTEER, 1790.

UNIFORM, 1860.

pated all fear of a foreign invasion at Trafalgar, and the peace of Europe was assured by Wellington at Waterloo. The volunteers were now disbanded. In 1852 the invasion of England once again seemed probable. The *coup d'état* had placed Louis Napoleon on the throne of France. He had said that he represented a defeat to be avenged, and that defeat was Waterloo. A French journal had openly declared that the first duty of a new Napoleonic dynasty was the conquest of England. In spite of the Crimean war the mistrust deepened. In 1859, when Lombardy fell before the victorious French

With this necessarily brief account of the formation of the volunteer movement, we will proceed to deal with the "Queen's Westminster Rifles" (13th Middlesex), one of the most distinguished corps in the service. Few volunteer regiments can boast of a more interesting history. The present corps holds a position very similar to that so creditably filled by its prototype, the Royal Westminster Regiment, which was formed at the eventful period of the threatened invasion of England by the first Napoleon, to which we have already alluded. Like the corps of to-day, the old regiment consisted of Companies raised in



COLONEL HOWARD VINCENT, C.B., M.P.

the several parishes of the City of Westminster; the only difference being that a century ago, they were numerically strong enough for each parish to have a battalion of its own. St. Anne's, Soho, was the parish in which the first corps was formed, and it sprang into existence in 1793, Colonel Robertson, whose portrait adorns the officers' mess room at the "Queen's" headquarters, being the first commanding officer; but Pimlico was not long behind; and the Volunteer Association connected with that parish was, after a time, amalgamated with the Soho battalion, and Colonel Stephen Roileston took the command. To the corps were attached fifty special constables and a company of artificers, armed with quarter-staves. They were drilled to work the fire-engines. They were also expected to especially

look after and protect the Royal residences at Pimlico, it being rumoured at the time that there was a plot to set fire to the Royal palaces and public offices. Every precaution was duly taken, as will be gathered from the following extracts taken from "The Fire Duty Rules," which were very quaint: "Each member is to take particular care to deposit his regimentals, firelock, etc., in his bedroom; and it is particularly requested that each member will provide himself with a lantern, which he may light at the nearest watch box, or in any other more expeditious mode. The lantern to have a slide to obscure the light when necessary, and to have a loop to suspend it from a button on the breast If the fire should be discovered in one of the Royal residences, all the nobility and gentry who are honorary members are to repair in uniform to the rendezvous." These elaborate rules were submitted to and approved by the King, as being "calculated to preserve the tranquility of a very important part of the Metropolis." It is not recorded that these plans had to be put in practice; though the accounts of the Royal review in Hyde Park, on June 4th, 1799, state that the artificer companies mustered over three hundred of all ranks, and that they had their fire engines with them. On July 9th, 1803, the Volunteers assisted the soldiers in putting out a fire at Westminster Abbey. Some plumbers were at work on the roof of the central tower, and

while they had gone to their midday meal, the fire broke out, and as no water could be readily obtained, the roof was burned off, and the ignited timbers fell into the choir and set that alight. By this time, however, plenty of buckets had been procured, and the soldiers outside and the volunteers inside the abbey passed the water from hand to hand, and so put out the fire. The "fire discipline" was, therefore, of some service, though not at the Royal residences.

The active, or "armed members," as they were



COLONEL COMERFORD.

called, resided near the Palace and the public offices and many of them filled official positions under Government. The rules of their regiments required them to hold themselves in readiness at all times to protect public property in the locality, and particularly the "sacred persons of the Royal family." For rendering this special service the regiment received from the King the distinctive title of the "Royal Pimlico Volunteers." The uniform of the Westminster division was somewhat elaborate.

The tunic was dark blue, with scarlet facings, trimmed with gold, and a cocked hat with red feathers, tipped with white. The breast-plate was ornamented with the portcullis, surrounded by the words: "Royal Westminster Volunteers;" on the buttons were the portcullis and crown, with the letters R. W. V. The Light Infantry wore a distinctive head-dress in the shape of a helmet, covered with bearskin, with gold ornaments and a dark green feather. The Pimlico division wore scarlet tunics turned up with blue, faced with gold, bearskin hats with white feathers, tipped with red, and dark blue pantaloons. The St. Martin's Division wore cocked hats with black, white and scarlet feathers, dark blue tunics, trimmed with scarlet, white waistcoats, lace frills, gilt buttons and buff pantaloons. The several corps had grand musters at all the reviews, and were presented with sets of handsome colours, some of which now hang in the Church of St. Margaret, Westminster, and some at the headquarters. The strength of the Westminster regiments, prior to the disbanding of the volunteers, may be estimated from the following return of the numbers on parade at a review in Hyde Park on the occasion of a visit of the allied sovereigns on June 14th, 1814.

London and Westminster Light Horse	...	727
Westminster Cavalry	...	225



MAJOR CANNING.

Queen's Royals	...	926
St. James's Infantry	...	954
St. George's	...	603
Royal Westminster	...	961
St. Martin's (The Prince of Wales's)	...	640
St. Margaret's	...	625
St. Clement's Dane	...	245

Amongst the nine hundred and fifty-four members of the St. James's Infantry who marched past the king and his distinguished guests on this memorable occasion, was the Hon. Frederick Byng. He is specially named here because he is—or rather was—the connecting link between the Ancient and the Modern Westminster Volunteers;

for when the corps was revived in 1859 he rejoined his old company, and marched past the Queen at the review in Hyde Park on June 23rd, 1860.

This regiment of Rifle Volunteers was revived in 1859, and like the Old Westminster Corps, was composed of several companies and divisions formed in the principal parishes of the City of Westminster.

They were, however, all amalgamated early in 1860, and Earl Grosvenor was the first commandant. The portrait which we publish is reproduced from a steel engraving issued soon after he took the command, and gives a good idea of the uniform worn by the officers at the time. There has been no change in the colour of the cloth, which is the silver



CAPTAIN LEGH, ADJUTANT.

grey adopted at the formation of the regiment. The facings were scarlet, with grey braiding, brown belts and light brown gaiters, and a demi-shako with a scarlet pompon. The shako was at first, and its successor, the helmet, now is, ornamented with a badge in bronze or silver, like that shown in our small illustration. The cross belt had special badges according to the various parishes. On the 23rd of June, 1860, Her Majesty held the great review in Hyde Park, and strenuous exertions were made by all ranks to attain a high state of efficiency. The Queen's Westminsters mustered nine hundred and thirty-eight strong, and presented a splendid appearance as they marched past the Queen, the Prince Consort and other members of the Royal family. The corps was divided into two battalions, the first under the command of Lieut. Colonel Earl Grosvenor, and the second under Major R. R. Twining. The *Morning Post's* account of the march past said that "this regiment marched with great precision and kept a firm and unwavering front." It was in 1860 that the corps



SERGEANT FULTON.

obtained the distinctive title of the "Queen's Westminster Rifle Volunteers." With the single exception of the "Queen's Edinburgh," it is the only volunteer corps which is officially entitled to style itself the "Queen's." In a speech after the official inspection in 1864, Colonel McMurdo, then Inspector General of Volunteers, incidentally remarked that he recollected going out pheasant shooting two seasons before, when he met one of the party wearing light yellow gaiters. Answering a joking remark about the leggings, his friend said he was an officer in the Queen's Westminster Volunteers, and that, being ashamed of the strikingly fresh appearance of his regulation gaiters, he had put them

on to tone down a little of the vivid hue. The gallant colonel, continuing his speech, congratulated the corps that they had succeeded in imparting a mellow colour to their gaiters, not by going out pheasant shooting, but by the rough work of drill, so often carried on in very bad weather. The late Dean Stanley, who succeeded Dean Trench, was chaplain to the corps for many years, and he generally treated the regiment to a good speech at the annual distribution of prizes in Westminster Hall. On one occasion the learned dean said that the Force had been formed to "defend our hearths and altars," and this, he thought, might, in the case of the "Queen's," be aptly applied by assuming that their hearth was the grand, historic Hall of Westminster, and their altar the magnificent old abbey close by. Alluding to the regimental badge, he remarked that the portcullis was one of the principal ornaments in and on Henry the Seventh's Chapel, and was chosen by that monarch as being emblematic of the best protection the country possessed against invaders, next to the navy, and expressed a hope that if ever the first defence gave way,

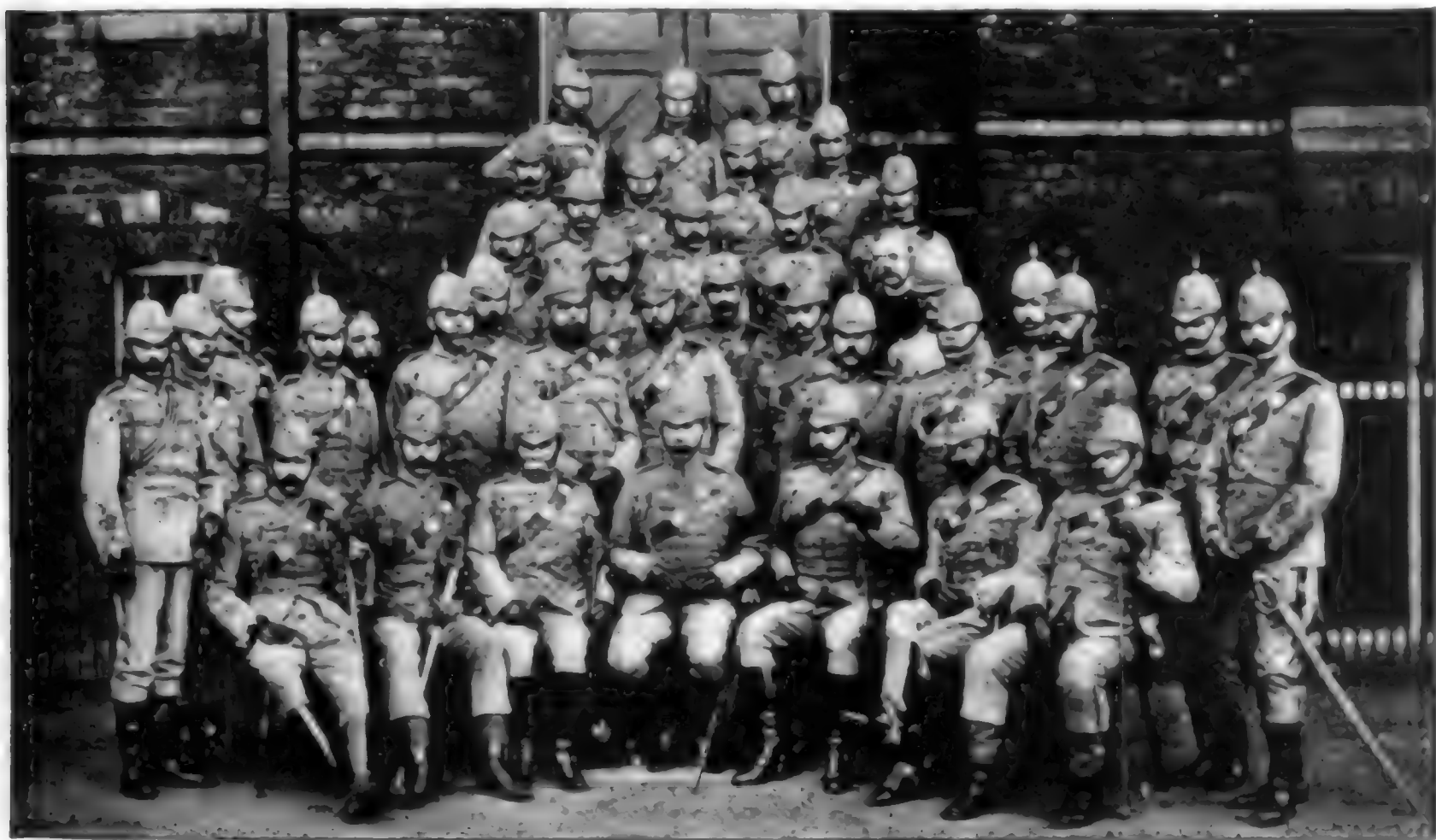


PRIVATE JAMES, "CYCLIST" CORPS.

the portcullis would come rattling down on the heads of the enemy. On another occasion, Dean Stanley, speaking of Westminster Hall, reminded the corps that the Hall was a suitable and appropriate place for drilling, as the roof was made of wood from the forest of Shillelagh in Ireland!

Dean Bradley is now chaplain to the regiment, and is universally respected in the corps. It is not possible, in the limited space available in our pages, to follow the corps in the many reviews, field days, Easter manœuvres, etc., in which they have taken part during the past twenty years. Moreover, such events, except to those versed in military

Metropolis, but in every city and town of the kingdom, they mustered in great strength, marched to church, returned to their "alarm posts," or rendezvous, and fired a feu de joie. The various corps in London observed the Jubilee by full-dress parades and banquets, in which both officer and private had a share. The "Royal Westminsters" attended a special church parade in the Abbey; and the Queen's Royals assembled in Sloane Square and went to Chelsea Hospital. The most important function in which the "Queen's Westminsters" took part, during the Victorian Jubilee, was undoubtedly the State Service held in the church of St. Margaret, Westminster,



A GROUP OF OFFICERS.

technicalities, are pretty much alike, year after year. The corps has played an important part on several historic occasions. On the day of the Queen's Jubilee, in 1887, the "Queen's" mustered in force and "lined" both sides of the Embankment from Westminster Bridge to Charing Cross Bridge.

In alluding to the part played by the volunteers in the Jubilee celebrations of Queen Victoria, we may give a retrospective glance at the doings of the volunteers in the Jubilee of George the Third, for one of the leading features in the celebrations held on the 25th October 1809, was the presence of many thousands of volunteers. Not only in the

on Sunday, May 22nd, 1887, when "Mr. Speaker, and the Honourable the House of Commons of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland," attended to "return thanks for the fifty years' reign of Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen." The spectacle was without historic parallel, and was striking in the extreme. The Chamber in which the House sits was opened at about ten o'clock, and shortly afterwards a number of members who had accepted the invitation to take part in the Jubilee Service, assembled with the view of forming a procession. At a quarter to eleven the Speaker, wearing his robes of state of black and gold, took his seat in the chair

usually occupied by the clerk at the table. After the lapse of a few minutes, during which members continued to arrive, the Speaker rose, and, preceded by the mace-bearer, walked down the House and entered the central lobby, where the procession was to be formed. The procession, on being formed, was preceded by Chief Inspector Denning, the Inspector of the Houses of Parliament, and by Chief Inspector Horsley, the Inspector of the House of Commons. The procession itself was headed by the mace-bearer, carrying the mace; the Deputy Sergeant-at-Arms, and the Sergeant-at-Arms. Next came the Speaker, whose train was carried by his train-bearer; the Chaplain of the House of Commons, and the Secretary to the Speaker, followed, being preceded by two messengers. They were followed by the Clerk of the House of Commons, and the first and second clerk assistants.

After these, came the Honourable Members, in a line of four abreast. In the first rank were Mr. Gladstone, the late Mr. W. H. Smith, Mr. Courtney and Lord Hartington. The procession marched in slow time, by way of St. Stephen's Hall to Westminster Hall. Westminster Hall was lined on both sides by the "Queen's," behind whose ranks stood a number of Regular and Volunteer Officers in uniform. The procession of the clergy and choirs of the Abbey and of St. Margaret's entered the Hall by the great door, and, having reached the bottom of St. Stephen's Steps, at the upper end of the Hall, the two lines separated and, counter-marching down the Hall, formed two lines in front of the Volunteers. On the Speaker reaching the top of St. Stephen's Steps, at the upper end of the Hall, the Commons procession halted, and was saluted by a flourish, played by the twenty-four buglers of the Queen's Westminsters. The Clergy procession was then reformed, and marched at the head of the Commons procession.

A GROUP OF OFFICERS AND NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.



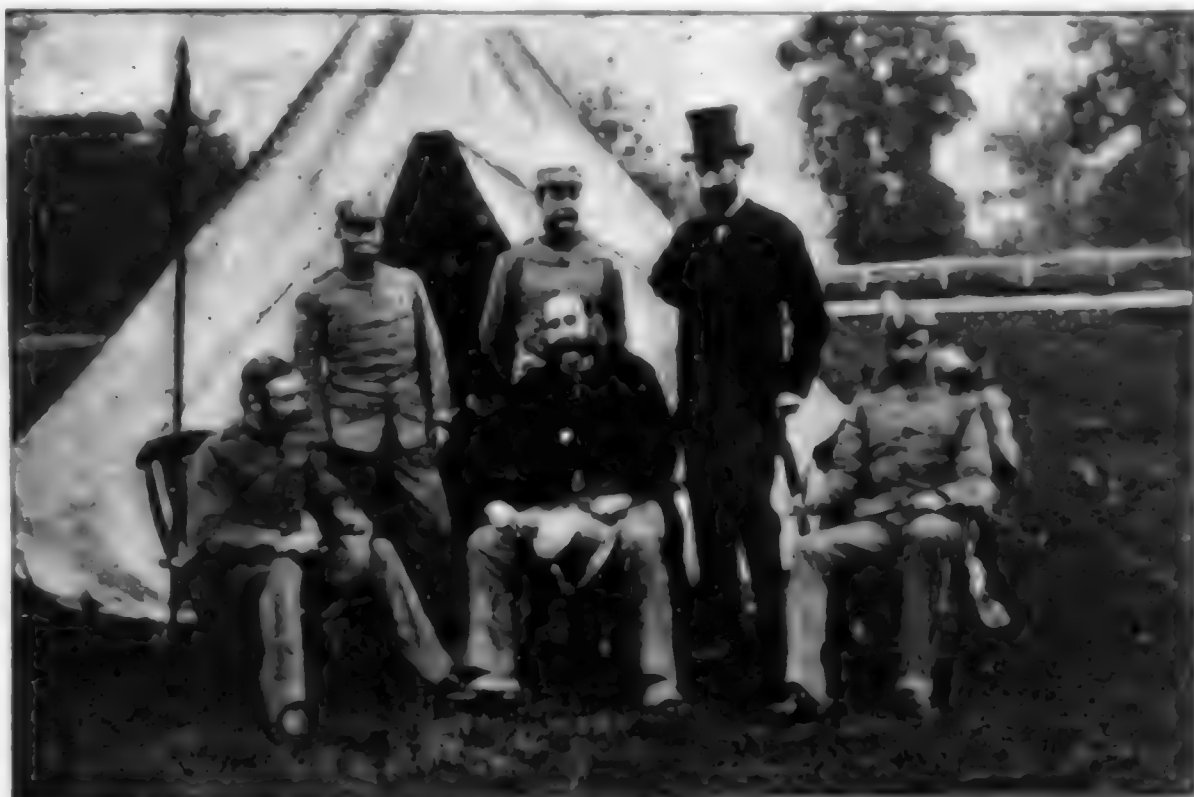


A GENERAL INSPECTION.

The grand procession was headed by Colonel Howard Vincent, M.P., colonel of the Queen's Westminsters, who was mounted. He was followed by the band of the corps, playing a slow march. Next came two silver maces of St. Margaret's, followed by the churchwardens and overseers of St. Margaret's, and in due succession by the master of the choir house, the Abbey choristers, the lay vicars, the clergy, walking two and two, the three curates of St. Margaret's, the Dean of Peterborough, the Westminster Queen's Scholars, the Westminster "Town Boys," the Westminster Masters, the High Bailiff of Westminster (Mr. W. J. Farrar), the senior Abbey verger, the minor canons' verger, the minor canons of the Abbey, Canons Duckworth and Furse, the Dean's verger, with silver staff, the Dean of Westminster, the Bishops of Sydney and Ruperts Land, the silver maces of St. Margaret's, the Rector of St. Margaret's (Archdeacon Farrar), and the preacher (the Bishop of Ripon). The line of march,

after emerging from the great doors of Westminster Hall, was through New Palace Yard, across the road to Parliament Square, straight between the two enclosures, and then diagonally across the road to the west door of St. Margaret's Church. The line was kept by the remaining companies of the Queen's Westminsters, who had assembled nearly a thousand strong.

At the time of the Hyde Park and Trafalgar Square Demonstrations, in No-



IN CAMP.

COL. COMERFORD. LT.-COL. SHIPWAY. MAJOR TYLER.
COL. SCRIVENER. MAJOR CHARTER. MAJOR MEADS.

vember, 1887, when a serious conflict with the people was feared by the authorities, a body of special constables was formed, under the command-in-chief of General Percy Feilding, and the A Division, composed mainly of "Queen's" and "London Scottish," over one thousand strong, was placed under the command of Colonel Comerford, and occupied positions in Trafalgar Square and

other West-end centres. Colonel Comerford had certainly a very remarkable body of men under his command, for in the ranks were commissioned officers, naval and military, barristers, professional men, medical men, and, in fact, representatives of every profession.

On the occasion of the visit of the German Emperor in 1891, a great volunteer review was held at Wimbledon. The "Queen's Westminsters," which mustered some six hundred and eighty strong, went down to Putney in two steamboats, thence marching by road to the Common. This



WELL KNOWN FACES IN CAMP

was not the first occasion on which the Emperor had met the corps, as he had already been present at a special inspection of the regiment. This took place in the garden of Buckingham Palace. Thither the Emperor came in the uniform of the Queen's Dragoons, attended by his staff, and by Lord Mount Edgumbe and Lord de Ros. The hour of the inspection was early morning—

the Emperor arriving precisely at eight o'clock. The Dean of Westminster, Dr. Bradley, was present in his capacity of Chaplain to the regiment. There were also in the garden the Duke of Connaught, General Smith, C.B., Lieutenant-General Fremantle, Colonel Gascoigne, General Sir J. McNeil, V.C., and others. The Empress of Germany and the Duchess of Westminster were in the garden also. The inspection itself was a short affair. First came the National Anthem, which so far as music goes, is the common property of the English and Germans, then a

careful inspection by the Emperor of the first corps of adult volunteers which had appeared before him, the band playing the "Wacht am Rhein" in the meanwhile, and, following some preliminary manœuvres, a capital march past, after which the Emperor expressed his satisfaction and pleasure. Then the Queen's Westminsters marched away, with every reason to be proud of the incident in the career of the corps. A sequel to this event was the presentation of a portrait of the



A SQUAD AT BAYONET EXERCISE.

Emperor, which his Majesty had presented to the corps as a memento of the inspection. This took place on December 22nd, 1892, in the Queen's Hall, James Street, Buckingham Gate. Colonel Howard Vincent presided, and amongst the German notabilities present were the Hereditary Prince of Hohenlohe-Langenburg, Count Metternich, Baron Eckardstein, Prince Schonburg-Waldenburg and Herr Rücker Jenisch (secretaries to the Embassy), and Privy Councillor Schmettan, etc. Baron Eckardstein, an officer of great stature, wore the white uniform of the 6th Cuirassiers, with the helmet of gold and the silver eagle; Herr Rücker Jenisch wore the uniform of the 2nd Uhlans of the Guard; and Prince Hohenlohe-Langenburg that of the 2nd Dragoons of the Guard.

The Queen's Westminsters have played an important part in other stately ceremonies, but space does not permit us to give further detailed accounts. We will endeavour to give a brief account of the present organisation of the regiment. The Honorary Colonel is His Grace the Duke of Westminster, and the senior Colonel in Command, Colonel Howard Vincent, who was gazetted to the regiment in 1884. Colonel Vincent saw five years service in the Royal Welsh Fusiliers, from 1868 to 1873; was Captain of the Royal Berks Militia from 1873 to 1875; Lieutenant-Colonel Commandant of the Central London Rangers from 1875 to 1878, when he was appointed Director of Criminal Investigations, which appointment he resigned in 1884; he is M.P. for Central Sheffield, was made C.B. in 1885, and is, also, an original Member of the London County Council, and takes an active part in many charitable associations. The second Colonel in Command, Colonel Comerford, joined the Victorias in 1853, but on the formation of the "Queen's" he transferred his services to that regiment. He now stands at the head of the roll of active members. Having served as Private, Corporal, Sergeant and Colour-Sergeant, he was promoted to Lieutenant, 1866; Captain, 1871; Major, 1882; Lieutenant-Colonel and Hon. Colonel, 1890. Colonel Comerford is, undoubtedly, one of the ablest and most popular officers in the service. He is unremitting in attention to his military duties, and is an authority on drill and tactics. He has made a special study of

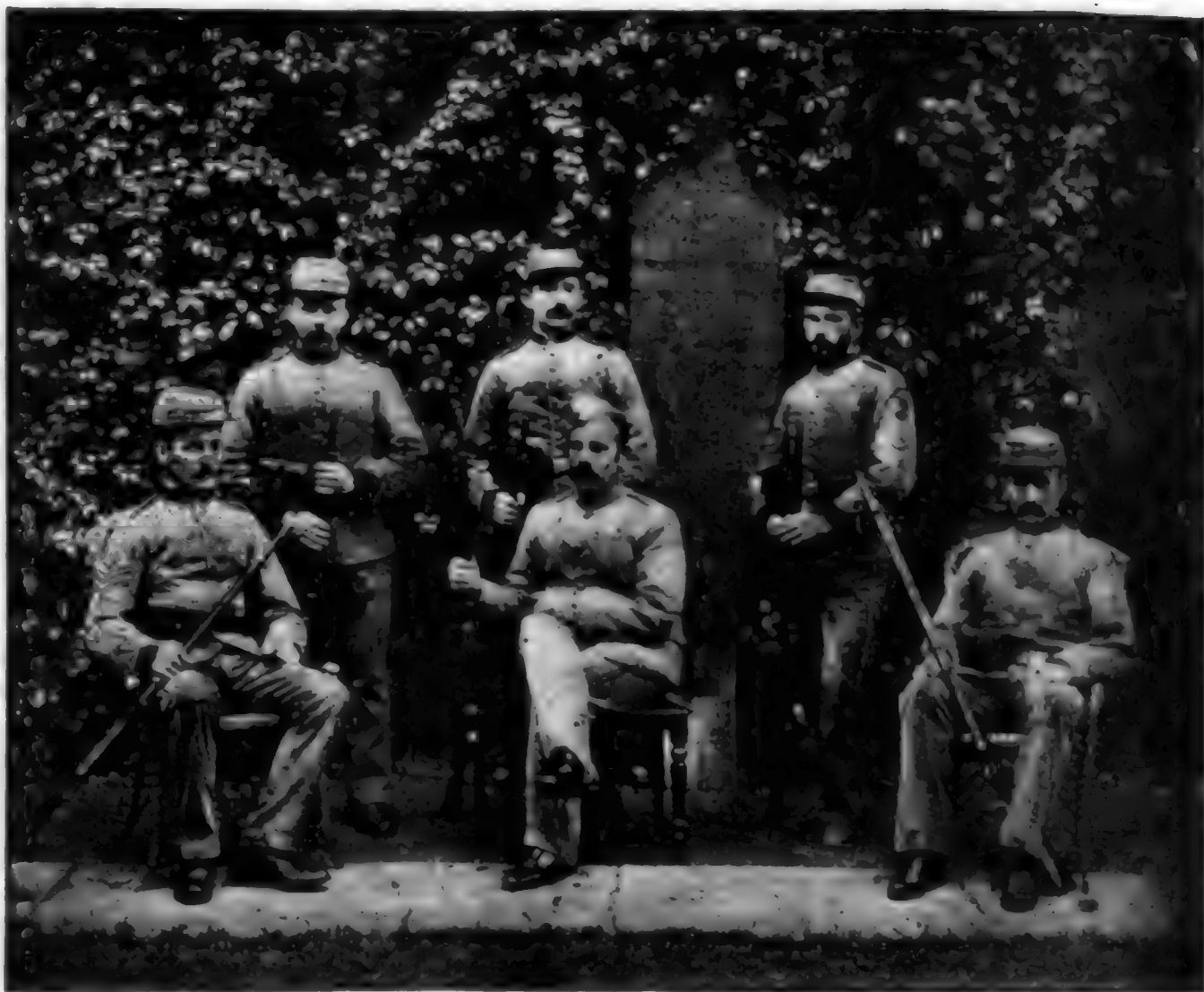
the German War Game. He is also Band President, and organised the present excellent brass band and the bugle band, which is certainly one of the best bugle bands either in the regular or volunteer service. The present field officers are Major and Hon. Colonel George H. Trollope, and Major the Hon. A. H. Grosvenor, formerly Captain in the Rifle Brigade. A very popular officer of the corps is Major Canning, who, like Colonel Comerford, is a most hard-working and painstaking officer. The Adjutant is Captain Hubert C. Legh, who has seen much war service during the Afghan War, and the Relief of Kandahar, under Sir Frederick Roberts, the Boer War in 1881, and the Egyptian Campaign of 1882. The Sergeant Major is Adam Richardson, formerly of the Scots Guards, and the Volunteer Sergeant Major is J. B. Jordon. The former hails from North of the Tweed, and is deservedly esteemed by all in the regiment.

In the all-important matter of shooting the "Queen's" is second to none in the kingdom, either for individual prowess or for team or battalion shooting; the trophies adorning the walls at headquarters are numerous and handsome. Looking back only a few years, we find that the regiment won the Mappin prize in 1887 and 1890; the Mullen's (a money prize called after the donor), 1890; the Brinsmead, 1889, and the Alexandra in 1888. Sergeant Fulton won the Gold Medal at Wimbledon in 1888, and the Grand Aggregate and the Volunteer Aggregate at the Bisley Meeting in 1890. Another famous shot is private Lowe, who, amongst numberless prizes, has won the National Rifle Association Silver Medal and the Olympic, and he was champion shot of the county in 1887; Sergeant Fulton has a brilliant record as a crack shot. He joined the "Queen's" in 1881; won the first Nursery Prize at the Middlesex Royal Artillery Meeting in 1886; won the Gold Medal for the Queen's Prize in 1888, and also tied for the St. George's Vase the same year, and was at once promoted to the rank of Sergeant. He shot in the English Twenty in 1889, 1890, and won a badge and eighth place in the Queen's Prize Competition in 1892. Private J. James has also won high honours at Wimbledon and elsewhere.

After Colonel Howard Vincent assumed the command a great change was made

in the uniform of the "Queen's;" the helmet was adopted in lieu of the shako; and the rifle forage cap, pill-box pattern, was substituted for the Glengary. Moreover, proper great coats were provided; a regimental wagon and ambulance obtained; the standard of height raised, and measures were promptly taken to secure new headquarters. Under the splendid guidance of Colonel Vincent, the regiment steadily increased, both in numbers and in efficiency, and de-

tachments of mounted infantry, ambulance, cyclists and signallers were organised. In 1885 a suitable site for the new headquarters was obtained in St. James's Street, Buckingham Gate, next door to that of the London Scottish. The new building was formally opened by the Duchess of Westminster in 1886. The cost of the erection was £10,039, towards which the Duke of Westminster contributed £1,700. The building comprises, besides the Queen's Hall, a spacious armoury, a Morris Tube range, officers' mess, sergeants' mess, members' canteen, reading-room, billiard-room, gymnasium, dressing-rooms, etc. The signalling, ambulance and transport sections of the corps are also provided for, as well as the cyclist section and the mounted troop. The school of arms is ably conducted under Major Bone, and the masonic lodge has a large number of members. No effort seems to have been spared to make everything as complete as possible, and it would be almost im-



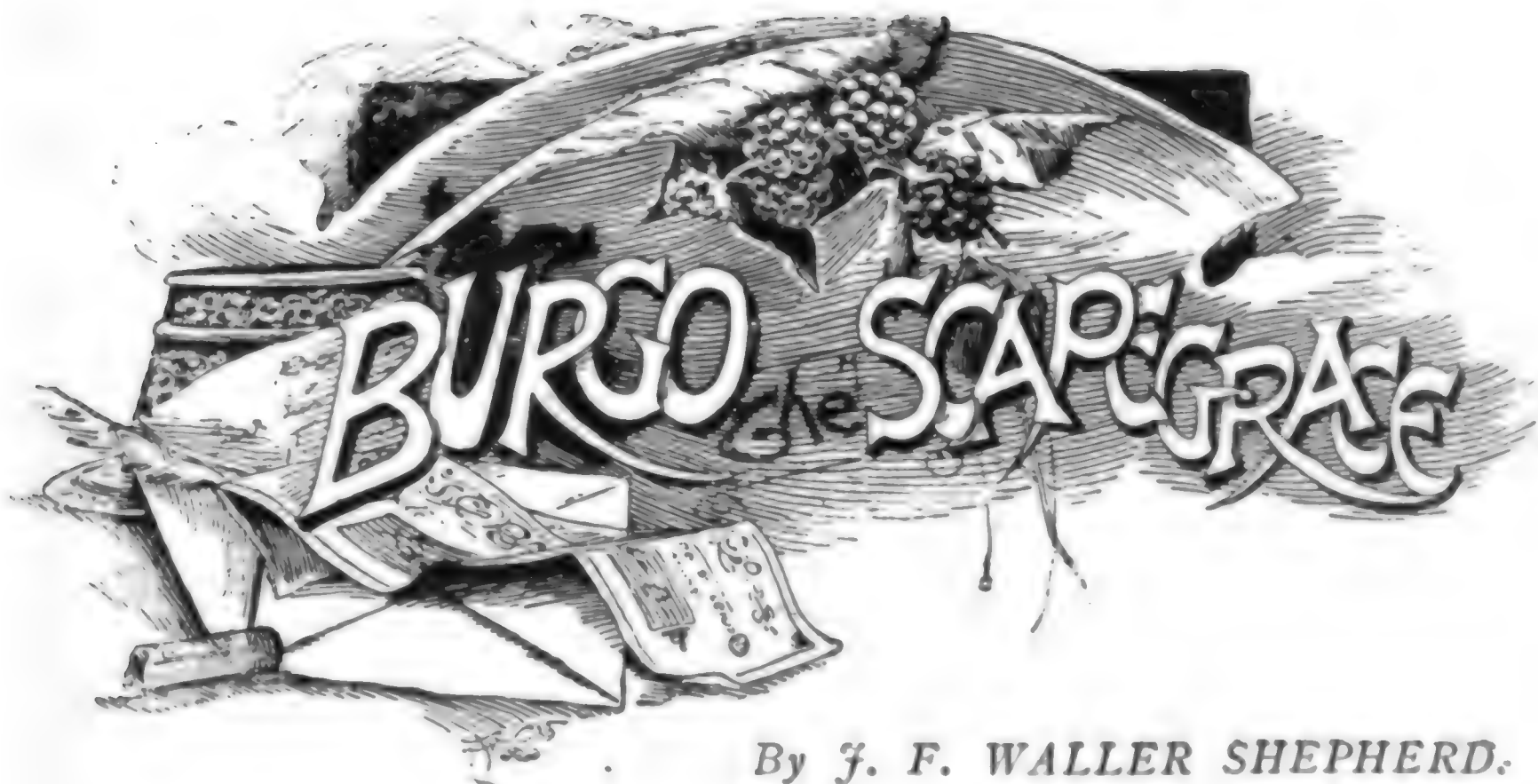
A MULLEN'S TEAM.

possible to suggest a real improvement anywhere.

In December, 1892, H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge distributed the Volunteer Decoration, awarded to officers for twenty-five years' service, and Colonel Comerford had the honour of receiving it at his hands. The remaining officers from the Queen's Westminsters were recipients of this much-coveted honour from the hands of General Lord Methuen.

The late Sir Morell Mackenzie was a surgeon-captain in the "Queen's," and his loss was deeply felt by his brother officers.

A complete and comprehensive history of this distinguished regiment has yet to be written, but, short as is the foregoing sketch, we think that it will prove to our readers that the Queen's Westminster Volunteers, from colonel to corporal, and, indeed, throughout the whole rank and file, are still imbued with that self-sacrificing patriotism which animated them when their country was threatened by a foreign foe.



BURGO SCAPÉ-GRACE

By J. F. WALLER SHEPHERD.

CHAPTER II. (continued).

BURGO MALTRAVERS saw all this—knew it, felt it, believed it all, and the temptation was at least as bad for him as for a better man. But he knew, and, what was more to the purpose, remembered more than this. He hadn't lived his sort of life all these years for nothing. And he thought of what would be left for her when the thing was done, and she had had time to find out that, in the way she loved him, he loved her not at all. For he did not, and so he could ask himself this question. If he *had* loved her that way, if he had even felt a whit less honest liking and pity for her, why, retribution, only too well merited, would have at last overtaken Captain Frederick Brune. As it was, nothing of that unpleasant sort happened. I don't know how Burgo managed; but he did manage somehow. He and Mrs. Brune sat half the night in the veran-

dah, while her lord and master snored unconscious a dozen yards off. They sat there talking long and earnestly. Her wild sobbing ceased by degrees; by degrees ceased, too, that flow of silent tears. Then she could listen. And by-and-bye she answered him as he would have had his sister answer him, and put her firm little white hand into his to close the bargain they had made. They parted presently, loyal friends. The evil tongues would have done good business over that long *tête-à-tête* if they had had the chance. There was Burgo's previous bad character, there was Annie Brune's flirting propensities and popularity, and there was "that poor fellow Brune, so trustful, so confiding in his wife." Can't you hear it all from here?

However, the evil tongues had not this chance. They had a good deal to say about these two, but not more than

had been said before the two understood one another, and both heeded it as much now as they had previously. Someone touched on the topic to Brune, who, happening to



BURGO WAS READING A LETTER.

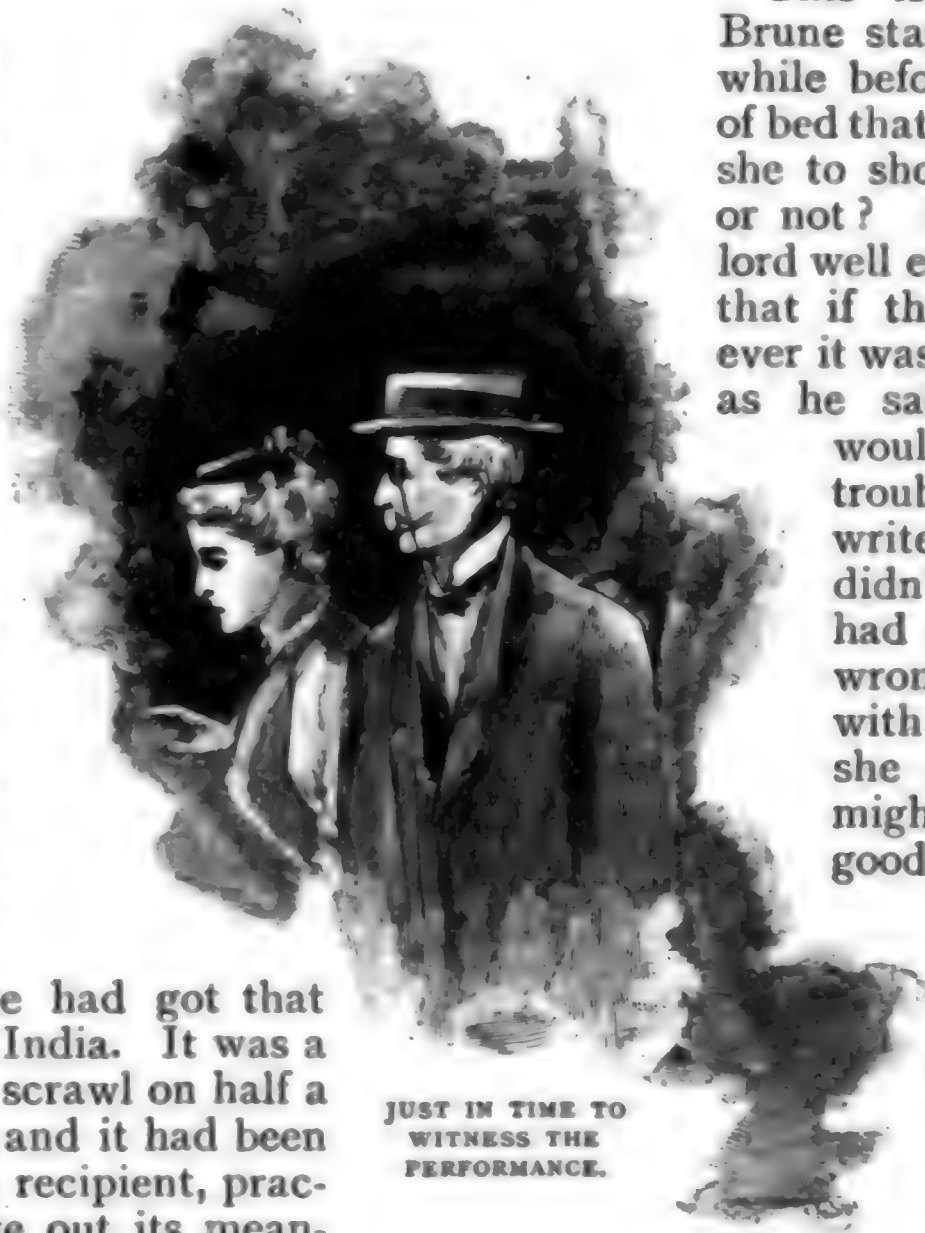
be sober, laughed in the other man's face, and told him he knew a d—d deal better than *that*, anyhow. And the speaker for once was right.

Mrs. Brune got home later on leave of absence, which she intended should be unlimited, and went to live with her sister, Lady Losely. When the "Duchess's Own" lost the most popular member of their mess, she was living at the Court still. Burgo, coming down into that part of the world for the Towers' covert-shooting, found her there. The spectacle of their friendship had not altogether found favour in the eyes of a notably correct county; but Carrie Losely laughed prudery cleverly to scorn, and Sir Lorrimer, of course, took his wife's part, especially after he had seen his sister-in-law; and Sir Lorrimer was not to be lightly offended, for he was, as far as acreage went, "that almighty man, the county god." But Miss Maltravers had never liked Mrs. Brune, I think, whoever else learned to do so.

Burgo and his friend sat, then, under a big tree in the little wood on the island that afternoon of Lady Mildred's water party. Burgo was reading a letter Annie Brune had got that morning from her lord in India. It was a hideous, blurred, blotted scrawl on half a dirty sheet of thin paper, and it had been rather hard work for the recipient, practised as she was, to make out its meaning. At last, however, she had succeeded. The result of her labours had been eminently unsatisfactory.

The scrawl began by informing her that the writer was not drunk, as she might erroneously be led by his cacography to believe, but only suffering from severe mental anxiety. The fact was, he was in an infernal fix; he was always getting into infernal fixes since she had gone away, but this was worse than any of them. Something had gone wrong with the d—d money—awfully wrong. He didn't know how, but it had. And he had got another fellow—at least, he hadn't actually got him, she understood—but

another fellow had stood the racket on the strength of Maltravers's name, and—But he hadn't time to explain. Only she must see he was in an awful hole, and must show this letter or send it to Burgo, and Burgo must get that old bloke of an uncle to stump up, if he hadn't got the coin handy himself. Anyhow, the amount he mentioned *must* be paid into Cox's before the next mail went out, or he should be broke or cut his throat. But, of course, old Burgo could manage it, and he, the writer would pay up monthly. They must save him between them, for it was awfully serious.



JUST IN TIME TO
WITNESS THE
PERFORMANCE.

This is what Annie Brune stared at a good while before she was out of bed that morning. Was she to show it to Burgo or not? She knew her lord well enough to know that if the thing, whatever it was, had not been, as he said, serious, he would never have troubled himself to write at all. She didn't believe he had done anything wrong intentionally with the money, but she did believe he might have left a good deal undone till the last moment, and then be obliged to resort to extreme measures, usually not considered justifiable altogether.

But she felt that Burgo ought to know about it. So she did what she had been straitly charged to do, and showed him the letter.

Burgo could only guess what it meant. But then he knew Brune perfectly: so he guessed pretty nearly right.

"It's the regimental money he's let get wrong, I suppose," he thought; "and when it came to a pinch he calmly used my name to get his deficit covered out there. No wonder he writes to her and not to me to say so." But he didn't tell Brune's wife this.

"He means what he says," he said to



CECIL STOOD THERE.

her; "it is serious. But it'll be all right; the mail doesn't leave London till the day after to-morrow. I'll manage it."

"Burgo," she cried bitterly, "why does he send me to you for this? You sha'n't do it."

"Nonsense! He writes to you to save himself the bother of writing *two* letters. Just like him! Besides, remember our compact—unlimited confidence. Don't bother any more about it, Annie; it'll be all right."

Tears quick and warm from her warm heart sprang into her great blue eyes.

"What a dear, good fellow you are, Burgo!" and she took his hand in hers, and pressed it.

All in honest gratitude to him, as he knew. But someone's eyes, who couldn't hear Mrs. Brune's little speech, happened to see that grateful hand-pressing. And those eyes were Cecil Maltravers'. She and De Mornac came down another path behind the pair under the tree, just in time to witness the performance. Burgo and Mrs. Brune rose next moment and sauntered away back to the hut; but Miss Maltravers assured René Pardaillan that she was not at all tired yet, and would walk on farther if he chose.

CHAPTER III.

UPSTAIRS AND DOWNSTAIRS.

THERE is a quaint little octagon chamber at Ellesmere. Below it is the rose-garden. One of its windows looks across the rose-garden upon the Pleasaunce; from

the other you see a curved segment of the great mere shimmer, when the sun is upon it, like a giant silver scimitar. The octagon chamber is lightly entered or approached by none at Ellesmere, for it is my lady's.

The water-party was over, and the pilgrims landed and dispersed their several ways, all except Glyn Vipont, who had been bidden to stay dinner, and who had stayed.

The shades of eve were falling fast; so was a gentle dew from heaven. Prosaically, it was getting chilly—the sort of evening when burning logs are a blessedness. So logs were burning across the bronze andirons in the octagon chamber, and Lady Mildred sat, and her daughter stood, close beside them.

My lady lay back in her chair, tapping her round chin softly with the top of her folded fan, after a way she had, her eyes half-closed and fixed upon the fire. She was a small, slender, delicate-faced and fashioned woman, with bands of silky, fair hair, looking, in that light, like her daughter's elder sister.

Cecil was more than a head taller, and her hair had darker gold shades in it, and her eyes were as Parma violets, whereas my lady's had in their blueness, occasionally the blueness of steel. Her voice, though, was admirable, so was her manner; so was her serene impassibility. As a rule, people didn't like her; but then, as a rule, too, they were afraid of her. She was a smiling Sphinx, whom not everybody was *Œdipus* enough to question. She had her own way generally, and no one said her nay; and she meant to have her own way now.

Cecil stood there, leaning an elbow on the low mantelpiece, and her chin upon her hand. She was looking silently into the fire too—silently, and not very happy. This was the evil quarter of an hour she had had before her all day, and it had come when she was not half so well prepared for it as she had been when she landed with Burgo on the island.

After the little scene she had witnessed between her cousin and Mrs. Brune under the big tree, Miss Maltravers had strolled on with De Mornac a good deal farther than she had any intention of doing when they left the hut, and their conversation had become considerably more lively, if not more interesting. René Pardaillan had seen what she had seen, and had

made no sign. At his heart there was a guilty joy, though—guilty, because in his heart he didn't believe what he thought Cecil might believe. He was an old hand; he knew the whole *métier* only too well. There was nothing—no harm between those two on the bench; he knew that. But if his companion believed the contrary? Bah! was that his affair? Since when was one bound to play one's rival's game? Who lost, paid; who won, won. It was each for himself!

Decidedly a guilty joy; but it made René Pardaillan charming. He did the girl justice. She would have walked down the quiet track he took her by ancient instinct with any man who had been in his place—with any man, anywhere, away from that tableau under the tree. This meant nothing for him in particular. Nevertheless, he made the most of his chance. If she had been listening, she would have understood how dangerous a slave that man had been once; how likely some of the stories she had heard of him amongst his own countrywomen were to be true; what a power of tongue he had still. The low, sweet voice, with a tender tinge of melancholy in its music, spoke on; the gallant, graceful form bent over her in knightly homage; the worn, handsome, thoroughbred face got back for the moment almost all its subtle charm. Perhaps he had scarcely even been better, for surely he had never been more in earnest.

But Miss Maltravers was not listening, and she looked straight before her. The Marquis saw he had failed, but still the sense of failure was not wholly unmitigated. It was not difficult for him to divine what Miss Maltravers was thinking about all this time.

Her thoughts were, indeed, absorbingly unpleasant; she was more angry, she was even in a more "dangerous" mood than De Mornac gave her credit for. What was this she had seen—to-day of all days? And what she had seen anyone else might have seen; he didn't seem to care. And

two hours before, he had been telling her—she had let him tell her—that he loved her! And now, what did this mean? She remembered, and she couldn't help it, all that she had heard about Burgo and her already. Once this had been no business of hers; once Burgo was her cousin, whom she had liked, in spite of his follies, always very much, but who had been nothing more. Then she had begun to find out that he was something more to her. She had fought against this something resolutely; it must never, could never be. For all that, it *had* got to be;

but there was one inner defence against him that he had been a long while breaking down. He guessed it, but he had never upbraided her with her protracted resistance. He knew he deserved it only too well. He never glossed over to himself his past misdoings; and the past certainly hadn't made him worthy of her love. But he loved her, and the future should. So the defence gave way.

As she walked down the wood-walk with René Pardaillan, ever eloquent, Miss Maltravers was thinking bitterly that the defence had been yielded too soon. You can't have a woman in a more dangerous state, if she thinks that sort of thing in downright earnest. Miss Maltravers did not yet—quite; but



HIS LORDSHIP'S LETTER HAD
MADE HER UNHAPPY.

Burgo had almost better have cut off his hand than have had it in Annie Brune's clasp of gratitude that afternoon. He was a scapegrace, you see; his previous character was all bad. The court, on the evidence before it, was bound in ordinary justice to consider so old an offender guilty of this offence also. I am rather afraid it did. It was, however, a trifle more merciful than certain other courts: though the dog had such a bad name, it didn't hang him out of hand. His judge had walked and reasoned herself into a more favourable frame of mind by the time she and her

escort came round again to the hut. Only, they had been a good while in coming round; and when they got there, Burgo was not amongst the group under the verandah. The fact was that, not finding Cecil there, as he had expected, when he and Mrs. Brune came back after discussing Fred's letter, he had gone to look for her. And he had gone wrong—perhaps owing to some information he received casually from Glyn Vipont. Anyhow, he had not yet appeared. Cecil was not supposed to know the reason; he *ought* to have been there. Mrs. Brune was absent too. Her lord's letter had made her unhappy; and she had taken herself out of everybody's sight to brood over her miserable lot, as now and then this plucky woman would do. Cecil was not supposed to know the reason of her absence either. Perhaps it was natural, because it was wrong, that she should account for it and for Burgo's as she did. The luck was dead against Burgo that afternoon.

Lady Mildred talked to the Marquis. She had smiled affectionately on her child as she came up; she kept her eye on her now. Cecil knew that, and knew too what the maternal smile meant; and Burgo was not there, and she had to keep talking to that tiresome Glyn Vipont, who smiled upon her with calm affection also. She was extremely ill at ease, and it was all his fault; and that this should happen *now*, just when she needed all her courage and her confidence to face my lady with the story she must tell; it was a little too bad. Burgo was being judged somewhat more harshly, perhaps, than he quite deserved, when he strolled up in his leisurely fashion to the assemblage—alone. He had moved quicker when he was hunting for Cecil, a good deal; he would have moved quicker now, but that he caught sight of her at some distance off, and at once checked the exhibition of anything like particular *empressement*. He thought she would understand this. So she might have done if she had looked at him; but she looked another way, and misunderstood him.

Lady Mildred could comprehend a "situation" better than many a distinguished diplomat; she comprehended this instinctively. She manœuvred accordingly. The cousins had no chance of an explanation, even if one could have asked for it and the other had imagined it was needed. They had no opportunity for

more than a dozen words, that everybody could not hear, till Cecil was safe in the octagon chamber, and the story had to be told, as they had already arranged, by her to my lady first.

Those dozen words had been principally of Burgo's speaking. They were a brief encouragement to his darling to open the battle bravely, and bring him on the scene of action as soon as she could. And Cecil had answered—she hardly knew what. She was angry with him—that is, she had been angry, worse than angry, with him till that moment. But then, when he spoke that way to her, when he looked that way at her, with that light in his eyes that shone there only for her; what was she to do, in spite of all, but feel happy again, and smile back confidence upon him? Yet the smile was the anxious little smile of that morning; yet the confidence was dashed with something like doubt. She went to do battle for their love with a terrible flaw in her armour, and against one so cunning of fence and so pitiless as she knew my lady was and would be. To do this was to court defeat simply. She told herself so, when she came on to the ground; and my lady smiled, and crossed swords immediately.

"What is it, darling?"

Cecil turned her head, and looked down over her blade, as it were, at her antagonist. But she didn't answer this *appel*. My lady lunged twice.

"You've looked unhappy all day," she said. "Something is wrong, Cecil, I can see. Tell me, dear."

Remember how sore the girl was, and judge of the irritating effect of these little touches. No wonder she winced. My lady remarked that with calm satisfaction, and smiled, just as a veteran gladiator might have smiled when he saw the other man's blood and muttered his grim "*Habet*" to himself.

Something wrong! That was a pleasing way of speaking of what had happened on the lily-reef that noontide. Something wrong; something that had made her unhappy—and noticed. The worst of it was—there was truth in this. She had been unhappy nearly ever since the thing had been done. But it was not agreeable to be told so in this way, all the same; and it was provoking. The girl flushed rather; she gripped her foil, and prepared to fight it out—just what the other wanted.

"Tell me, dear," my lady repeated tenderly.

"You brought me here for that, I suppose, mamma," Miss Maltravers said, with a flush on her fair face still, and a look, hardly so dutiful as a model mother deserved, in her kindling eyes.

"Let us suppose I did," the model mother returned; "that has nothing to do with it. You can tell me, can't you, Cecil?"

The tone of the last words didn't make them so soothing as they might have been.

"If you don't know. But I think you do know, mamma."

"No. What has been troubling you, dear?"

"Nothing has been troubling me. It is not that."

"What?"

The young one was no match for the old one at this game. My lady drew blood again. Those four superfluous last words in her daughter's last sentence gave her her chance.

"What? Not your folly with a scapegrace like Burgo, and his perfectly consistent conduct afterwards? That has not been troubling you, my poor misguided child? A fond mother knows better; there is no deceiving *me* you know." That is what my lady's monosyllable meant, and what Cecil felt it meant.

"What?"

"You make it hard for me to answer you."

"I make it hard? Why?"

"Mamma, you have guessed this."

"I can't guess why you talk in this way, Cecil. I see you looking wretched, whenever I *do* see you, all day. I ask you why, and you tell me nothing has been troubling you, which is nonsense; and that I know what it is, which is nonsense also. It is something, then, you had

rather I guessed than tell me it your self?"

"No," Cecil said, fairly roused; "I had rather tell you. It is only this: Burgo spoke to me to-day, and I —"

"Ah!" my lady interrupted, "I understand it all now, dear, of course. Burgo spoke to you to-day, as he had no right to speak; and you had to tell him, —Yes; of course that made you unhappy, poor child. One can't help liking him, in spite of all his faults."

The speaker's tone and face were perfect when she said this; but they did not deceive her daughter. Cecil was pale now, but cool; her lip curled a little as she answered:

"No, one can't help liking Burgo. And when he spoke to me to-day, mamma, it was as he had every right to speak, if he chose."

"What is that? What did he say, then?"

"He told me that he loved me."

"Ah! And you?"

"It seems that I love him, mamma," the girl said, tenderly now.

A less perfectly model mother would have perhaps taken her child in her arms here to hear the rest; but Lady Mildred was a perfect model; she knew better than to do this.

"Ah," she said again, just as before, "it seems that you love Burgo. And you told him that?"

"Yes; I told him that."

"And this was what you had to tell me, Cecil? I see."

"I had to tell you. But when I came here to-night, you knew what I had to tell you. I think you have known I might have to tell you this for a long time, mamma."

"No, I never thought so. What had I to day to lead me to suppose this was what I was to hear? except, indeed, your evident —disquietude.



"YOU LOVE HIM SO MUCH AS THAT, DARLING?"

And if I had ever considered this possible, it was long ago—before one of you had rendered it impossible, before I had formed other plans for you, Cecil. This can't be, my poor child."

"Mamma!" The "poor child" was intolerable.

"Think what he is."

"What he was," the girl put in quickly.

"What he was, then, if you like. Has he altered so much? I didn't know. What he was, then. Burgo has no business to marry yet; no business to marry you. How could I feel happy about you? You smile—yes, *now*; but later, when — You must see that, Cecil? Burgo is —" A gesture finished the sentence.

"I love him," said Cecil.

My lady saw that in her face.

"How long? Yes; I say you were always fond of him. And to-day, when he spoke to you—he ought to do that sort of thing well by this time—you were surprised —"

"No!"

"Listen, dear. You were surprised into answering him as you did."

"As I did?" she repeated imprudently; "no, I was not surprised. I told him at first —" She stopped.

Quick came the other's "What?"

Then my lady understood what, and smiled.

"You told him, in other words, just what I have been telling you—that this could not be. And you say you weren't surprised into telling him just the contrary immediately afterwards? My dear child!"

Cecil felt she was making a wretched fight of it. My lady hit on all the weak points of her armour unerringly; but she hadn't hit on the weakest yet.

The girl shuddered in anticipation, but yet held her ground pluckily.

"Not altogether that," she said; "but I knew, of course, there was much against this —"

"Very much."

"Very much, if you choose; and I said so to him. What I didn't know till I knew how he loved me, was how I loved him. And then —"

"Then you forgot all the obstacles, of course. You love him so much as that, darling?" my lady asked, after a little pause, softly, flinging away her foil, too,

and taking her daughter's hand in both hers.

This sudden change of treatment is apt to effect wonders. It touched the present patient, who was not wont to trust her parent over much. A course of model-motherdom does now and then, I have noticed, bring about such distrust between child and parent. However, Cecil was young; and though she was a clever girl, she forgot hers just when an older hand would have been most mindful of it, and have stood most upon her guard. She let my lady draw her down to her; and then she said:

"As much as that! O mamma, I love him more than all!"

At the moment of her speaking I suppose she did; at all events, she thought so, because for the moment she had forgotten everything but her love. This is a common mistake, as Lady Mildred was well aware, no doubt. Nevertheless, my lady looked very grave at her daughter's confession.

"I am sorry for this, Cecil," she said, as gravely after a while.

"Oh, mamma!"

"What would you have me do? Give you to him? How can I? That is why I am sorry, Cecil. I don't blame you; the fault is his. He should have seen this was out of the question. And I am to blame, too—worse than Burgo, perhaps. Yet I thought you quite safe as you were. I never dreamed of this—not since you met this time. It is impossible."

Cecil wasted a good deal of her strength and her skill against this hard-and-fast line. When she had tired herself, my lady moved forth and smote her.

"You said yourself there was much against this that you had thought of, darling. That must seem much more to me, don't you think? And if you can forget all this so easily, you must not wonder if I cannot."

What could the girl urge against this? Only that Burgo had never really been so bad as the evil tongues would have had him; that her business was with the future, not the past; and that she had no fear—rather humiliating arguments which my lady made her repeat over and over again. Then she retreated to another line of opposition. Cecil might have no fear; but she, the speaker, might have—honestly, had. Still, if all was as Cecil affirmed, why, perhaps—the end was that



which one of the two had all along intended. The pleader was shown the weakness, the inconsistency, the folly of her special pleading, delicately but distinctly. It was made quite clear to her that she was running a great risk for a gain which might or might not be worth that risk; that, at all events, the chances were that it would not, and the guarantee that it would, merely imaginary; that she had, fortunately, a fond mother to care for her; and that this fond mother would do her duty. If her child's happiness were absolutely involved in this, as she must call it, unfortunate affair, it was her duty to see that, whatever else—my lady emphasised these words—was sacrificed, that happiness was at any rate secured; and to feel even tolerably confident of that, she must have time; they must wait a year—or two; the engagement between them must remain in abeyance. If Burgo satisfied her when his probation was over, why, she would then not withhold her consent. All depended on Burgo; if Cecil could trust him, as she said—

And, of course, Cecil declared she could again; and, of course, my lady sighed and kissed her.

These were my lady's terms. They were better

than either of the offenders had ventured to expect; and yet Cecil went out of the octagon chamber, when she had won them, feeling not at all victorious—irritated, dispirited, dissatisfied.

Lady Mildred, left alone, sat smiling at the log-fire, as though she read her child's heart.

Burgo was waiting on the terrace. Glyn Vipont had turned out there, too, to consume his tobacco. Burgo had to stroll up and down with him while he waited for Cecil. He had no great liking for Glyn; but no great dislike either. The wise youth's wisdom was not insufferably intrusive; Glyn was not a prig and not a bore; he made himself generally agreeable. He was not an ordinary toady, though Sir Burgo, K.C.B., had once sworn at him before the chief butler, and Glyn had borne it patiently. Burgo, the nephew, used to set him down as one, I fancy, not perceiving that Glyn was something a great deal more dangerous to himself. But, then, Burgo never had sufficiently looked after his own interests at the Towers. The old General had been a father to him since he first went to Eton, and the boy had loved and respected him immensely. Burgo loved and respected the old man not a whit less

now; but I am afraid he took the General's intentions and long-suffering towards him too much as a matter of course. The benefactor, at all events, was beginning—nay, had begun—to think so. And somehow things came to his ears, and were placed before his eyes, which only aggravated his tendency to fall into that train of thought. Yes, the wise youth was by no means the mere harmless toady Captain Burgo chose to consider him. The General's factotum worked for a higher price than his meat and drink and shelter, and perhaps a contemplative legacy by-and-bye. Burgo ought never to have allowed his cousin to have taken root at the Towers at all. But then Burgo detested bucolics; and though Glyn detested them equally, yet the wise



GLYN WAS ALWAYS THERE.

youth expended much midnight oil secretly in the study of them. And Burgo's appearances at the Towers coincided a deal too regularly with the shooting and hunting; whereas Glyn was always there, quick, ready, intelligent, at the old man's beck and call. Glyn's cards, in fact, would have been easy enough to play, but for a certain great affection, that passed the love of women, for the son of his adoption, who bore his name, which lay deep in the old K.C.B.'s heart under all his growling and strong language. Glyn found this very troublesome; it caused him much anxiety and taxing of thought. He had exhibited the most powerful remedies he dared, but hitherto without effect. What he felt was wanted was a sudden, sharp, cruel stab from Burgo's own hand. He was wise enough to consider that a thing almost impossible, but he waited.

Burgo and he strolled up and down the terrace before the drawing-room windows. Glyn smoked, with the perfect appreciation peculiar to him, a golden brown cabana that must have cost about eighteenpence. He would have gone without tobacco altogether sooner than have offended his palate with anything coarser; but how he paid for them—as, apart from mankind in general, he made a point of owing no tradesman anything—only his wisdom could determine. Glyn smoked appreciatively, as usual; Burgo, with a long cheroot-tube between his teeth, like a fiery furnace, but meditatively. He had plenty to think of; the other didn't interrupt, but watched, and enjoyed his cabana none the less.

Burgo was thinking how it was going with him before my lady's judgment-seat upstairs in the octagon chamber. He felt half inclined to go and see, for he was not at all afraid of Lady Mildred, his aunt, who liked him none the better on that account. However, he concluded he had best stay where he was. He lifted his head and the polite Glyn immediately made a remark, out of which conversation might arise, should Burgo see fit. Glyn's remark had the directly opposite effect; Burgo dropped deeper into thought than ever. He had forgotten, or rather, put for the present on one side, Captain Frederick Brune's money matters. Glyn's observation made him think of something which made him think of Annie, the thought of whom was suggestive, for

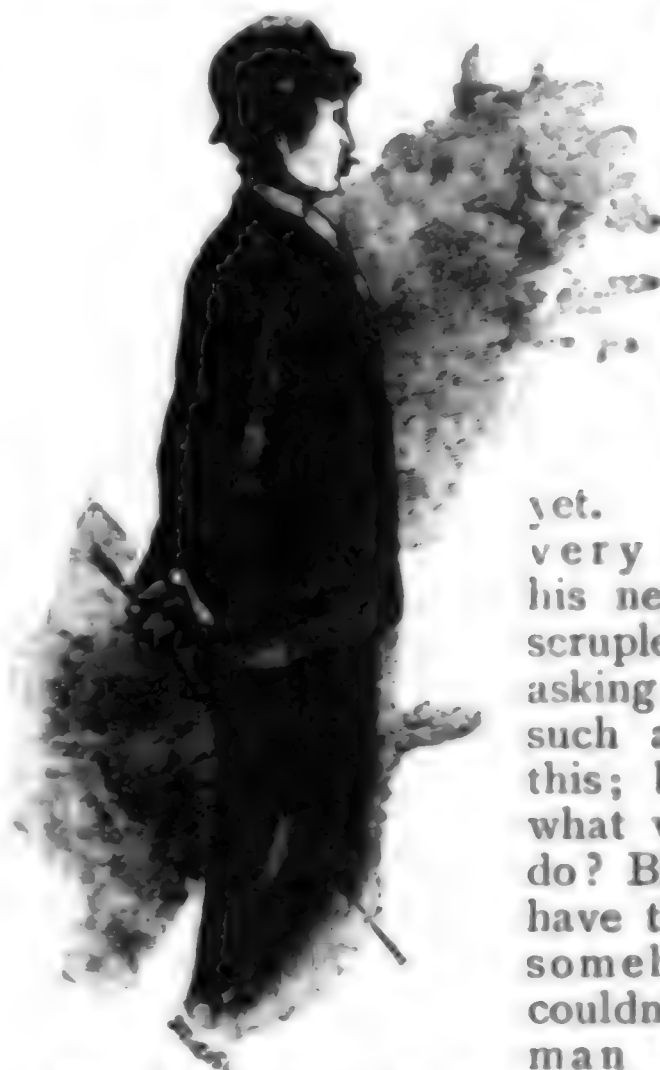
once, of unpleasantness—her husband, namely.

It was confoundedly awkward; such things not unusually are. If Brune hadn't indulged his confounded laziness quite so long, or if he had borrowed, or whatever else it was, his (Burgo's) name a month or two sooner, why, it would have been all right. But just now Burgo was *au sec*, with no particular prospect either of an immediate reflux of the golden stream. That last season had been "hotter" than ordinary, and Phlegethon had muckered the Derby, and—in short, from a variety of causes, Captain Maltravers found himself impecunious just when he particularly

wanted money.

There was the K.C.B., of course, who had never refused him what he asked for

yet. For that very reason, his nephew felt scruples about asking him in such a case as this; but, then, what was he to do? Brune must have the money somehow. He couldn't leave a man he had called, and lived years with as, a



DETERMINED HE MUST DO ALL HE COULD.

friend in a hole like the hole drunken Fred had tumbled into. That was Burgo's creed. I am aware that it was wrong, not to say wicked. One has no business to help evil-doers. But I have said all through that my Burgo was a bad lot, a ne'er-do-well.

So the ne'er-do-well determined that he must do all he could to help that poor devil out there, if only for the sake of the poor devil's wife. You know the real state of the case between Burgo and Mrs. Brune, or that last sentence might be open to misconstruction. A good many men would have done a great deal for her husband, for Annie's sake, also—with a difference. Burgo reckoned his resources.

He had enough left to carry him on where he was for a month or two, and there was a cheque of the K.C.B.'s in his dressing-bag, which had been intended for a new breech-loader. But that only made a third of what was necessary. Whom should he ask? Time pressed. He glanced at Glyn. Glyn ought to be able to do it. Would he?

"I say, Glyn, can you lend me three hundred?"

This question broke a long silence.

The wise youth smiled pleasantly, just as if he had expected it.

"I've got just thirty-three sovereigns in the drawer of my dressing-table at the Towers," Glyn said. "They're quite at your service; but I haven't a rap more."

"O, thanks; never mind," Burgo returned; "it doesn't matter. Only I'm hard up just now, and I happened to want this coin immediately. Thought you might be able to lend it me, that's all."

Glyn was very sorry. At the same time he was wondering what the deuce Burgo wanted three hundred for immediately, and wanted it so badly as to ask him (Glyn) for the loan of it. Why didn't he ask the General? Evidently it was something the General was to know nothing of. "Then I think I ought to know what it is," the wise youth concluded.

René Pardaillan joined the smokers. He had guessed what Burgo's preoccupation and Cecil's absence meant. He remembered what my lady had promised him. His state of mind would have well repaid a psychologist for analysis. But he smoked cigarettes with his accustomed melancholy.

Cecil appeared at the drawing-room window. Burgo flung away his cheroot and went in. Glyn and René Pardaillan kept walking up and down.

"What has Mildred done?" one kept thinking.

"What does he want that money for? Where is he going to get it?" speculated the other.

Both got an answer before they slept that night—René Pardaillan from my lady herself, and Glyn Vipont from his own eyes. Those eyes saw presently Burgo striding downstairs with a letter in his hand. Glyn was in the hall alone.

"Bag there still?" Burgo inquired, as he came down.

This bag was the Ellesmere post-bag,

which went night and morning to the village on a groom's back.

"Yes," Glyn returned, "I think so," and went into the drawing-room.

"All right!" Burgo responded, and dropped in his letter. Then he went back to Cecil.

Glyn's face appeared at the drawing-room door. He looked at his watch. "Ten minutes," he thought; "time enough."

He stepped into the hall; no one was there; no one could see him. He walked calmly up to the post-bag, opened the flap, and picked out Burgo's letter.

"Just so!" he nodded when he read the address—that of the K.C.B.'s bankers at Norbury. Then he paused, and seemed



AND THEN HE TOOK A PEN.

inclined to drop the letter back again; but his delicate fingers had made a discovery.

"Something besides a letter. I think I must do it, after all."

He carried the letter away with him back to the drawing-room, and sat down before a davenport.

"Now, then!"

The gummed envelope, hardly dry yet, gave him no trouble. Inside he found a note to Bullion and Baggs, and—a cheque. He twisted the cheque up to the light to read the amount.

"Hundred odd. What's the note say?"

He read that too. Then reflected intensely for two whole minutes; then he saw his way, and made up his mind.

"He's pretty sure they'd do the three

hundred for him; and so they shall, only another way. By ——!" Glyn Vipont swore almost aloud in some sudden excitement—"they'll be doing more for me!"

He burned Burgo's note at a taper carefully. Then his face grew a little pale; but he didn't hesitate. Glyn had pluck, undoubtedly. And then he took a pen, and made a stroke or two in two different parts of the striped slip of paper—these not so carefully. He put that back into the envelope, and the envelope into the post-bag, securely gummed down this time. After which he strolled into the dining-room, and took a big glass of Burgundy before he rang the bell for his dog-cart.

"I shouldn't wonder," the wise youth said, as he set his glass down, "if I have played a trump card to-night."

CHAPTER IV.

THE NEXT DAY.

THE next day, in the afternoon, Burgo and Cecil were talking at the drawing-room window at one end of the terrace. My lady and René Pardaillan were walking slowly up and down a shady strip of grass in the rose-garden below, talking also.



"I CAN'T STAND TWO, CECIL."

"I sat up smoking over it all night," Burgo was saying; "and the more I thought about it, the more I thought it wouldn't do. We'll have to fight, and get one year knocked off, anyhow. I can't stand two, Cecil."

He had had his interview the night before with his relative. Lady Mildred had found him a good deal harder to deal with than her daughter. Burgo admitted

readily enough how much might be brought against him, and that my lady had some reasons for doing what she wanted to do. He was quite willing to submit to any fair probation she chose, but—two years!

"That's an awful time, Aunt Mildred. Think of two years, you know!"

"I am thinking of *her*, my dear Burgo, more than of you, I admit. But then you mustn't wonder at that."

"Not I. I think of her, too, more than of myself a good deal."

"I hope so—now, Burgo. Well, then, as I tell you, I think this is an unfortunate business. You and she were much better as you were."

"Perhaps; if we could have kept as we were. But we couldn't."

"My fault, I know. I never meant this; I had other plans. However——"

"I know you had other plans, Aunt Mildred. However, as you were going to say, since this unfortunate business has happened—and, as far as I am concerned you must see it couldn't be helped——"

"I see nothing of the kind. But go on."

"Well, since it has happened, we must make the best of it. That's why I want you to say one year at the outside. Look here, Aunt Mildred," Burgo went on, when my lady only looked grave at this and shook her head; "I grant you you have a strong case against me, if you choose to make one; but I don't think it's altogether fair to judge and condemn me now only by the past."

"Do I?" she asked, smiling; "I thought I was proposing to judge you by the future. And I have not condemned you at all yet that I know of."

"No; but you don't acquit me, Aunt Mildred."

"Of having done a thing you never should have done? Certainly not. However, you have done it. Under the circumstances, I don't think my terms are very hard: nor does Cecil."

"Then I suppose I oughtn't," he responded, laughing ruefully. "But can't you trust me?"

"I thought I could, my dear Burgo. But after yesterday ——"

"Well, I sha'n't offend that way any more for the future, you know. And I didn't mean that. I meant, don't you think Cecil's happiness safe with me? Do you fancy I would or could jeopardise

my own with her now? I would sooner kill myself; for I love her, Aunt Mildred. I can do anything, be anything for her sake. Let the past alone, if you can. It's the future that must redeem that; the future that shall bring her no wrong, or sorrow, or regret, that a man's love can save a woman from—that shall not, I swear it."

This was a long speech for Burgo to make, but it was every word of it true, his listener knew, in her heart.

"He may be troublesome," my lady thought. "He is quite in earnest. Why did he not reform before, and have the Towers for his own instead of leaving room for Glyn Vipont? Or why was René so late? Pooh! things are always so. I am sorry for him, but——" and Lady Mildred smiled like a sphinx on her nephew.

"Bravely spoken," she said to him. "'Let the deed show!'" she added, quoting their own device.

After which, Burgo had to subscribe to my lady's further condition that there should be no formal engagement between the cousins while Burgo's probation lasted. He fought harder than poor tired, badgered Cecil had been able to do against this; but Lady Mildred made it a *sine qua non*, and he had to give in. Then he left the presence enforcedly content. He and Cecil had talked over the result they had obtained that night; and Burgo had tried to put it, and to look at it, in as cheerful a light as possible. But alone, by-and-bye, he had come to the conclusion that it was risking too much to leave things on this uncertain footing; that my lady was not to be trusted to give him any fair play; and that two years would give her ample time to carry out her "other plans" one way or another; and, in short, that he had everything to dread from such a delay, and that the two years' probation must be reduced by at least a moiety.

Part of his midnight reflections he had confided to Cecil next day. He was leaning against the frame of the open window

at which she sat repeating them now. Cecil was all the better for her sleep, and the night had brought counsel, wise counsel. She was going to forget all about that tableau under the tree, in which Annie Brune had so unpleasantly figured. She didn't understand it; she would have given a good deal, almost anything, to ask Burgo plainly what it meant, without losing dignity in her own eyes; it had troubled her greatly; but she believed in the man who was talking to her now, and she trusted him. So she was not going to trouble any more about Mrs. Brune, and she was in a healthier frame of mind in consequence.

"I can't stand two years," Burgo was saying.

"Suppose it had been 'No' altogether," Cecil responded; "it might have been that."

"I wouldn't have taken that, then. Would you?"

"Never mind. It hasn't come to that yet. We haven't done badly."

"Oh! two years!"

"Yes; I know. It is a long time, Burgo, if we have to wait all that time; but we must—that is, you must—get some of it remitted. You don't know what a deal depends on you, Burgo."

"Yes, I do," he answered, looking full at her. "I'll fight for you, Cecil, never fear."

"Fight for me, then. But what I was going to say was—you heard something of the other plans, didn't you?"

"My lady mentioned she had other plans for you, and I told her I knew it; that was all."

"She said the same thing to me. I didn't like that, Burgo."

"Bah! Aunt Mildred must content herself with *our* plans, darling. We're not to change them for her, are we?"

"No," Cecil said, and meant it. "But," she added, "it would have been better for us, Burgo, if mamma had had no 'other plans,' or if she had been meaning you all the time."

"I was too bad a lot. She might well



"SUPPOSE IT HAD BEEN 'NO' ALTOGETHER."

think me out of the question. Of course, it would have been better if I *had* been her choice. But what mamma would choose me in preference to that old gentleman yonder?"

He nodded towards René Pardaillan, visible on the grass-walk below, bare-headed beside his hostess.

"No," Burgo went on, "Aunt Mildred was perfectly frank and above-board in that. She told me she had other plans for you, and that she considered ours an unfortunate business. From her point of view, she's right, no doubt. What you mean, Cecil, and what I'd be glad to hear for certain myself, is, whether Aunt Mildred has finally renounced her own plans in favour of this unfortunate business, or not. Remember, that old gentleman is a millionaire. And remember, also, that in his eyes and in my lady's we continue to be cousins simply, and nothing more. You are held in no degree bound to me; and this is to go on for two years. My darling, I'll fight for you like a true knight. Will you fight for me like a true love?"

She put out her hand to him; it was long before he let it go again. And she thought no more of Annie Brune awhile.

"And he consents to wait two years? Monsieur, your nephew, is patient, Mildred."

It was René Pardaillan, walking to and fro with my lady down there in the rose garden, who was speaking now—a little bitterly, a little scornfully—only a little, for all the fierce, jealous passion that warred within him and rejuvenated him. Lady Mildred had told him the night before what had happened on the mere, and what had passed afterwards between herself and the two culprits in the octagon chamber—quite briefly, and without comment, in a matter-of-course tone, as though the thing were absolutely indifferent to both of them. And René had listened silently, with his sad eyes fixed upon the fire.

I think my lady must have been disappointed.

I think she wanted to provoke another outburst, such as she had had that morning, from this grey-haired man, whose passions were so young. I think she didn't dislike torturing this heart that she had never been able to make beat a pulse the quicker for *her*. It is a woman's way. He did not know or suspect this. They had always been friends, as far as he knew—nothing more. They were friends now. Lady Mildred would have done anything for René de Mornac—for this one man, anything; but, then, though he never knew it, she would always have done so. He wanted her daughter; she meant he should have her. Could she do more than this? I think not. True, he was a millionaire, a marquis, of ancient lineage, and knightly; true, he was a magnificent match. But people who laid the usual stress on these points did Lady Mildred wrong for once. She was, she could have been in any case, a deal more disinterested in the matter than she ever got credit for, even from the person most concerned. She liked to torture him all the same.

So she was disappointed, probably, when he took her intelligence so quietly.

With the flashing firelight on it, she couldn't even see whether his face quivered. He lifted his eyes, and looked at her when she left off speaking.

"Well?" they asked, as much as his voice.

"Well, that is all," my lady answered.

He looked back again at the fire, and so stood for some minutes longer. And then, without another word, he bade her good-night and left her.

"Poor René!" my lady murmured, "he will suffer horribly to-night." And her thoughts travelled back to the dead-and-buried past, when she too had suffered horribly.

De Mornac stood half the night at his open window. The moonlight sickened, the starlight paled, the grey dawn came and found him there still, thinking. It ought not to be—it could not



DE MORNAC STOOD HALF THE NIGHT AT HIS OPEN WINDOW.

he—it should not be ; he would go. And yet, why not, if he loved her with this exceeding love ? Why not, if he could win her ? It should be. He would stay. So his thoughts ran, this way and that. As Lady Mildred had anticipated, he suffered horribly.

From his window De Mornac could see Burgo's. There was a light there, too. Now and then he got the powerful odour of Burgo's esteemed cheroot. Burgo was wakeful, too. De Mornac understood his anxiety—this two years' probation. In that, though, René saw hope for himself, and would see nothing else. His passion had begun to blind him. Why should he leave her to this other, if he could take her for himself ? They two were rivals ; it was each for himself. Monsieur Burgo must fight if he would win. And René smiled a little grimly at the notion of this combat—or, rather, of another combat, where that deadly pistol-hand, or terrible wrist of his, would have cleared the way for him, as both had often enough done before. But the grim smile passed away soon.

"Ay," he murmured, "but then *they* loved me, and she loves *him*."

He suffered enough to satisfy my lady. And the night passed, and the day came, and he was going downstairs to see her again ; and he had determined nothing, whether he would go or stay, whether he would fight or fly. So of course he stayed.

He spent the morning by himself in the Pleasaunce. Lady Mildred never appeared below till luncheon. It was only after luncheon that he found an opportunity of leading back to their talk, or, rather, her talk to him of the evening before. As he availed himself of it directly, the presumption is that he meant to stay and fight. He remembered the tableau under the tree.

"Perhaps I may fight him and win, under that tree—who knows ?" he speculated figuratively ; "and that pretty

Mistress Brune may be my best weapon. If Cecil had only a *femme-de-chambre*, like Florine for instance." The old *roué* sighed. He had worked a dozen intrigues of the kind he was imagining then, but never for such a prize as this. He began to feel he was capable of doing anything for this one.

Walking bare-headed by Lady Mildred's side, he made that remark about her nephew's patience.

"Not so patient," my lady said. "*Il s'impatiente, au contraire*. But he will wait."

"Well, and then ?"

"We shall see."

"What ? Tell me plainly, Mildred. What do you mean ?"

"I told you yesterday, before I knew of this. This alters nothing of what I said then."

"So far as you are concerned, this alters nothing ?"

"No. There is nothing settled between them—no engagement. She is left absolutely free. And I have gained that, and gained time. Did you not understand that from what I said last night ?"

"I hardly know ; but I understand now. Yes, she is free, after all."

"To have simply refused my consent would only have strengthened his hand against me. This way gives nothing, and gets time—which is everything, is it not ? They know I had other plans ; I have not relinquished them. They know I think this affair unfortunate ; I can hardly wish to make it more so. René, I did for you all I could do—the rest you must do for yourself."

"She loves him ; she will wait, Mildred."

"And while she waits, will you wait ? You are changed, indeed, my poor René."

She couldn't deny herself that little stab.

"Cecil loves him now," my lady went on, "or she thinks so. That is against you ; but you have time. Love and time—which lasts the longest, usually ? Bah ! that I should ask *you* this."

(To be continued.)

The River Thames.

FROM OXFORD TO KINGSTON.



THE STEAMBOAT "OXFORD."

PART I.

OXFORD TO GORING.

VEAR after year the popularity of Father Thames increases amongst those seeking recreation and health. Those who have once enjoyed the *dolce far niente* of idly drifting on its gentle stream, or the more invigorating exercise of a long pull and a strong pull in a light-built skiff, with kindred spirits, return season after season to renew their acquaintance with its quiet charms and many well-loved stretches.

It is not the intention in this article to dive into history or wander into the realms of the guide-book; indeed, the limit of space precludes any such attempt; rather let us glide lazily along, noting as our boat moves gently past the changing banks, those spots which linger in our memories in after months, and which grow dearer and more entrancing with every successive visit.

There are various ways of seeing the beauties of the Thames,

each having its votaries and each equally enjoyable and charming. The service of steamers which runs during the summer months between Oxford and Kingston affords a most enjoyable and easy means of viewing the main features of the river.

These boats are fitted up with every convenience that modern ingenuity and foresight can accomplish. On the downward trip they leave Oxford every day at 9.30 in the morning, stopping the first night at Henley and reach Kingston the



SALTER'S BOAT YARD, FOLLY BRIDGE, OXFORD.

next night. Leaving Kingston daily at 9 a.m. they reach Henley the same evening and arrive at Salter's landing-stage, Oxford, the following evening about seven o'clock, the trip each way thus occupying two days. The boats do not run on Sundays. Joint rail and river tickets are issued, by which the boats can be joined or left at various intermediate points on the river, and the proprietors, Messrs. Salter Brothers, Oxford, deserve great credit for the excellent manner in which they carry out their arrangements.

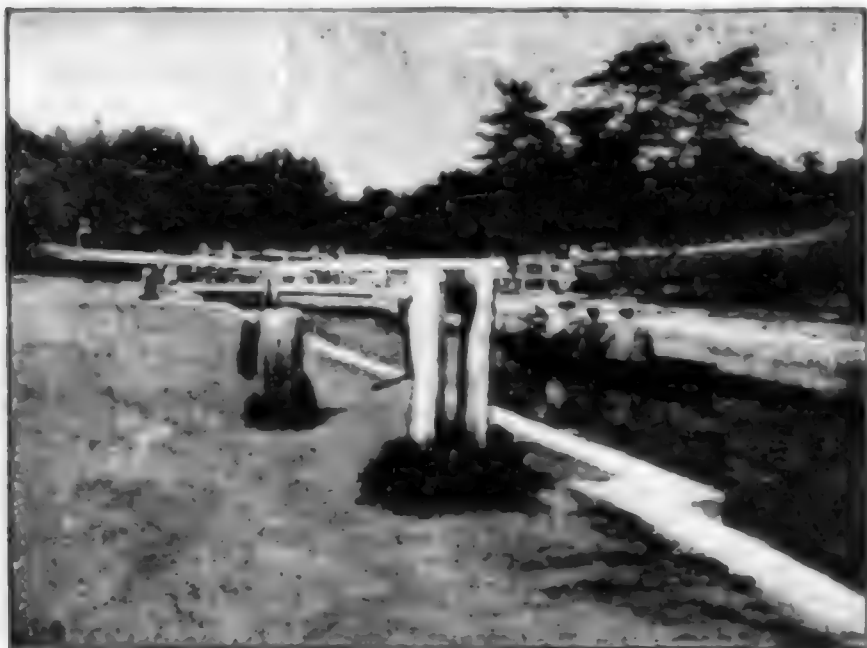


PEMBROKE COLLEGE BARGE, OXFORD.

ever-changing kaleidoscopic scenes presented to our vision as our little craft moves slowly on. Undoubtedly the most pleasant means of progression is to pull down stream, and modern facilities make this most easy of accomplishment. There need be no such thing as trouble in the matter. Arrange your crew, pack your bag with as few things as possible, and if you

are a follower of the black art, by all means take your camera. The reminiscences so obtained will be a joy and pleasure to you for many a day. Then hey for the train to Oxford. If time permits, a stroll through one or two of the famous colleges will well repay the visit. Christ Church College is the largest and perhaps the most magnificent. If you are fortunate enough to secure the services of the old attendant usually located in the "Tom" gateway to show you round, you will enjoy his loquacious chatter.

Crossing over Folly Bridge, Salter's boat yard is reached, and here boats of all sizes can be hired on most moderate terms; a double sculling gig, which will carry four persons comfortably, can be obtained for fifty shillings for one week, and an extra fifteen shillings if kept for a second week—and can be left at any yard



IFFLEY LOCK.

The camper-out claims special notice. What is a camper-out some may exclaim? He is an amphibious, two-legged animal of the genus homo; he delights in garments of the most well-worn description. He congregates in small droves of about half-a-dozen, more or less, and arranging terms with a friendly lock-keeper, pitches a tent on some vacant piece of land or adjacent islet, and during his residence under canvas comports himself in a primitive and self-reliant manner, doing for himself and his fellows. A hardy, independent, jolly crew.

But to appreciate to the utmost the scenery of our lovely river no more enjoyable method can be found than rowing along its silvery stream, with leisure to dawdle here and there, feasting on the



IFFLEY MILL.



KING'S ARMS INN AND LOCK, SANDFORD.

shows evidence of great age. Below Iffley the scenery is somewhat uninteresting until Sandford Lock (three miles, one furlong from Oxford) draws into view, when the mill stream, with its cottages and the King's Arms Inn nestling under their ivy coverlet, makes a truly old-world picture. The backwater and islets below the lock are worth exploring and here, too, may be found very fair fishing for jack, roach and chub.

It may, perhaps, interest the reader to know that the photographs illustrating this article were taken by the writer specially for *THE LUDGATE*, the smaller views being snap shots with a "Frena" hand camera, which, for perfection of working, leaves nothing to be desired; it takes forty negatives without recharging,

on the river down to Teddington without further charge.

The Thames below Folly Bridge broadens out considerably and is lined for some distance along the Oxfordshire bank with the 'Varsity barges and boat-rafts, and during the season is alive with craft of all sorts and sizes, from the ancient, weather-beaten tub to the spick and span racing eight.

About a mile and a half below Oxford, we come to the first lock, Iffley, approached on the Berks side. The old church, seen from the river, makes a charming picture and is over seven hundred years old. The mill lying in the backwater is also most picturesque and



THE COTTAGE, NUNEHAM.



ABINGDON LOCK AND BACKWATER.

and, given good light, never failed to secure the picture desired. These cameras can be obtained from the Patentees, Messrs. R. and J. Beck, Cornhill, London, and they will develop the whole forty negatives and send a mounted print of each for one sovereign.

Many a lover

of nature sighs for the ability of the artist to preserve those glimpses of foliage and water, land or seascape, and until a year or so ago sighed perforce in vain. Yet now, ready to his hand, he has his wish

granted, and with his faithful camera he can store up those scenes which gladden his heart; and when the dark days of winter bid him bide at home, or perhaps far away in a strange land, he can turn to his portfolio or album, and in imagination feel the delights of once more going over the old pleasant scenes. A photographer crank, I fancy some say. Yes, I plead guilty. But 'tis



SHEEP DRINKING.

much to call for notice. Nuneham Wood, rising abruptly from the water's side, forms a great and pleasing contrast to the opposite low-lying bank.

Some little way down there is a small island connected by a quaint wooden bridge with the Nuneham estate, and on the island, nestling at the foot of the woods, lie a couple of



ABBEY GATE, ABINGDON.

a pleasant "crank," and harmless; and I say go and do likewise, and then if you can repeat the accusation, I give you up. Now let us "return to our muttons," so, a snap shot and there we have "Sheep Drinking," a pretty "bit," truly.

For a mile or so below Sandford Lock, the river's course is almost straight, and, until the heights of Nuneham come in sight on the Oxon Bank, there is nothing



ABINGDON BRIDGE.

pretty thatched cottages, where a cheering cup of tea can be obtained. Thus refreshed the journey is resumed.



OTTER CAUGHT AT ABINGDON.

Passing under the Great Western Railway bridge, about half a mile below the cottages, the Berks bank must be kept to avoid the overfall on the Oxon side. This overfall rejoins the river again about a mile below Abingdon.



ST. HELEN'S CHURCH, ABINGDON.

This inn is, we believe, unique in its position. The front entrance is on a level with the centre of the roadway of the bridge, and descending through the hotel you come out at the landing stage on the island before mentioned.

The Church of St. Helen, just off the

river's bank, will be found worthy of a visit.

The otter, one of a pair, of which we give a sketch, was caught in the Thames near by, in 1886, by the proprietor of the Nag's Head, and now adorns the cosy coffee room; it weighed eighteen pounds and measures from nose to tip of tail four feet.

Up betimes next morning, we resumed our trip; the passage through the bridge requires care, as the arches are narrow and the stream runs strong. About a mile lower down, on the Oxon side, we come to the outfall of the stream mentioned as leaving the river above Abingdon Lock. It forms a pretty little lagoon,



CULHAMFORD BRIDGE.

Just below this weir the tow-path changes to the Oxon shore, and, about half a mile farther, brings us to Abingdon Lock, seven and three-quarter miles from Oxford. The stream here, when the river is full, runs strongly over the weir, and special care should be taken on entering the lock. It is worth while getting out of the boat here to catch a glimpse of the old town of Abingdon, which is situated about half a mile lower down.

Abingdon Bridge is a favourite subject with artists; it was built in the fifteenth century and its centre buttresses rest on an island, on which is built the Nag's Head Hotel, a most comfortable and charmingly old-fashioned inn; and, as the town contains many points of interest, we decided to put up here for the night.



CULHAM LOCK, FROM BELOW.



CULHAM BRIDGE, FROM BELOW.



CLIFTON LOCK, FROM BELOW.

and is spanned by Culhamford Bridge, making a most charming picture. There is no passage up this stream, the arches of the bridge being barred with gratings.

Half a mile or so lower, the river is split into two streams, and keeping to the Oxfordshire side, the cutting to Culham Lock is entered. If time permits, the boat may be taken carefully down the opposite stream before going through the lock, when a pretty view of Sutton Courtney Mill



CLIFTON HAMPDEN BRIDGE AND CHURCH.



CATTLE WATERING.

can be had, which will well repay the visit.

Passing through Culham Lock (ten and a quarter miles from Oxford) the scenery presents little to tempt the artist, but the river here abounds in fish, and apartments can be had in the village. Culham bridge crosses the river just below the lock; and a mile lower the railway spans the Thames, Culham Station lying inland about half a mile on the Oxon shore. Just below the bridge, and a little inland on the Berks side, is the pretty, old-fashioned village of Appleford. The stream to Clifton Hampden Lock is on the Oxon side down a cutting of nearly half a mile, which is spanned by two foot-bridges. Here we got a snap shot at

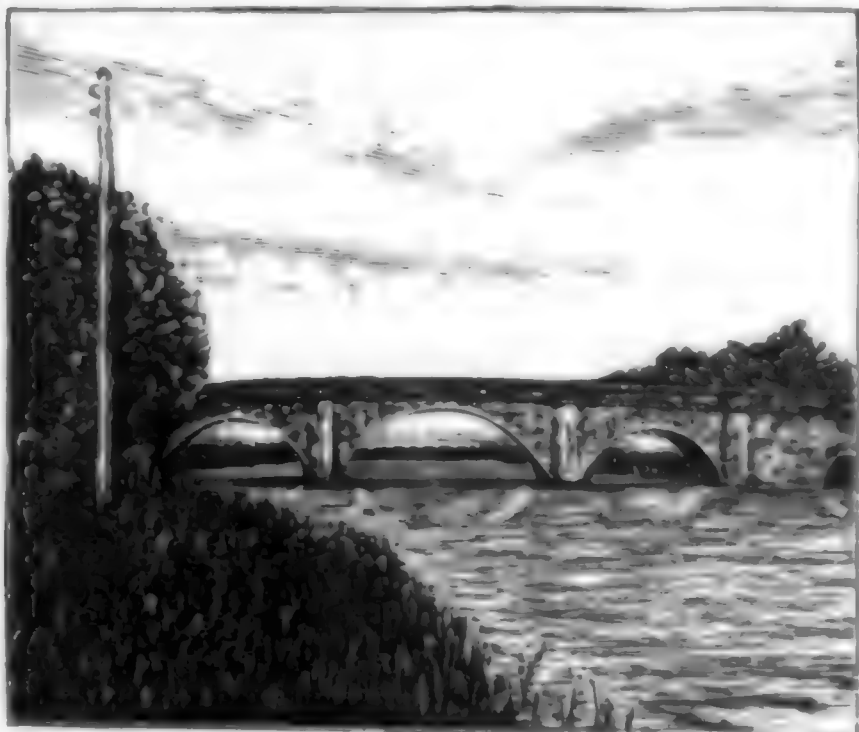


WHITTENHAM HILL FROM DAY'S LOCK.

some cattle watering. Clifton Lock is thirteen miles from Oxford, and just below we have Clifton Hampden Bridge, with the church peeping out from a wooded knoll beyond on the Oxfordshire bank, the whole forming a charming picture of rural life, with the thatched cottages of the village to the left. A visit to the church will afford a lovely view of the surrounding country. On the Berks side of the bridge is the Barley Mow Inn, where comfortable quarters can be obtained.

to the left, they seem to haunt the oarsman. From the top of these hills a wide view of the country can be obtained. Looking towards the north-east the Chiltern Hills can be easily discerned, with the white cross of Risborough in the distance. Sinodun, as one of the higher prominences of the Wittenham Hills, is called, retains strong evidence of once having been a strongly fortified position, and many local traditions still obtain amongst the country people thereabouts.

A little less than a mile below Day's



SHILLINGFORD BRIDGE.

Lock the little river Thame joins the Thames on the Oxon side, its size being so insignificant that unless its position is known, it might easily be passed without notice. Dorchester, at one time a famous city, can be reached by boat up the Thame, being about half a mile up the little stream. It is a quaint little place and rich in ancient British history, and was the scene of many a severe tussle between the Romans and our forefathers. In A.D. 634 the Pope Honorius sent



CUTTING TO DAY'S LOCK.

Below the bridge are several private houses with grounds running down to the river bank, the flower-gardens of which make a pleasing spot of colour.

The river thence to Day's Lock (sixteen miles from Oxford) runs through rather flat country, but over on the Berks shore can be seen the Wittenham Hills. These are a famous landmark, as the summit bears a group of trees which, owing to the twisting and curving of the river, is visible for miles, now appearing to the right, now



BENSON LOCK FROM BELOW.

Birinus to Christianise the Wessex folk, and Dorchester was made his episcopal see. The Abbey Church is said to still remain in parts as originally constructed, and its architecture alone draws many an admirer to the town. Many pages might be penned on this old-world town but space here will not permit. The George Hotel is a comfortable house to put up at, and has many points of interest in itself. Continuing our course some two miles below the mouth of the Thame, Shillingford Bridge comes in sight, and the Swan Hotel on the Berks shore is a much frequented hostel and has recently been enlarged to meet the grow-



BENSON WEIR.



WALLINGFORD BRIDGE.

ing requirements of its patrons. About a mile farther, on the Berks side, we come to Benson Lock (twenty miles from Oxford). The river from Shillingford to Benson is of more than the average width hitherto, but there is not much to interest on its banks. Wallingford, on the Berks bank lies a trifle over a mile below Benson Lock and boasts of great age. The bridge, built of stone, has fourteen arches, and the view of the river towards Streatley is very

pretty as seen from the bridge. The Lamb and the George are both comfortable houses. Wallingford at one time was famous for its many churches, of which it had fourteen; now, however, it is content with three, one of which, St. Mary's, is said to have been built in the eleventh century. The Great Western Railway Station at Wallingford is about fifteen minutes' walk from the river.

For some two miles or so below Wallingford, the river's course is exceedingly straight, running through flat country, and

except the small village of Newnham Murren, on the Oxon bank, about a mile below Wallingford, and Mongewell Park a trifle lower, there is little to attract attention.

A couple of miles farther brings us to Moultsford Railway Bridge, where there is a landing-stage for the Railway Hotel, and Moultsford Station, the latter being about a mile from the river, on the Berks side. Moultsford Church, about half a mile below the bridge, is a quaint old structure, built of stone and flint, and looks exceedingly pretty, embedded in its bower of trees. Just beyond is the Beetle and Wedge, a well-known riverside inn—this is one of the queerly named signs that no fellow can account for. The scenery now begins to grow more and more attractive, and around Moultsford the country is exceedingly charming. Cleeve Lock, on the Berks side, is a mile below the Beetle and Wedge, and the backwater above the lock is well worthy of a short visit.

Cleeve Lock is twenty-six-and-a-half miles from Oxford and six-and-a-half miles from Benson, the last lock, being the longest stretch on the river. The Weir here forms a pretty bit of river scenery with its long stretch of



MOULSFORD CHURCH.



CLEEVE LOCK FROM BELOW.

tumbling water and leafy background of well-grown trees; indeed, the Oxford bank from this lock to the next, Goring, is lined with foliage overhanging the river and is well loved by frequenters of this part of the Thames. About half a mile farther, Goring Lock is reached, the distance from Cleeve Lock being five furlongs (the shortest on the river). Goring Village lies on the Oxon side, with the village of Streatley on the opposite shore, just above the backwater, the lock being between the two.

The Swan Inn, on the banks of the backwater at Streatley, is a famous boating resort and deservedly so; here we came to anchor for our second night. The view of the inn and village as approached by the river is charmingly picturesque. Behind rises Greenhill, the termination of the Lambourne Range, with its chalk cliffs, at the foot of which the village is embedded in a mass of foliage. The village is of Roman origin, and coins and other antiquities of that period have been found in the neighbourhood. If any stay is made, a visit should be paid to Aldworth, a little village some three miles across the downs, where

within the church may be seen some most remarkable monuments, erected to the memory of the De la Beches, a family of prominence several hundred years before William the Conqueror arrived on our shores.

Goring, on the Oxfordshire shore, is becoming every year more popular: the chief inn is the Miller of Mansfield, and here also are found traces of Roman occupation, as in the fields around are many remains of massive foundations of ancient Roman architecture, whilst Roman coins, tiles and pottery are being repeatedly found in the

vicinity.

Goring and Streatley are joined by a



CLEEVE WEIR.

wooden bridge, spanning the Thames just below the lock, and the view both up and down stream from this bridge is most charming.

This part of the river is much frequented by lovers of the brush, and several of our Royal Academicians spend much of the summer here, reproducing on canvas the beauties of nature so lavishly scattered around.



SWAN HOTEL, STREATLEY.

(To be continued.)

THE VEILED PORTRAIT



James Esq.

IT has been asserted that one cannot hold intercourse with that which is generally called the Unseen World, or behold anything supernatural, and live; but these ideas, from my own experience, I am inclined to doubt.

In the year subsequent to the great Bengal mutiny, I found myself at home on sick leave. My health had been injured by service in India, and by our sufferings consequent on the revolt; while my nervous system had been so seriously shaken by a grape-shot wound received at Lucknow, that it was completely changed, and I became cognizant of many things so utterly new to me, and so bewildering, that until I read Baron Reichenbach's work on magnetism and crystallism, I feared that I was becoming insane. I was sensible of the power of a magnet over me, though it might be three rooms distant, and twice, in darkness which seemed perfect to others, my room became filled with light; but the Baron holds that darkness is full of light, and that to increase the sensitiveness of the visual organs is to render that rare and dissipated light susceptible, with all that it may contain.

I was now compelled to acknowledge the existence of that new power in nature which the Baron calls the Odic Light, and of many other phenomena that are described in "Der Geist in der Natur," of Christian Oersted—the understanding that pervades all things.

But to my story.

Nearly a year had elapsed since the mutiny. The massacres at Delhi, Lucknow, Cawnpore and elsewhere had been fearfully avenged by that army of retribution which marched from Umballah, and I found myself in London, enfeebled, enervated and, as the saying is, "weak as a child." The bustle of the great capital stunned and bewildered me; thus I gladly accepted a hearty invitation which I received from Sidney Warren, one of "ours," but latterly of the Staff Corps, to spend a few weeks—months if I chose—at his place in Herts: a fine old house of the Tudor times, approached from the London Road by an avenue that was a grand triumphal arch of nature's own creation, with lofty interlacing boughs and hanging foliage.

Who, thought I, that was lord of such a place, could dream of broiling in India

—of sweltering in the white-washed barrack at Dumdum, or the thatched cantonments of Delhi or Meerut!

My friend came hurrying forth to meet me.

"How goes it, old fellow? Welcome to my new quarters," he exclaimed.

"Well Sidney, old man, how are you?"

Then we grasped each other's hands as only brother soldiers do.

I found Warren, whom I had not seen since the commencement of the revolt, nearly as much changed and shattered in constitution as myself; but I knew that he had lost those whom he loved most in the world amid the massacre at Meerut. He received me, however, with all the warmth of an old comrade, for we had a thousand topics in common to con over; while the regiment, which neither of us might ever see again—he certainly not, as he had sold out—would prove an endless source of conversation.

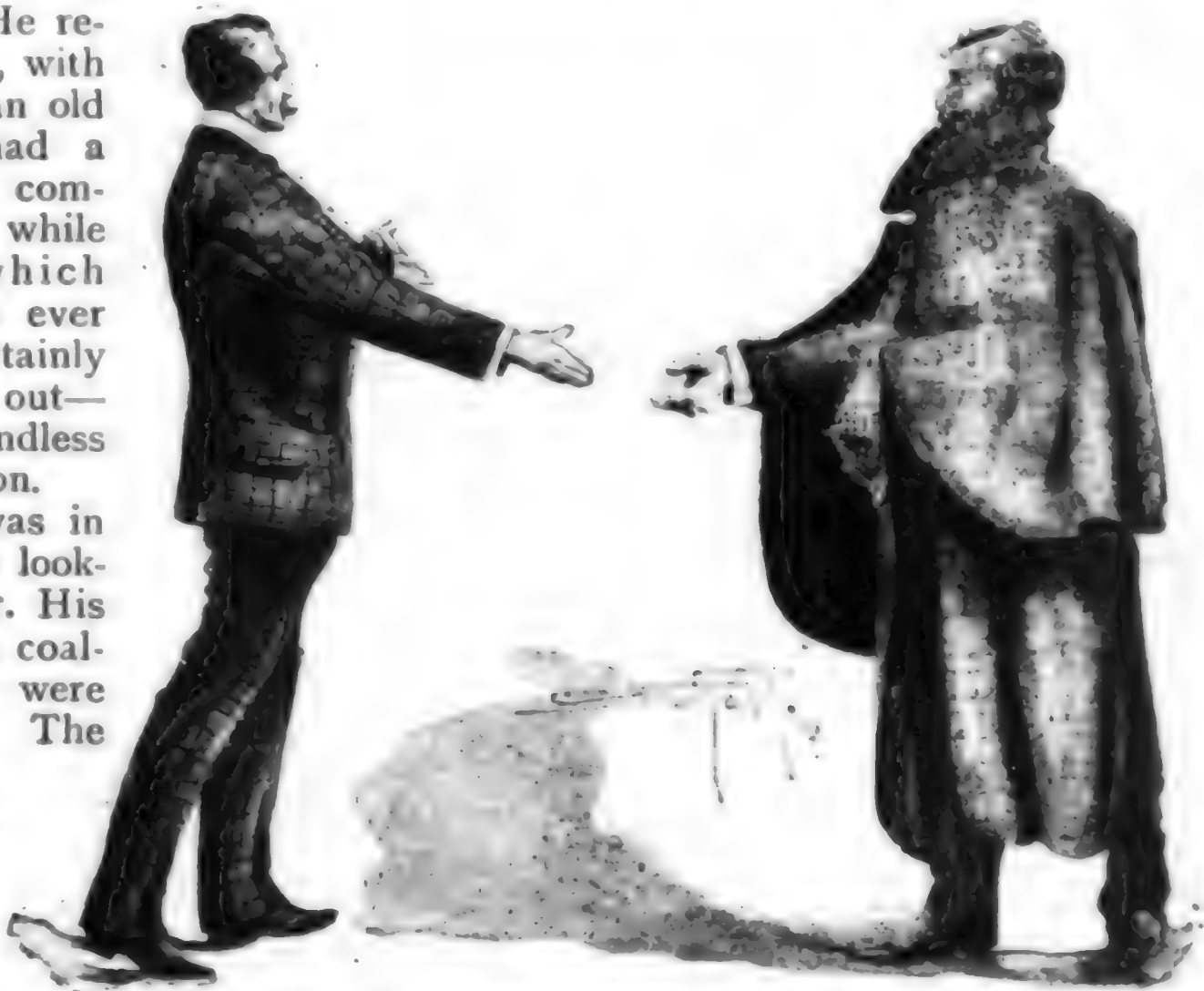
Sidney Warren was in his fortieth year, but looked considerably older. His once dark hair and coal-black moustache were quite grizzled now. The expression of his face was one of intense sadness, as if some secret grief consumed him; while there was a weird and far-seeing expression that

led me to fear he was not fated to be long in this world. Yet he had gone through the storm of the Indian war without receiving even a scratch. Why was this?

Before I had spent two days with Sidney, he had shown me all the objects of interest around the Warren and in it—the portrait gallery, with its courtiers in high ruffs, and dames in the long stomachers of one period and *décolletée* dresses of another; his collection of Indian antiquities, amassed at the plundering of Delhi, and those which were more interesting to me—ponderous suits of mail which had been hacked and battered in

the wars of the Roses, and a torn pennon unfurled by Warren's troop of horse, "for God and the King," at Naseby.

But there was one object which he would neither show nor permit me to look upon, and which seemed to make him shiver or shudder whenever it caught his eye, and this was a picture of some kind in the library—a room he very rarely entered. It was the size of a life-portrait, but covered closely by a green-baize hanging. Good taste compelled me to desist from talking to him on the subject, but I resolved to gratify my curiosity on the first convenient occasion; so one day, when he was absent at the stable court,



"WELCOME TO MY QUARTERS."

I drew back the hanging of this mysterious picture.

It proved to be the full-length portrait of a very beautiful girl—a proud and stately one, too—bordering on blooming womanhood. Her features were clearly cut and classic; she had an olive-coloured complexion that seemed to tell of another land than England, yet the type of her rare beauty was purely English. Her forehead was broad and low; her dark eyes, that seemed to haunt and follow me, were deeply set, with black brows well defined; her chin was rather massive, as if indicating resolution of character, yet the soft, ripe lips were full of sweetness;

while the gorgeous coils of her dark hair were crisp and wavy. Her attire was a green riding-habit, the skirt of which was gathered in her left hand, while the right grasped the bridle of her horse.

It was *not* a portrait of his wife, whom I remember to have been a fair-haired little woman; so *who* was this mysterious lady? I cannot describe the emotion this portrait excited within me; but I started and let fall the curtain with a distinct sensation of someone, or *something* I could not see, being close beside me; so I hurried from the shady library into the sunshine. Lovely though the face—I can see it yet in all its details—it haunted me with an unpleasant pertinacity, impossible either to analyse or portray. But I was a creature of fancies then.

"Herein," thought I, "lurks some mystery which may never be cleared up to me." But in this surmise I was wrong, for one night—the night of Sunday, the 10th of May, *the first anniversary* of the outbreak at Meerut, after we had discussed an excellent dinner, with a bottle or two of Moselle, and betaken us to iced brandy *pawnee* (for so we still loved to call it), and to the "soothing weed," on the sofas of the smoking-room, Warren became suddenly seized by one of those confidential fits which many men unaccountably have at such times, and, while he unsparingly and bitterly reproached himself for the part he had acted in it, I drew from him, little by little, the secret story of his life.

Some ten years before those days of which I write, when in the Guards, and deeply dipped in debt by extravagance, he had, unknown to his family, married secretly a beautiful girl, who was penniless, at the very time his friends were seeking to retrieve his fortune by a wealthy alliance. An exchange into the Line—"the sliding scale"—became necessary, thus he was gazetted to our regiment in India, at a period when his

young wife was in extremely delicate health; so much so that the idea of her voyaging round the Cape—there were no P. and O. Liners then—was not to be thought of, as it was expressly forbidden by the medical men; so they were to be separated for a time; and that time of parting, so dreaded by Constance, came inexorably.

The last fatal evening came—the last Sidney was to spend with her. His strapped overlands and bullock-trunks, his sword and cap, both cased, were already in the entrance hall; the morrow's morning would see him off by the train for Southampton, and his place would be vacant, and she should see his fond hazel eyes no more.

"Tears again!" said he, almost impatiently, while tenderly caressing the dark and glossy hair of his girl-wife; "why on earth are you so sad, Conny, about this temporary separation?"

"Would that I could be certain it is only such!" she exclaimed. "Sad! oh, can you ask me, Sidney, darling? The presentiment of a great sorrow to come is hanging over me."

"A presentiment, Constance! Do not indulge in this folly."

"If I did not love you dearly, Sidney, would such a painful emotion rack my heart?"

"It is the merest superstition, darling, and you will get over it when I am fairly away."

Her tender eyes regarded him wistfully for a moment, and then her tears fell faster at the contemplation of the coming loneliness.

After a pause, she asked: "Are there many passengers going out with you?"

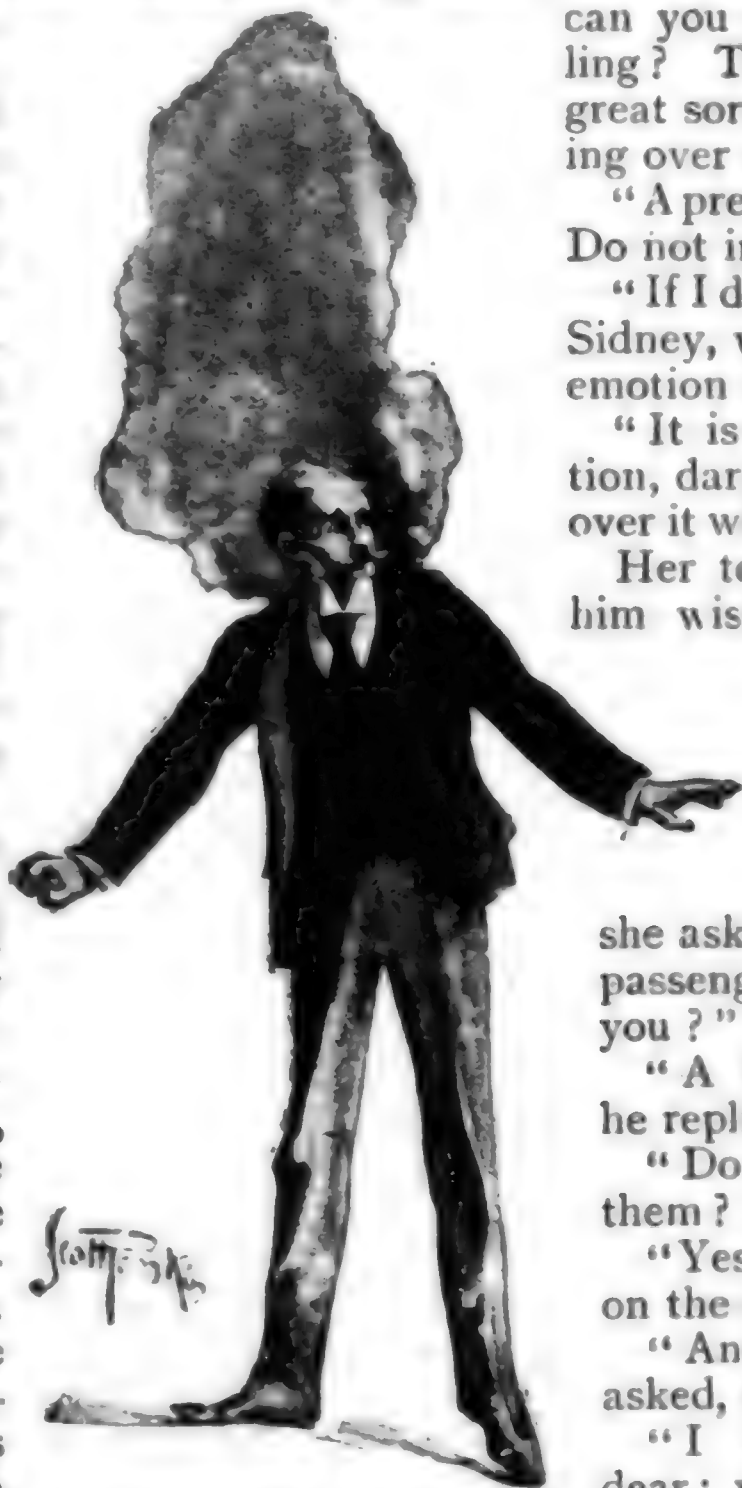
"A few—in the cuddy," he replied carelessly.

"Do you know any of them?"

"Yes; one or two fellows on the staff."

"And the ladies?" she asked, after another pause.

"I don't know, Conny dear; what do they matter to me?"



I STARTED AND LET FALL THE CURTAIN.

"I heard incidentally that—that Miss Dashwood was going out in your vessel."

"Indeed; I believe she will."

Constance shivered, for with the name of this finished flirt that of her husband had been more than once linked, and his change of colour was unseen by her as he turned to manipulate a cigar. So for four, perhaps six months, these two would be together upon the sea.

Constance knew too well the irritable nature of her husband's temper to say more on the subject of her secret thoughts; and deeply loth was she that such ideas should embitter the few brief hours they were to be together now; so a silence ensued, which, after a time she broke, while taking between her slender fingers a hand of Sidney, who was leaning, half moodily, half listlessly against the mantelpiece, twisting his moustache with a somewhat mingled expression of face.

"Sidney, darling," said she entreatingly, "do forgive me if I am dull and sad—so *triste*—this evening."

"I do forgive you, little one."

"You know, Sidney, that I would die for you!"

"Yes; but don't, Conny—for I hate scenes," said he, playfully kissing her sweetly sad, upturned face; and the poor girl was forced to be contented with this matter-of-fact kind of tenderness.

So the dreaded morrow came with its sad moment of parting.

To muffle the sound of the departing wheels, she buried her head, with all its wealth of dark, dishevelled hair, among the pillows of her bed, and some weeks—weeks of the most utter loneliness—elapsed, ere she left it, with the keen and ardent desire to recover health and strength, to the end that she might follow her husband over the world of waters and rejoin him; but the strength and health, so necessary for the journey, were long in coming back to her.

She had hoped he would write to her before sailing from Southampton—a single line would have satisfied the hungry cravings of her heart; but, as he did not do so, she supposed there was not time; yet the transport lay three days in the docks after the troops were on board. He would write by some passing ship, he had said, and one letter, dated from Ascension, reached her; but its cold and careless tone struck a mortal chill to the

sensitive heart of Constance, and one or two terms of endearment it contained were manifestly forced and ill-expressed.

"He writes to me thus," she muttered, with her hand pressed upon her heaving bosom; "thus—and with that woman, perhaps, by his side."

She consulted the map, and saw how far, far away on the lonely ocean was that island speck. Months had elapsed since *he* had been there; so she knew that he must be in India now, and she had the regular mails to look to with confidence—a confidence, alas! that soon faded away. Long, tender and passionate was the letter she wrote in reply; she fondly fixed the time when she proposed to leave England and rejoin him, if he sent her the necessary remittances; but



"WHY ARE YOU SO SAD, CONNY?"

mail after mail came in without any tidings from Sidney, and she felt all the unspeakable misery of watching the postman for letters that never, never came.

Yet she never ceased to write, entreating him for answers and assuring him of unswerving affection.

Slowly, heavily and imperceptibly a year passed away—a whole year—to her now a black eternity of time.

"Could Sidney be dead?" she asked herself with terror; but she knew that his family (who were all unaware of *her* existence) had never been in mourning, as they must infallibly have been in the event of such a calamity; and in her simplicity she never thought of applying to the Horse Guards for information concerning him—more information than she might quite have cared to learn.

Her old thoughts concerning Miss Dashwood took a strange hold of her imagination now; a hundred "trifles light as air" came back most gallingly to memory and took coherent and tangible shapes; but a stray number of the *Indian Mail* informed her of the marriage of Miss Dashwood—her *bête-noire*—to a Major Milton; and also that the regiment to which Sidney belonged "was moving up country," a phrase to her perplexing and vague.

Her funds were gone—her friends were few and poor. Her jewels—his treasured presents—were first turned into cash; then the furniture of her pretty villa, and next the villa itself, with its sweet rose-garden, had to be exchanged for humbler apartments in a meaner street; and, ere long, Constance Warren found, that if she was to live, it must be by her own unaided efforts; and for five years she maintained a desperate struggle for existence—five years!

A lady going to India "wanted a young person as a governess and companion."

To India—to India! On her knees Constance prayed that her application might prove successful; and her prayer was heard, for out of some hundred letters—from a few which were selected, the tenor of hers suited best the taste of the lady in question. She said nothing of her marriage or of her apparent desertion; but as her wedding ring, which, with a fond superstition of the heart, she never drew from her finger, told a tale, she had to pass for a widow.

So in the fulness of time she found herself far away from England, and duly installed with an Anglo-Indian family in one of the stately villas of the European quarter of Calcutta—a veritable palace in the city of palaces, overlooking the esplanade before Fort William—in charge of one sickly, but gentle little pale-faced girl.

She had been a month there when her employer's family proposed to visit some relatives at Meerut, where she heard that Sidney's regiment was cantoned. To her it

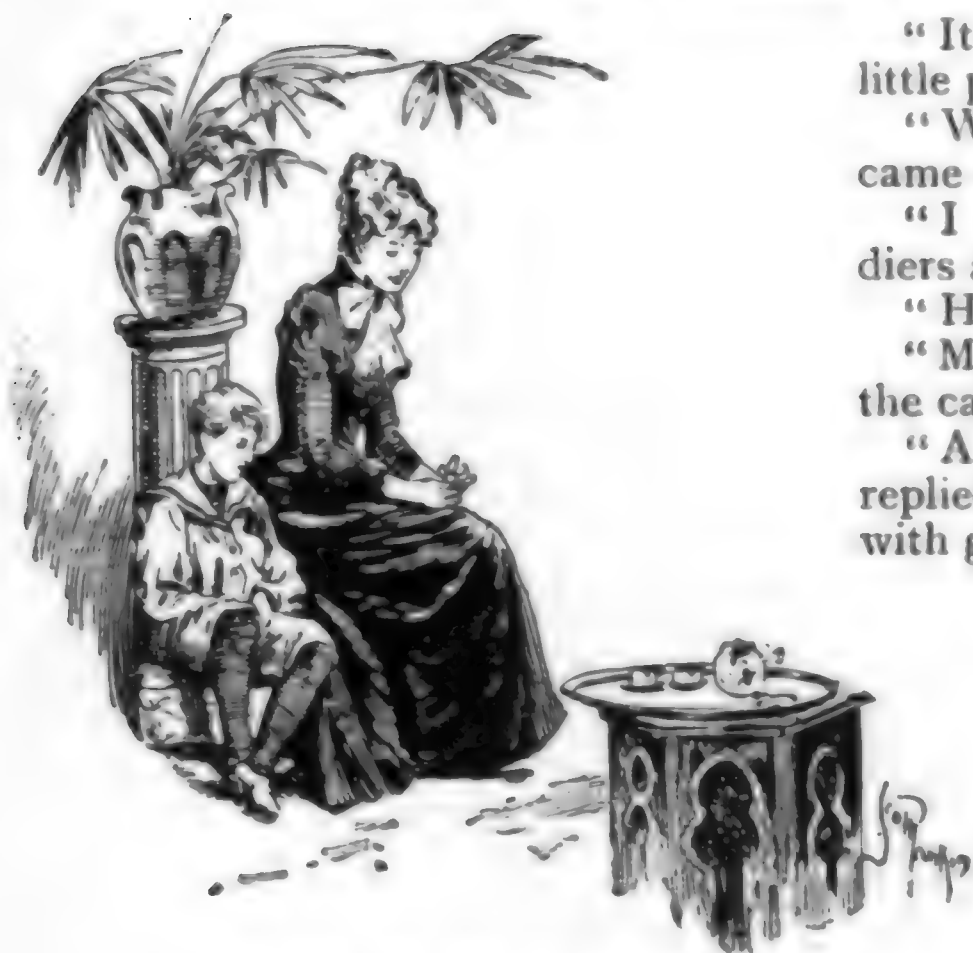
seemed as if the hand of Fate was in all this. Oh the joy of such tidings! Some one there must be able to unravel the horrible mystery involving his fate; for by this time she had ascertained that his name was out of the corps; but her heart suggested that he might have exchanged into another.

"If alive, is he worth caring for?" She often asked this of herself, but thrust aside the idea, and pursued with joy the long journey up country by river steamers, dawk-boats and otherwise, on the Ganges to Jehangeerabad, from whence they were to travel by carriages to the place of their destination, some fifty miles distant.

On the way Constance had an addition to her charge in the person of a little boy who, with his *ayah*, was going to join his parents at Meerut. This little boy was more than usually beautiful, with round and dimpled cheeks, dark hazel eyes, curly golden hair, and a sweet and winning smile. Something in the child's face or its expression attracted deeply the attention of Constance, and seemed to stir some memory in her heart. Where had she seen those eyes before?



HUMBLER APARTMENTS.



"WHO GAVE YOU THIS, MY CHILD?"

She drew the boy caressingly towards her, and when kissing his fair and open forehead, her eyes fell involuntarily on a ring that secured his necktie, a mere blue ribband. It was of gold, and on it were graven the initials C. and S. with a lover's knot between. These were those of herself and her husband, and the ring was one she had seen him wear daily. Constance trembled in every limb; she felt a deadly paleness overspread her face, and the room in which she sat swam round her; but on recovering her self-possession, she said:

"Child, let me look at this ring."

The wondering boy placed in her hand the trinket, which she had not the slightest doubt of having seen years before in London.

"Who gave you this, my child?" she asked.

"My papa."

"Your papa!—what is your name?"

"Sidney."

"What else?" she asked impetuously.

"Sidney Warren Milton."

"Thank God! But how came you to be named so? There is some mystery in this—a mystery that must soon be solved now. Where were you born, dear little Sidney?"

"In Calcutta."

"What is your age, child?"

"Next year, I shall be seven years old."

"Seven—how strange it is that you have the name you bear."

"It is my papa's," said the boy, with a little proud irritability of manner.

"Where did your papa live before he came to Calcutta?"

"I don't know—in many places—soldiers always do."

"He is a soldier?"

"My papa is Major Milton, and lives in the cantonments at Meerut."

"A little time, and I shall know all," replied poor Constance, caressing the boy with great tenderness.

On arriving at Meerut, however, she found herself ill—faint and feverish, so that for days she was confined to her bed, where she lay wakeful by night, watching the red fire-flies flashing about the green jalousies, and full of strange, wild dreams by day. She had but one keen and burning desire—to see Major Milton, and to learn from

his lips the fate of her husband. On the evening of the fifth day—the evening of the 10th of May—she was lying on her pillow, watching the red sunshine fading on the ruined mosques and Abu's stately tomb, when just as the sunset gun pealed over the cantonments, the *ayah* brought her a card, inscribed "Major Milton, Staff Corps."

"Desire the Major to come to me," said Constance in a broken voice, and terribly convulsed by emotion; for now she was on the eve of knowing all.

"Here, to the *mehm sahib's* bedside?" asked the astonished *ayah*.

"Here instantly—go—go!"

Endued with new strength, as the woman withdrew, she sprang from her bed, put on her slippers, threw round her an ample cashmere dressing robe, and seated herself in a bamboo chair, trembling in every fibre. In a mirror opposite she could see that her face was as white as snow. The door was opened.

"Major Milton," said a voice that made her tremble, and attired in undress uniform, pith-helmet in hand, her husband, looking scarcely a day older, stood gazing at her in utter bewilderment. He gave one convulsive start, and then stood rooted to the spot; but no expression or glance of tenderness escaped him. His whole aspect bore the impress of terror.

Years had elapsed as a dream, and they were again face to face, those two, whom no man might put asunder. Softness,

sorrow and reproach faded from the face of Constance. Her broad, low forehead became stern; her deep-set, dark eyes sparkled perilously, her full lips became set, and her chin seemed to express more than ever, resolution.

"Oh, Constance—Constance," he faltered, "I know not what to say!"

"It may well be so, Sidney" (and at the utterance of his name her lips quivered). "So *you* are Major Milton, and the supposed husband of Miss Dashwood?"

There was a long pause, after which she said:

"I ask not the cause of your most cruel desertion; but whence this name of Milton?"

"A property was left me—and—but of course, you have long since ceased to love me, Constance?"

"*You* actually dare to take an upbraiding tone to me!" she exclaimed, her dark eyes flashing fire. Then looking upward appealingly, she wailed, "Oh, my God! my God! and *this* is the man for whom, during these bitter years, I have been eating my own heart!"

"Pardon me, Constance; you may now learn that there is no gauge to measure the treachery of which the human heart in its weakness is capable. Yet there has been a worm in mine that has never died."

She wrung her hands, and then said, with something of her old softness of manner:

"You surely loved me once, Sidney?"

"I did." He drew nearer, but she recoiled from him.

"Then whence this cruel change?"

"Does not some one write, that we love, and think we love truly, and yet find another to whom one will cling as if it required these two hearts to make a perfect whole?"

"Most accursed sophistry! But if you have no pity, have you not fear?"

"I have great fear," said he in a broken voice; "thus, Constance, by the love you once bore me, I beseech you to have

pity, not on me, but on my little boy, and his poor mother—preserve their happiness —"

"And sacrifice my own?" said she in a hollow voice.

"Spare, and do not expose me—my commission—my position here —"

"Neither shall be lost through me," she replied, in a voice that grew more and more weak; "but leave me—leave me—the air is suffocating—the light has left my eyes. Farewell, Sidney—kiss your child, for my sake."

He drew near to take her hand, but she repulsed him with a wild gesture of despair, and throwing up her arms, fell back, with a gurgle in her throat, her head on one side, and her jaw fallen.

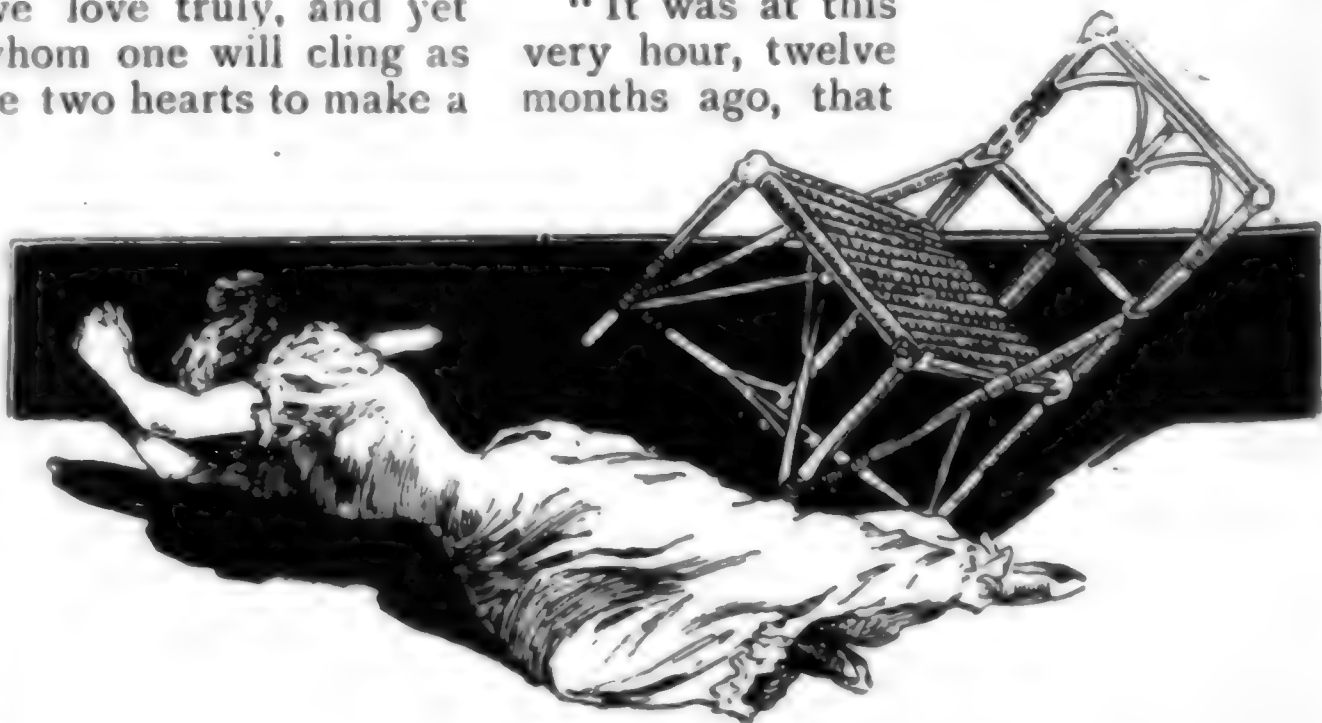
"Dead—quite dead!" was his first exclamation, and with his terror was blended a certain selfish emotion of satisfaction and relief at his escape. The blood again flowed freely in his veins, and he was roused by the cantonment *ghurries* clanging the hour of *nine*.

"Help—help!" cried he; but no help came, and as he hurried away, the sudden din of musket-shots, of shrieks and yells, announced that the great revolt had begun at Meerut, and that the expected massacre of the Europeans had commenced. In that butchery, those he loved most on earth perished, and midnight saw him wifeless and childless, lurking in misery and alone in a mango tope, on the road to Kurnaul.

* * * * *

While listening to the narrative of my friend Sidney, whom I had always known as Warren, rather than Milton, the clock on the mantelpiece struck *nine*, and he said in a broken voice:

"It was at this very hour, twelve months ago, that



"DEAD—QUITE DEAD!"

my boy and his mother were murdered by the 3rd Cavalry, at the moment that Constance was dying!"

As he spoke, a strange white light suddenly filled one end of the smoking-room, and amid it there came gradually, but distinctly to view, two figures, one was a little boy with golden hair, the other a woman whose left arm was around him—a beautiful woman, with clearly-cut features, masses of dark hair curling over a low, broad forehead, lips full and handsome, with a massive chin and classic throat—the woman of the veiled picture, line for line, but to all appearance living and breathing, with a beautiful smile in her eyes, and wearing, not the riding-habit, but a floating, crape-like white garment, impossible to describe. There was a strange weird brightness in her face—the transfigured brightness of great joy and greater love.

"Constance—Constance and my child!" cried Sidney, in a voice that rose to a shriek; and, like a dissolving view, the

light and all we looked on with eyes transfixed faded away.

I was aware of an excess of sensitiveness and that my heart was beating with painful rapidity. I did not become insensible, but some time elapsed before I became aware that lights were in the room, and that several servants, whom my friend's cry had summoned in haste and alarm, were endeavouring to rouse him to consciousness from a fit that had seized him; but from that fit he never recovered. His heavy, stertorous breathing gradually grew less and less, and, ere a doctor came, he had ceased to respire.

His death—sudden as hers on that eventful night, but a retributive one—was declared to be apoplexy, but I knew otherwise. Since then, though the effect of the grape-shot wound on my nervous system has quite passed away, I feel myself compelled to agree with the hackneyed remark of Hamlet, that "there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy."



"CONSTANCE—CONSTANCE AND MY CHILD!" CRIED SIDNEY.

Albert Chevalier and his Songs :

A Chat with his Publisher.

By ERNEST ALFIERI.

CHEVALIER is now in the meridian of his fame, and is probably earning an income equal to that of a cabinet-minister. He bestrides the music-hall world like a Colossus; for having "done" most of the London variety theatres in triplets, he has bidden us a temporary farewell, to fulfil a cycle of Provincial engagements. But, if he has been called away by particular business, he, like the man in "The School for Scandal," leaves his character behind him: his brief absence will doubtless only make his London friends' admiration grow fonder.

It was Seneca who said that "fame follows merit as surely as the body casts a shadow; sometimes falling in front, and sometimes behind."

Chevalier would seem to have become famous at a bound: but this is not quite true. Impelled by, I hope, a not very reprehensible desire to learn something concerning the cockneys' laureate and his songs, from one who is so closely associated with him and them, I visited 13, Berners Street, and had half-an-hour's chat with Chevalier's publisher, the gentleman whose portrait we give here. Mr. R. W. Reynolds was born in the North of London, in 1859, and entered the music publishing business

in 1877. His manners, like those of an illustrious namesake's, are "gentle, complying and bland," and as he is not less enthusiastic about Chevalier and his songs than habitués of "the halls," he was easily incited to talk. His office walls are liberally adorned with framed and unframed photographs of Chevalier in stage attire, some of which he has kindly lent for reproduction in *THE LUDGATE MONTHLY*; cartoons from the comic papers and originals of frontispieces; and on his desk lay some clever and appropriate designs which had been submitted for his first "Annual."

"Well, Mr. Reynolds," I ventured, having completed my survey, "Chevalier's success at the music-halls, I should say, must have greatly stimulated the sale of his songs?"

"Oh, yes!" he answered; "the demand for them has increased enormously. You'll scarcely believe me when I tell you that we have sold as many as four thousand copies of one song within a week, and that Mr. Chevalier has stamped his autograph—if the process may be so described—on fourteen thousand copies of his songs in ten days."

"It was, then, a fortunate day for you when Chevalier came to you to publish his songs?"



From a Photo.]

MR. R. W. REYNOLDS.

[by Bassano.]

"Well, it is fortunate for me that I *am* his publisher; but Mahomet went to the mountain—in other words, it was I who sought Chevalier. Shall I relate the circumstances?"

"By all means do, please."

"Chevalier, you know, prior to making a name as a comedian in London, used, in conjunction with a fellow Thespian, to give variety entertainments in the Provinces. He had written one or two songs in the cockney vernacular and sometimes performed them on these tours. When he became an established favourite in London, Chevalier sang two of these early productions—'Our 'Armonic Club' and 'The Coster's Courtship'—in club-land. They went down with tremendous éclat, and Chevalier naturally wished to publish the songs. He submitted them to most of the leading publishers, who looked askance at them and only smiled when he expressed a belief that they would one day 'catch on.' Chevalier, in despair, sought his friend, Mr. Charles Fox, the wig-maker, whose recent death under most saddening circumstances caused so much consternation in professional circles. Mr. Fox agreed to print a couple of hundred of the songs and display them in his window. By-and-by the songs attracted the notice of singers at 'smokers,' and it was at one of these concerts that I first heard 'Our 'Armonic Club.' Though indifferently rendered, the song struck me as being ludicrously funny and daringly original. The vulgarity which chiefly characterises Londoners of the lower order is largely redeemed by their rich and racy humour. Chevalier perceived this, and handled his subject with such consummate skill as to make the cockney working-man a presentable and most amusing creature.

"Has he not as gently scanned his



MR ALBERT CHEVALIER.
(Copyright Photo. by Bertram Chevalier.)

brother man, the coster, and conceded to 'Arry and 'Arriett—Phyllis and Strephon of the London streets—the primary emotions, though they be not the porcelain clay of human kind? The inability of the publishers to appreciate Chevalier's genius is inconceivable to me. I am reminded of Lichtenberg's naive inquiry: 'When a head and a book come into collision, and one sounds hollow, is it always the book?'

"'Our 'Armonic Club,'" continued Mr. Reynolds, "made a strong impression on me, and I still think it one of the cleverest and funniest songs of the series. The programme gave Chevalier's name as the author, but when I came to make inquiries I could ascertain nothing about the song—the music trade had never heard of it. One day, however, our head representative happened to pass the costumier's



ALBERT CHEVALIER AND HIS BROTHER.

window in Covent Garden, and there saw copies of the song exposed for sale. I immediately called on Mr. Fox with a view to acquiring the copyrights of this song and 'The Coster's Courtship.' Mr. Fox had, of course, no facilities for making the songs known, and the demand for them was very limited. He knew little of trade custom, and though the songs were only printed in what is known as 'single sheet' form, the full price was charged for them, even to the trade 'collecting' houses. A wire was despatched to Chevalier, who came here to see me. I told him what I thought of the songs, and pointed out to him that they would not stand the ghost of a chance of becoming popular unless they were properly worked.

"Chevalier had by no means lost faith in his songs, and when he at last found a publisher who so firmly believed in their potentiality that he was willing to at once pay him royalty on a thousand copies of each of the songs, and to make them the leading feature of his business, he was soon induced to part with them."

"Well, and after the assignment of the copyrights, how did you go to work to popularise the cockney songs?"

"The first thing we did was to issue them in the usual size—engraved on six or seven plates, you know—with a modern title-page, and introduce them to the music-sellers in the Provinces.

"It is customary in the trade to supply 'novelties,' that is, new publications, at much lower than ordinary trade terms, providing the music-seller makes up a fair-sized parcel of these unknown compositions. Well, I offered Chevalier's songs at 'first journey' prices, and tried my hardest to get dealers to stock them.

"It was no use; I could not infuse into them the enthusiasm I felt for the songs. I pointed out that they were in quite a new style, and would one day create a sensation. They would not be convinced, however; 'the songs might be clever,' they said, 'but their humour was peculiarly a London humour, and would not be apparent to provincials.' I had faith

in the songs, firm enough, I thought, to remove mountains, and yet I found myself powerless to overcome the prejudice or apathy of my friends. Chevalier, as I have said, had by this time obtained a firm footing as a comedian in London. After two very successful seasons at the Avenue Theatre in 'The Prima Donna' and 'The Field of the Cloth of Gold'—in which latter piece, by-the-way, he first sang 'Funny without being Vulgar'—he was engaged for the character of Abanazar in the burlesque of 'Aladdin' at the Strand Theatre. This was the tide in his affairs. He sang 'Our 'Armonic Club':

it was the hit of the piece, and the music-hall agents made a simultaneous rush to secure him for the variety shows. Chevalier didn't at all relish the notion of abandoning the stage for 'the halls,' and at first 'stalked off reluctant, like an ill-used ghost,' notwithstanding the terms offered him were very tempting. I remember his coming to me—I think it was just before Christmas, 1889—and asking me what I thought of the proposal. I told him I thought he would be a madman to refuse the offer. The wholesale importation of theatrical and vocal celebrities into the music-halls had greatly enhanced the attractions of the variety

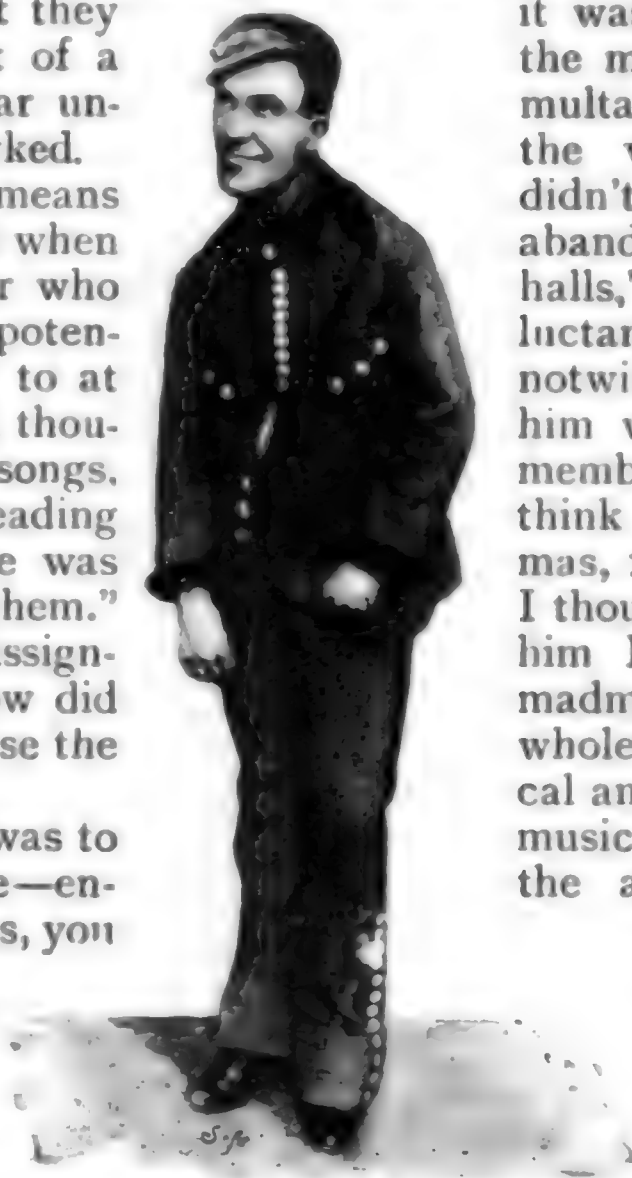
shows, which now amply justified their name. The coster songs exactly appealed to the class of audience at these places. Chevalier's friends all strongly urged him to accept the offer for the halls. You know what

was the result: he immediately became the bright particular star of the music-hall firmament—the people's idol."

"For which of the songs has there been the greatest demand, Mr. Reynolds?"

"Before 'The Future Mrs. 'Awkins' came out, 'Knocked 'em in the Old Kent Road' had had the largest sale, closely followed by 'The Coster's Serenade'; but 'My Old Dutch,' which is not a coster song—it belongs to the genus cockney, of which the purely coster song is only a species—bids fair to outrival them all."

"I suppose, since Chevalier's fame has penetrated into the Provinces you have



"THE COSTER'S SERENADE."

(Copyright Photo. by Bertram Chevalier.)

received many orders from the music-sellers?"

"Oh, yes; and the songs have now a wide Colonial sale: they are specially popular in Australia and India. See, here is an order by telegraphic code from Messrs. Paling and Co., the largest musical merchandise house in Sydney—'Beck Wot. Nipper, 'Awkins'—it means two hundred and fifty copies of each of the songs specified. The other day, too, we received an order for 'The Future Mrs. 'Awkins' from Fu-tcheu. Chevalier, on being told of this, immediately suggested we should issue a Celestial edition, under the title of 'The Fu-tcheu Mrs. 'Awkins. This song, as you know, has been a great favourite; it was composed by Chevalier. We were staying at Brighton together and I well recollect him, after supper one night, sitting down to the piano and playing the air over to me. I was charmed with it and asked him to let me publish it at once as a little intermezzo. But he had other intentions regarding it; the next morning, at the breakfast-table, he handed me the music to which he had adapted the now familiar words of 'The Future Mrs. 'Awkins.' I brought the song back to town with me, and within a week it was printed and put on the market. A funny incident in connection with the recent high jinks at the Temple was related by *Truth*. Sir Henry Hawkins is a greater favourite with the lawyers than with other sections of the predatory class, and when the Prince of Wales recalled the fact that the evening was the jubilee of his call to the bar, there was a great outburst of enthusiasm. Lieutenant Dan Godfrey was equal to the occasion. Without regard to the programme, his band struck up 'Ow dy'e

fancy 'Awkins for your other name?' and the whole junior bar and students sang

the chorus with an energy which delighted the object of the demonstration, and quite overthrew the dignity of the benchers, royal and judicial."

"How many coster, or rather cockney, songs have you published up to now, Mr. Reynolds?"

"About thirty. The latest are 'The Candid Man,' 'Appy 'Ampstead' and 'Our Bazaar,' which have not yet become sufficiently well-known to enable me to judge of their selling qualities."

"And Chevalier has written and composed most of these?"

"Written them all, but not composed the music of more than six or seven. His brother, under the *nom de plume* of Charles Ingle, has set most of them, and Mr. Crook, musical director at Drury Lane Theatre, and Mr. Edward Jones, of the Royal Court Theatre, are responsible for others."

"And how do the songs go down in the drawing-room, Mr. Reynolds?" I asked; "are they considered correct?"

"Oh, yes; and even Royalty condescends to be amused by them. Three were sung only the other day at Osborne, on the occasion of a birthday celebration, before Her Majesty and the Royal Household; and we were having a volume of the songs bound for the late Duke of Clarence when his sudden death cast a gloom over the nation."

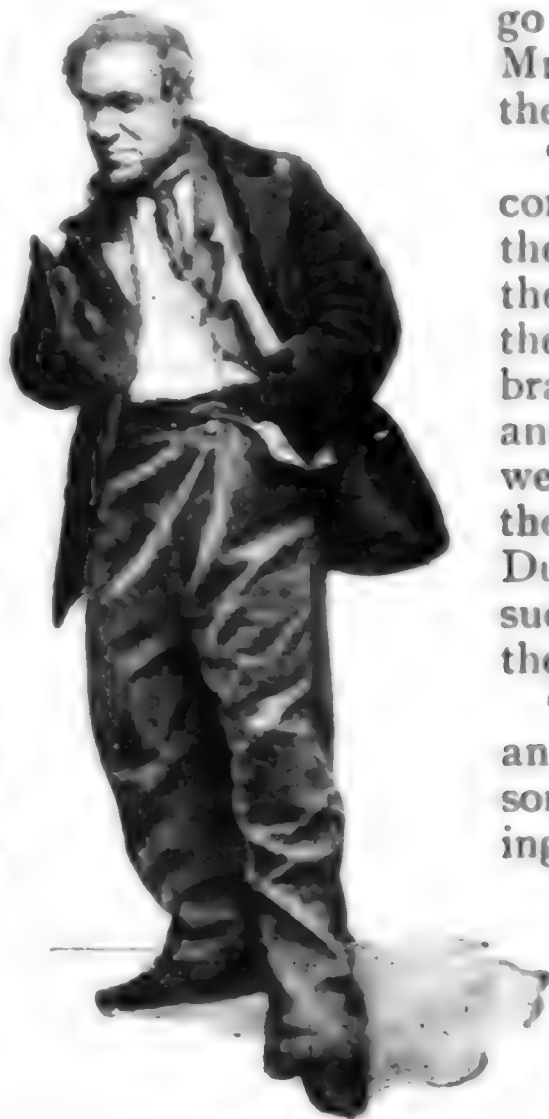
"You doubtless anticipate an increased demand for the songs while Chevalier is touring the Provinces? I suppose he is not apprehensive about his reception anywhere now, though he was at first rather afraid of venturing into the country in his cockney rôles?"

"Unquestionably his later songs, with which the provincials are not so well acquainted as Londoners, will be in great request. I



"SUCH A NICE MAN."

(Copyright Photo. by Bertram Chevalier.)



"MY OLD DUTCH."

(Copyright Photo. by Bertram Chevalier.)

accompanied him, in a double sense — played for him, I mean—on his last visit to Birmingham, and if his audiences at other places—”

“Excuse me interrupting you; but I hope Chevalier did not fare so badly in the town of bedsteads and cheap jewellery as Edmund Kean, whose benefit was such a total failure that in the last scene of the play ‘A New Way to Pay Old Debts,’ where an allusion is made to the marriage of a lady, he suddenly exclaimed, ‘Take her, sir—and the Birmingham audience into the bargain.’”

“No; on the contrary, instead of singing three songs each night, he was obliged to sing eight. ‘Let’s ’ave “Dahn ’Endon Way,” Shivally!’ sang out one admirer of ‘The Coster’s Serenade.’ ‘No! shut up, mon; give uz “Wot cher!’ Chiv!’ called out another member of the audience; and Chevalier was compelled to sing song after song until everybody was satisfied. One evening, when, in response to an enthusiastic recall, Chevalier returned to the stage to bow his acknowledgments, an enraptured gentleman stood upon his seat, and, waving in his hand a piece of paper, attempted to make himself heard amid the sustained plaudits of the audience. ‘Sit down!’ yelled the house, but the gentleman continued brandishing the piece of paper. It was a trying moment for the singer. When at last the chairman had succeeded in restoring order the cause of the disturbance was ascertained. The gentleman merely wished to testify his appreciation of Mr. Chevalier by bestowing on him a cheque for five pounds. It was a still more trying moment for the singer. He feared his audience would suspect this was some pre-arranged advertising dodge, a ‘plant;’ and the chagrin he felt for a few seconds deprived him of the power of speech. The audience, however, imagined nothing of the kind—the offer was so transparently spontaneous and well intended. Chevalier thanked the gentleman



“CHARLES INGLE.”

(Copyright Photo. by Bertram Chevalier.)

for his beneficent offer, but suggested that, as he himself was in no immediate want, the money should be applied to some eleemosynary purpose. If the gentleman would come round to the stage door, he would be pleased to accept the cheque on behalf of the Children’s Hospital. To this the gentleman agreed, and after the performance, met Chevalier and handed him a cheque for double the amount. As well as appearing at the Gaiety music-hall, Chevalier gave matinees at the Masonic Hall to the élite of the town, and was entertained as a guest at all

the leading clubs, where, of course, he had to sing. It was a terribly fatiguing week altogether.”

“Did it never occur to you,” I laughingly asked, “to issue a little glossary to explain to provincials the solecisms which abound in the cockney songs?”

“No,” returned Mr. Reynolds; “people who are interested in the author’s artistic rendering of the songs soon ascertain what such words mean. If Waugh and Brierley had written their Lancashire songs with a view to their receiving musical treatment, they would not have lacked appreciation in the Metropolis, if interpreted by a comedian like Chevalier.”

“We are told that ‘Monarchs ill can rivals brook, even in a word, or smile, or look;’ is that the reason why Chevalier does not grant permission to the ordinary music-hall artist to sing his songs?”

“No, I don’t think he is afraid of being supplanted: you see, he is the creator of this class of song, and naturally wishes to profit by his invention. What he is anxious to do is to prevent them from being vulgarised. I will illustrate what I mean. A self-styled comic-singer came here one day and asked for a ‘professional’ (gratuitous) copy of ‘The Coster’s Courtship,’ to sing at a smoking concert. Of course he was given one; but before he departed, he told

me how he proposed to heighten the effect in a certain place—'Lor lum me, You should just 'a' 'eard my Sally answer ——' (expectorating), 'Yuss!'

"I told him 'local colour' was all very well when judiciously introduced, but I should prefer him not to sing 'The Coster's Courtship.' Mr. Chevalier might not like it.

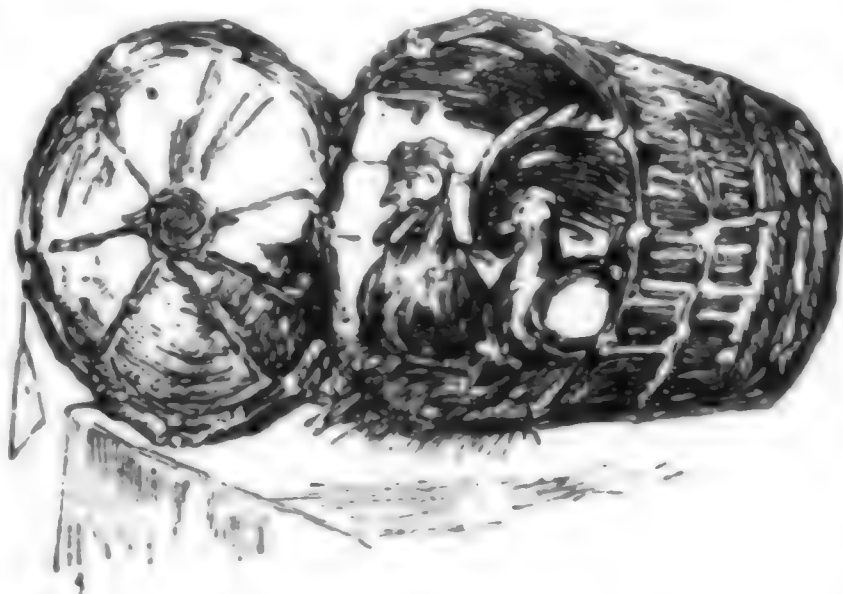
"We don't give away complimentary copies of the songs now, and singers of a certain class often amuse us by protesting they will not sing them in consequence.

"A considerable proportion of the orders we receive through the post come from the clergy in the Provinces; the humorous character of the songs and total absence of vulgarity rendering them prime favourites at village concerts. I once heard a gentleman with a long black beard and somewhat sinister countenance—the man referred to by the local paper as 'the possessor of a powerful baritone voice, which he knows how to use'—sing 'Knocked 'em in the Old Kent Road' exactly as he would have sung 'The Warrior Bold.' He got encored, too.

"Quite recently a telegram came from a customer in the north of England asking terms for a number of copies of 'Knocked 'em in the Old Kent Road,' which had been selected as one of the test songs for a school prize competition.

"We have many curious applications from private individuals in the country. Only this week we received a letter from a bucolic gentleman who wished to possess six of the songs. He plaintively added that owing to agricultural depression, he was unable to send money; but if we would accept an exchange in kind, he would be happy

to send us either a couple of live prize Orpington fowls or a basket of eating apples. The offer was so unique and so obviously genuine that we immediately sent off the songs, and yesterday, sure enough, the birds arrived."



A QUEER EXCHANGE.

Perhaps this honest man has since had an opportunity of hearing Chevalier render the songs in his inimitable style: his present itinerary takes in Aylesbury—but stay, that is where ducks, not fowls, come from.

The tour commenced at Northampton on May 22nd, and will finish at Yarmouth on July 31st, in time for Che-

valier to resume his London engagements. He has not yet appeared at the Oxford Music Hall, but is "billed" there for August Bank-holiday. At the present time he is somewhere in Lancashire, and will proceed thence to the land of Burns and Tannahill, where the inhabitants have long been prepared to give him a hearty welcome.

Perhaps on revisiting the scenes of his early struggles and triumphs Chevalier will encounter old friends who remember him in "Sock and Buskin" and "Readings from Dickens." His "Sairey Gamp," "Sam Weller" and "The Peep-show Man" were



ALBERT CHEVALIER AND JOHN BEAUCHAMP.

Copyright Photo. by]

[Bertram Chevalier.

went to set the benches in a roar, and his drolleries as a yokel may still be unforget. Those were hard times, but Chevalier looks back on them with more pleasure than pain. He recalls an incident of a journey homewards at the termination of a discouraging tour. He had placed in the rack of a third-class carriage the whole of his belongings—two brown paper parcels and a hat box—and he sat revolving plans for the future.

"Young man," said his only fellow traveller, "I'm thinking you're an actor."

"And pray why?" asked Chevalier.

"Because," said the other, "of your luggage and your woe-begone countenance."

Chevalier was originally destined for the Catholic priesthood, but he seems to have realised at a very early age that principles can be engraved in men's minds in other than a sacerdotal capacity. Actors, like poets, are born, not made, and Chevalier, when only six years old, was quite a young Roscius. He assisted at all the Penny Readings and miscellaneous entertainments given in the neighbourhood of Notting Hill, where he was born, and the name of "Master Chevalier" was one to conjure with. Chevalier was for some time in the office of a French newspaper published in London, and next tried the avocation of schoolmaster, but his love for the stage was too strong and deep-seated to suffer him to settle down contentedly to either of these employments. He led a nomadic existence for several years, but hard work and talent



IN "THE PEEP-SHOW MAN."



Copyright Photo. by]

AS SAM WELLER.

[Bertram Chevalier.

at length told, and ripe experience qualified him for the wide range of parts he was afterwards called upon to play. He was associated for some time with the Kendals and the Bancrofts, and subsequently sustained important parts in Robertsonian comedy and in plays by Mr. Pinero—notably "Lords and Commons" and "The Magistrate." Reference has been made already to his success in burlesque at the Strand and Avenue Theatres, and the events which led to his embracing the variety stage.

He is booked for London and Provincial engagements up to the end of 1897, but whether he will continue at the music-halls or return to the stage after this, he cannot say.

He has received many tempting offers to visit America, and it is as likely as not that he will introduce to Brother Jonathan his wonderful delineations of lower London life and character. The Yankees have been afforded a glimpse into "society" by Mr. Grossmith, and have laughed heartily over the follies and foibles of Belgravia and Mayfair.

They would surely as cordially welcome one who depicts the other class, whose drawing-rooms are the public thoroughfares and parks.

New scenes often mean new ideas; but Chevalier derives his inspiration from



AS SAIREY GAMP

Copyright Photo. by]

[Bertram Chevalier.

daily observation of the cockney. It is not, therefore, very likely that much will be presented to his mind, while absent from the capital, which he can turn to account for his present *métier*. Chevalier loves the cockney, and has studied his every phase. He was once asked what was the veritable coster's attitude towards him—did he mistrust him, or was he disposed to esteem him as a man and a brother? Chevalier laughingly replied he couldn't tell, but when he was singing at the Paragon in Whitechapel he one night heard a member of the fraternity say to another:

"'Ere, Bill, wot yer fink of 'im?"

"Oh, I fink 'e's *all* right. Wot was 'e afore 'e took on this job?"

"Don't yer know?"

"No."

"Woy, 'e 'ed a barrer in Farrin'dun Road, an' bloomin' lucky fer 'im."

Chevalier has an abhorrence of private engagements, and rarely responds to such invitations. He used at one time to sing his coster songs at these functions clad in conventional evening garb; but now, if people want to hear him, they may go, he says, to the Tivoli or the Pavilion. It is

such a cold-blooded thing, he thinks, to stand in the centre of an assemblage of ladies and gentlemen in one's stage dress and make-up and sing to the accompaniment of a pianoforte. Certainly, to give due effect to "My Old Dutch," the singer needs the accessories of set-scene and limelight. The old London labouring man, his day's work apparently done, enters his homely, cleanly living-room. On the wall a picture hangs—it may be, probably is, one of those atrocious "enlargements," crudely coloured—representing his wife as she used to be. "I sees yer, Sal," he sings; "yer pretty ribbons sportin'; many years now, old gal, since them young days o' courtin'," and expresses a hope that when they must needs part, Death will come and take him first to wait his "pal." Chevalier sings the song with intense feeling; he is deeply affected himself, and he never fails to move a section of his audience to tears.

At the Tivoli, where Chevalier's was one of the last "turns," the audience used seldom to wait for what followed "My



AS THE YOKEL.

Old Dutch"—they had no relish for the man with the red nose and patched continuations, who sang of the pawnshop, the pub and the mother-in-law; and were content to miss the man who played the violin and shuffled a pack of cards with his feet. Chevalier had touched their hearts. Though he does not care to sing his songs in society, Chevalier seldom refuses to give his services for entertainments on behalf of charities. Just before he left town, he sang at a West-end concert hall. A well-known lady of title, who had actively interested herself in the affair and got together most of the artistes, wished to see Chevalier before his performance, and personally thank him for coming. She was on her way towards the artistes' room when she suddenly met Chevalier on the stairs, "made up" for "My Old Dutch." She nearly fainted. A splendid flood of sunlight poured in upon the pair as they stood face to face; and Chevalier, like Bottom, was "translated." He appeared a horrible Frankenstein. Those who have never seen a face made up like Chevalier's for "My Old Dutch," under similar conditions, cannot imagine how ghastly and hideous it looks.

That lady, it is safe to say, will not forget the shock she received for many a long day.

It would somewhat disappoint readers to conclude this brief history of a popular favourite and his works without a word concerning his private life and pursuits. I am indebted to Mr. Reynolds for many interesting particulars respecting Chevalier and his songs, and for the artistic portraits taken by Mr. Bertram Chevalier, which are here reproduced: other details were narra-

Chevalier himself. The clever author and singer of cockney songs is thirty-two years of age and a bachelor. His chief recreation is fishing, a taste for which, as everyone knows, is indicative of a contemplative mind. He has a natural aptitude for music, and his violin is to him a never-failing source of delight. His principal hobby is the collecting of pictures—especially engravings—and rare books. The house at Ravenscourt Park, in which he and his brother, "Mr. Ingle," live, is full of literary and pictorial curiosities, but he will shortly transfer them to his new residence at Isleworth. Mr. Chevalier is passionately fond of animals; he has a monkey, a cat, a kitten and goodness knows what besides. The monkey has a suit of coster clothes, but, strangely enough, is never happy when got up "dossy." He was caught the other day trying to strangle the cat, and the cook gave notice because he rifled her bonnet-box and was guilty of other misdemeanours.

Mr. Chevalier is not only a collector, but a reader of books. He can talk delightfully on most subjects, and, as a companion, is an abridgment of all that is pleasant in man!



THE CANDID MAN.

Written by ALBERT CHEVALIER.

Composed by EDWARD JONES.

Allegro moderato.

VOICE.

PIANO.

f

The first system of musical notation consists of three staves. The top staff is for the voice, marked 'VOICE.', and contains three measures of whole rests. The middle and bottom staves are for the piano, marked 'PIANO.', and are bracketed together. The middle staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. Both piano staves are in the key of D major (two sharps) and common time (C). The middle staff begins with a forte dynamic marking 'f'. The piano accompaniment starts with a series of eighth-note chords in the right hand and single notes in the left hand.

The second system of musical notation continues the piece. The voice staff remains empty with whole rests. The piano accompaniment continues with eighth-note chords in the right hand and single notes in the left hand, maintaining the same rhythmic and harmonic pattern as the first system.

The third system of musical notation concludes the piece. The voice staff remains empty with whole rests. The piano accompaniment continues with eighth-note chords in the right hand and single notes in the left hand, ending with a double bar line.

Now ma - ny peo - ple say That us Cock-neys 'as a way Of

say - ing just ex - act - ly what we "finks," We

don't make not no fuss, For, to tell the truth to us Is

nat - 'ral, just like—well—like shift - ing drinks. Some

colla voce.

THE CANDID MAN.

301

likes a hon - est man Who not on - ly will but can Say

The first system of the musical score for 'The Candid Man'. It features a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The lyrics are 'likes a hon - est man Who not on - ly will but can Say'. The piano accompaniment consists of a right hand in treble clef and a left hand in bass clef, both in common time. The right hand plays a series of chords and single notes, while the left hand plays a simple bass line with some rests.

wot 'e means, and say it plain and plump, Put

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'wot 'e means, and say it plain and plump, Put'. The piano accompaniment continues with similar harmonic support, featuring chords and single notes in the right hand and a simple bass line in the left hand.

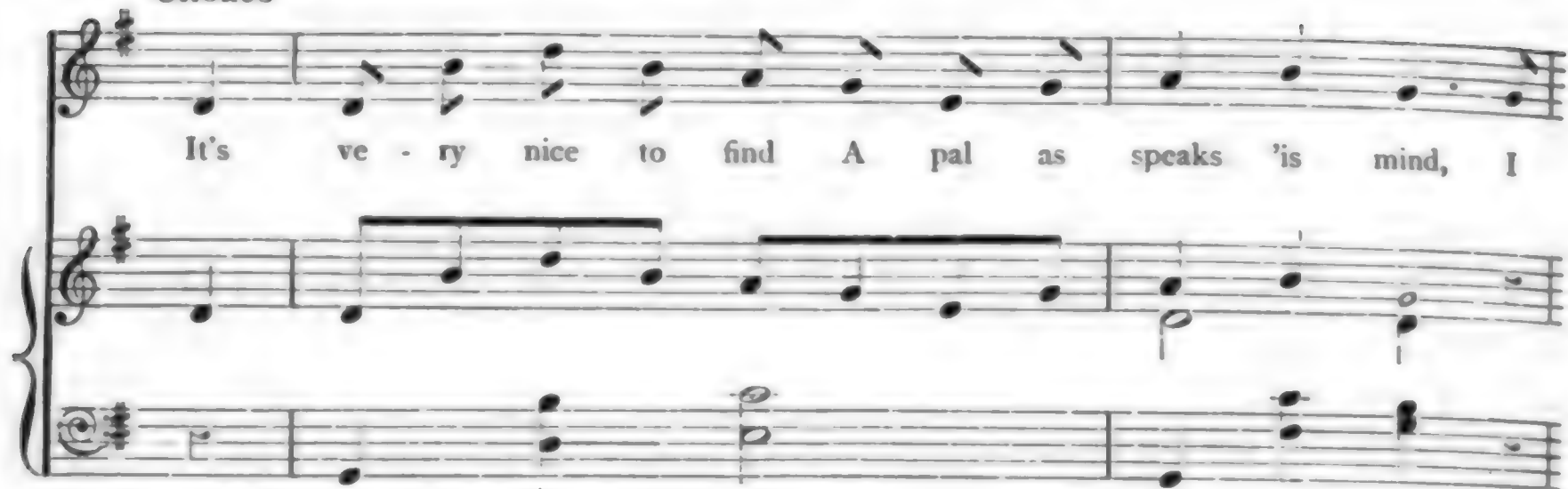
I've a pal that bluff, Why ter talk to 'im's e - nough To

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'I've a pal that bluff, Why ter talk to 'im's e - nough To'. The piano accompaniment continues with similar harmonic support, featuring chords and single notes in the right hand and a simple bass line in the left hand.

make a bloom - in' an - gel git the 'ump.

The fourth system of the musical score, which concludes the piece. The vocal line ends with the lyrics 'make a bloom - in' an - gel git the 'ump.'. The piano accompaniment concludes with a final chord in the right hand and a simple bass line in the left hand.

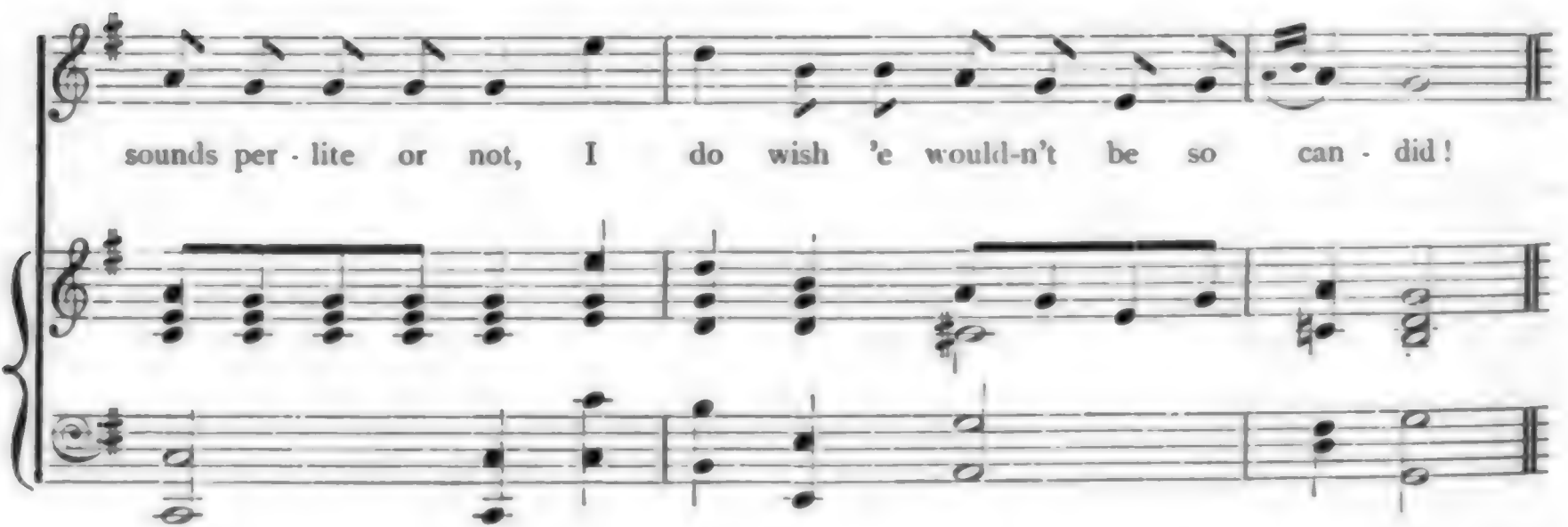
CHORUS



It's ve - ry nice to find A pal as speaks 'is mind, I



don't like a cove wot's un - der - 'an - did, But Brown don't care a jot If it



sounds per - lite or not, I do wish 'e would-n't be so can - did!



f *D.C.*

The Candid Man.

Now many people say
That us Cockneys 'as a way
Of saying just exactly what we finks.
We don't make not no fuss
For, to tell the truth to us
Is nat'ral, just like—well—like shifting drinks.
Some likes a 'onest man
Who not only will, but can
Say what 'e means and say it plain an' plump,
But I've a pal that bluff,
Why ter talk to 'im's enough
To make a bloomin' angel get the 'ump.

CHORUS.

It's very nice to find
A pal as speaks 'is mind,
I don't like a cove wot's under-'andid,
But Brown don't care a jot
If it sounds perlite, or not,
I do wish 'e wouldn't be so candid!

I now an' then 'ave 'ad
Indigestion very bad,
I ain't a glutton, so it only shows
That fortune can be crool,
Cos I cops it eating grool,
Then scarlet ain't the word for my poor nose.
I owes Bill Brown a grudge,
Cos I'm sober as a judge,
There ain't a cove as ever seed me screwed.
But Bill don't stop to fink,
'E just sez as 'ow it's drink,
An' makes remarks I fink are very rude.

CHORUS.

It's very nice to find
A pal as speaks 'is mind,
I don't like a cove wot's under-'andid,
But when 'e sez your nose,
Is like the red, red rose,
I did wish 'e wouldn't be so candid!

I'm seldom over-flush
Cos I ain't a cove to rush;
I never makes a promise I can't keep,
Last June, or there about,
I just took my doner out,
An' 'ad, of course, to do it on the cheap.
Well, she's a decent sort,
An' a knowing I was short,
She didn't mind me cuttin' ex's down;
I blewed the blessed lot,
Every stiver as I'd got,
An' then, as luck would 'ave it, we met Brown.

CHORUS.

It's very nice to find
A pal as speaks 'is mind,
I don't like a cove wot's under-'andid,
But when 'e sez, "Old pal,
I ain't seen you treat the gal."
I did wish 'e wouldn't be so candid!

I loves to sing a song,
Tho' I ain't took to it long,
I 'ave thought as I'd like to be a "pro."
To our 'Armonic Club,
Wot is 'eld inside a pub,
When I've a hour to spare I often go.
One night I 'ears from Bill
As the chair 'e'd like to fill,
'E takes it, and is welcomed wiv a cheer;
I sends 'im word to say
As I'd like to trill a lay,
'E calls me up an' whispers in my ear.

CHORUS.

It's very nice to find
A pal as speaks 'is mind,
I don't like a cove wot's under-'andid,
But when 'e sez "I've 'eard
As you allus cops the bird,"
I did wish 'e wouldn't be so candid!

Young England at School.

WELLINGTON COLLEGE.



FRONT VIEW OF COLLEGE.

THIS month we have to deal with a school of more modern type, for whereas Winchester is this year keeping its quincentenary, Wellington is about to celebrate the arrival of its third headmaster. It is one of the youngest of public schools. When the Duke of Wellington died, in 1852, a large sum of money was collected to raise a memorial to him. At first it was suggested that a bronze statue of him should be erected in every market town in England, but the Crimean War, which later on broke out, led people to incline to something more useful, and it was finally determined to raise "a monument more lasting than brass," by building an asylum at which the sons of deceased officers should be educated gratis, while those of living officers should be educated for as little as the funds of the institution allowed.

When this had been decided, the next thing was to choose a site, and the governors were attracted by the breezy uplands some two miles from Sandhurst, about

half-way between Aldershot and Reading. This country seemed to offer everything necessary; the position was a healthy one, it was near the railway, and the owner of the land offered a certain amount of acreage, on condition that the governors bought the rest at £10 per acre, a modest sum; and of late years Wellington has had cause to regret that she did not buy the whole four hundred and twenty-three acres, which she now possesses, at that time. In the midst of this howling wilderness rose the original building of the College, designed by John Shaw, his plan, which now hangs in the masters' common room, being accepted without competition. Those who have been brought up on the back numbers of the *Illustrated London News* will doubtless remember the pictures of the laying of the foundation stone by the Queen in 1856, and of her opening the building in 1858, though no boys came till the next year. Everything as yet had gone smoothly; now came a difficulty—How



A VIEW OF THE ROAD BY THE STATION

were they to get a Headmaster? Many applications were sent in to the governors, but none of the candidates seemed to fulfil the requirements exactly, and the matter was referred for settlement to the Prince Consort, who, until his death, took the keenest interest in the College. He, through the instrumentality of Dr. Temple, unearthed a young Rugby master of the name of Benson, who even thus early had gained a reputation for energy which his subsequent life at Wellington and Truro, and as Archbishop has justified to the full. It was to his master-hand that the conversion of Wellington from a simple charitable asylum for the sons of officers into a public school was due. He saw at once that the endowment was not sufficient to give a first-class education, nor, supposing this were possible, did he think it was wise that one class should be educated entirely by themselves. He therefore encouraged civilians to come, at a price, however, which contributed largely to the general support of the place, the result being that, apart from about ninety foundationers who receive their education gratis, a number of officers' sons could be received at a reduced rate. Dr. Benson had been trained in the best traditions of Rugby, as conceived by Arnold, and he soon welded the mass of boys entrusted to his care into a school which early began to take a place among the big public schools of England.

VOL. V.—JULY, 1893.

Very different must Wellington have looked in 1859, to what it did when I emerged, somewhat crumpled and very much shaken from a journey of some two hours and a half on the South-Eastern — the so-called direct route from London. As I made my way from the station to the College, I passed several acres of well-kept kitchen-garden, and then drove up an avenue of cedars and Wellingtonians, till I got opposite to the front of the College, and thence a broad drive, ablaze on either side with rhododendrons, took me to the great gate. To my left I saw boarding-

houses, and beyond, some quarter of a mile off, a fair-sized village. All this had grown in the last thirty years; originally, there was nothing but the College, plumped down upon the barren heath, and the first occupation of the "Sons of Heroes" (as an inscription over the great gate informs one that those who inhabit the royal and religious foundation are called) was to clear away the heather. One gets a glimpse of this early view in Kingsley's "Winter Garden," when he is describing a run with the hounds over the Flats. "Far to our right," he says,

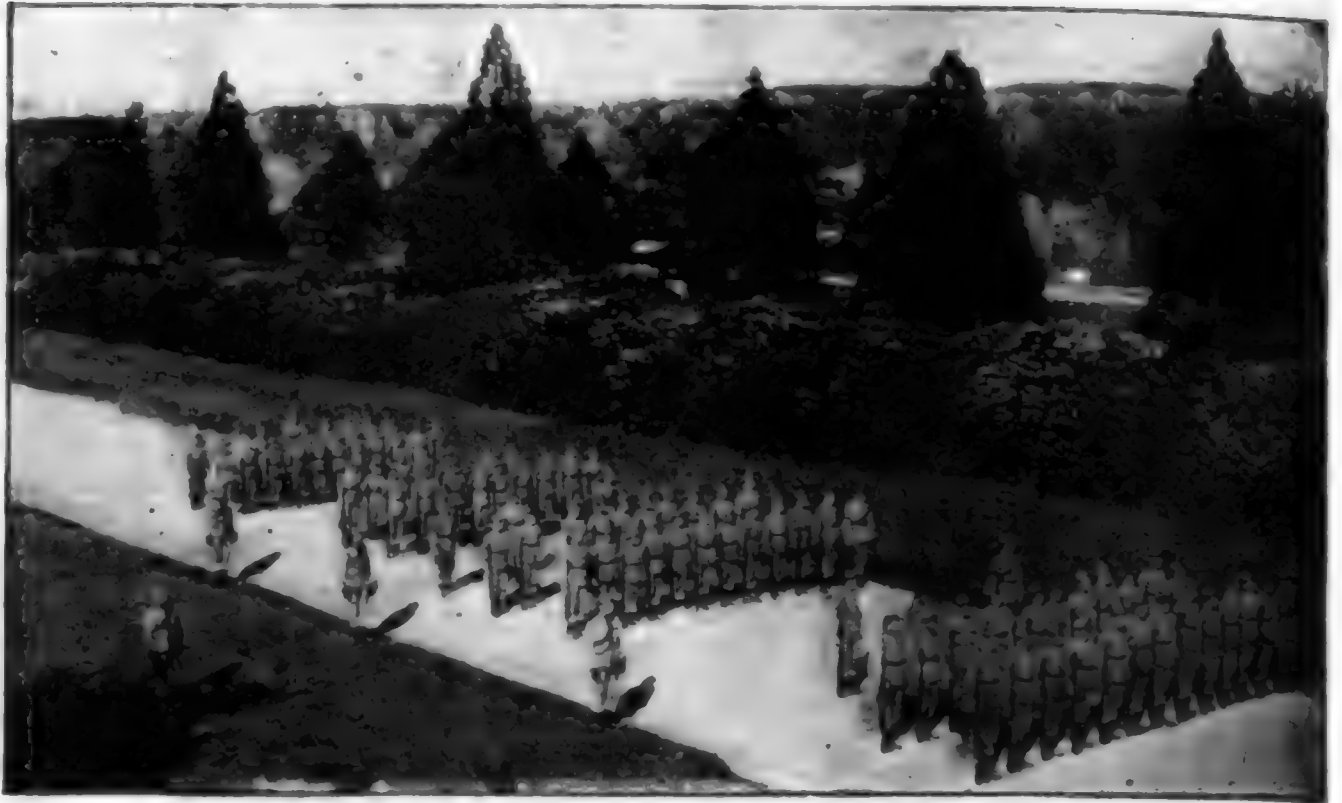


FOOTPATH TO THE SCHOOL.

"is the New Wellington College, looking stately enough here all alone in the wilderness, in spite of its ugly towers and pinched waist." I am not sure he is right about the ugly towers, that is a point the reader may decide for himself by looking at the illustrations; but the original building, before the other quadrangles, new dormitories and science-school

were added, must have looked singularly long and thin. I have mentioned Kingsley's name, his little vicarage of Eversley lies over in Hampshire, some three miles off. He took great interest in the early generations of Wellingtonians, and I saw in one of the boy's rooms a challenge cup for a steeplechase, of which he was the founder.

It so happened that I arrived at nearly



THE RIFLE CORPS DRILLING ON THE FRONT DRIVE.

half-past three on a half-holiday, and, on getting out of my fly at the great gate, found a picturesque scene before me. Calling-over, which was nearly at an end, was being held under the big arch opposite, and the majority of the school were streaming down in flannels on to the turf. I thought I could not do better than follow the current, and sat down to watch the first eleven playing the masters. One thing I noticed at once, the ground

was a baddish one for the aged; there are no boundaries, and if you hit a tenner you have to run it out. For some time, as I was told, Wellington prided itself chiefly on its football, and, though this has in no way fallen off (for of six matches against Marlborough, Wellington has won five), the cricket, of late years, has decidedly come on. The Sandhurst and Woolwich elevens always contain the names of sundry Old Wellingtonians, and they have often had representatives at both the 'Varsities; and the last year's captain, G. C. Mordaunt, seems likely to get his colours in the Oxford team this year.

After I had watched the cricket for a short time, I laid hold of a small boy.



THE ARMOURY.

If you want information always select a small boy ; he is sure to be keen, and to be up to the latest news ; moreover, there is a naïveté about him, and you will always get a genuine view of the life around him. Mine was no exception. I represented to him that I was a stranger, and should be glad to be shown anything worth seeing. He thereupon took me across the ground to a place where a low building, with a verandah in front, stood. This, he told me, was Grubby's—my companion was too young for philological discussion, nor was this the time or the place for it, but I rather gathered from subsequent remarks of his that Wellington boys had a language of their own differing from that of the Harrovian, in that the words end in y instead of er ; for he spoke of Pavvy (Pavilion) Sanny (Sanatorium), and used other names with the same termination, which, as Herodotus says, I am not allowed to mention. Having been brought so straight to the grub shop, I took the hint, and while my

guide was refreshing himself, learned that the school managed the shop themselves, and with the proceeds laid down new turf, built racquet courts, bought instruments for the Rifle Corps Band, etc. ; grand idea for boys where patriotism may, in fact, be measured by one's power of consuming sweet food. After his desire for eating had been removed, my small guide took me to a flourishing carpenter's shop in the same belt of trees, where I found many hard at work making bookshelves and boats and bails,

and anything else beginning with B. Thence we adjoined to the Racquet Courts, which are presided over by G. W. Smale, late champion of the open courts. He was very pleased to show me the group in the dressing-room, and particularly fond of a photo of the Racquet pair of 1891—J. G. Mordaunt and R. H. Raphael, who won the Public School Racquet Cup at Queen's. He was telling me of many old racquet players in the army, but my guide became impatient and hurried me off to see Big Side and two new football grounds adjoining ; after which he took me to the outside of the Sanatorium. It distinctly is an imposing building, intended to meet the requirements of mumps, measles and chicken-pox all at once ; but one is never safe in a public school, and once an epidemic like measles has got a firm footing, the numbers that fall to it are likely to be very big. My cicerone told me he had never been inside the Sanny, though he had had mumps, but then he had been put up in a dormi-

tory in College, which, for the nonce, had been converted into a hospital. This, he assured me, "was much better sport." He was evidently in a hurry to get on, and led me back towards the College, passing the headmaster's lodge, a very comfortable house, in the building of which the late Prince Consort took much interest. To my young friend it did not seem to suggest much as a whole, but he pointed out to me a door on the left of the main entrance, which was, he went on to inform me, the Head master's



A PEEP THROUGH THE GREAT GATE.

study, a place evidently hedged round with solemn associations in his mind, but of what exact kind I did not gather. We then reached the south side of the College, of which an illustration is given. It struck me as decidedly fine, the flatness of surface in the hall being relieved by the two wings, the College library and the museum. Here my guide informed me he must retire, for he had to attend an orchestra practice, but if I liked, he would first take me to the gymnasium. This is a new building, not very remarkable on the outside, but within quite the prettiest school gymnasium that I have seen. It is managed by the Rev. C. R. Carter, and the decorations of old armour and pennoned lances are due to him. Over the door runs a broad gallery, which is used for fencing and boxing at ordinary times, but on state occasions, such as the assault-at-arms or the concert which is held there, accommo-



THE BALCONY.

the School. I may here mention that I have since heard the "Sons of Heroes" sing their anthem, and the swing of the whole song approaches nearer to "Domum," at Winchester, than anything I have heard. On the threshold of the gymnasium I parted with my young friend, who, as I afterwards learnt, expressed an

dates most of the School, leaving the arena for visitors. My trusty companion told me it was a pity I had not come down for the concert, for the band—"the orchestra, I mean, not the Rifle Corps band; for, although that is awfully good, it is only brass and a big drum"—was well worth hearing. He further informed me that the best part, in his mind, was the singing of the "Carmen" at the end. The "Carmen" is the school song, written by the Rev. W. Goodchild, and set to music by Dr. Alan Gray, the organist of Trinity College, Cambridge, and for some years the conductor of music at

opinion that I was "an awfully decent sort of a chap," a remark due, I imagine, to my treatment of him at Grubby's. Left to myself, I explored a hideous building opposite, which looked like a portion of Noah's Ark stranded in the heather. This building, though hideous, is useful: it is the drill hall, where, in wet weather, the Rifle Corps drill, and where recruits practise with the Morice Tube. As is only natural in a quasi military school, Wellington has an efficient Rifle Corps, well managed, so I gathered, by Captain Upcott, who has thoroughly grasped



THE END OF "CALLING OVER"



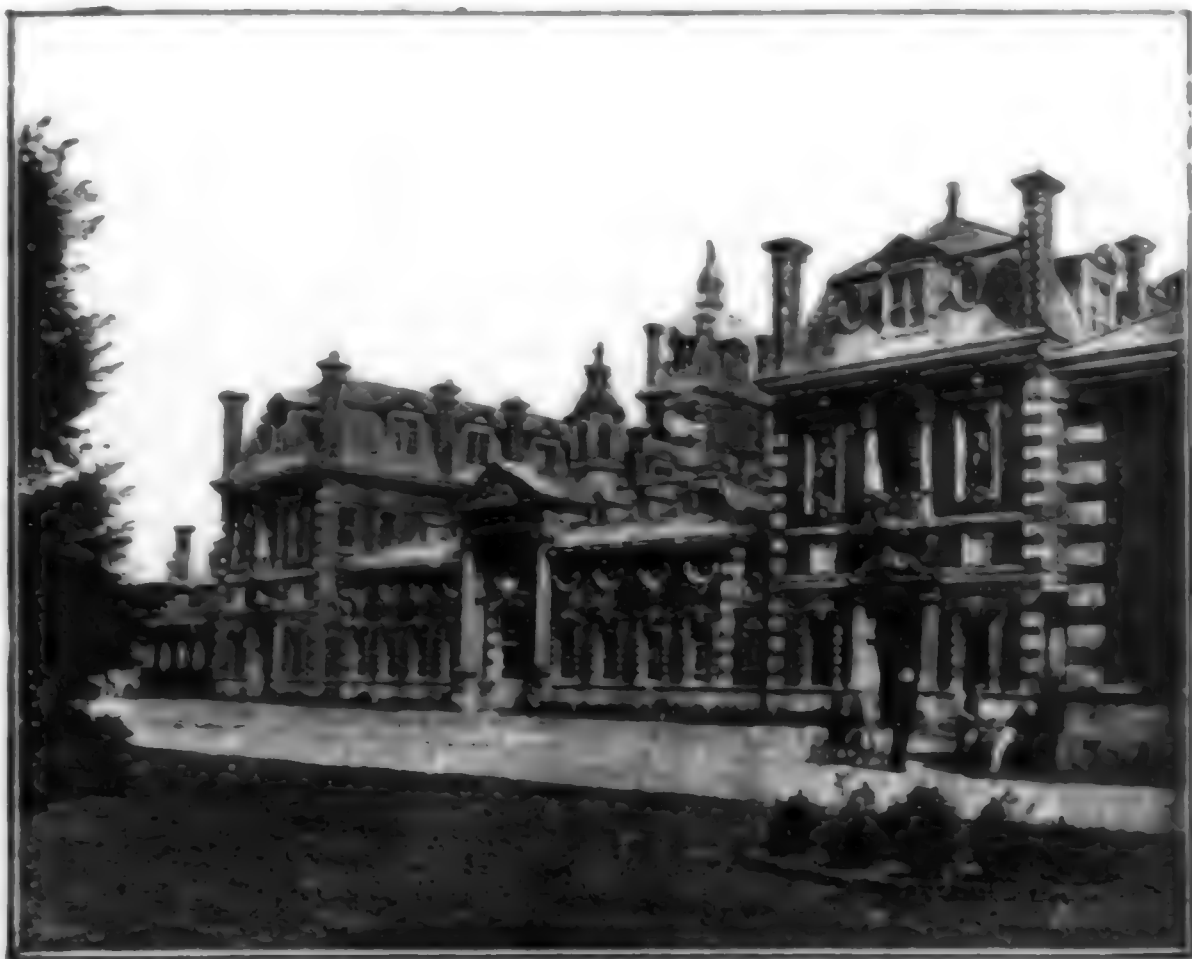
IN THE DRAWING SCHOOL.

notably the Rev. Mr. Kempthorne's house, which contains thirty boys, and the School doctor's house have been burnt down in the last few years. After watching them for a short time, I entered the College itself. I found it a confusing building to a stranger, its two main quadrangles are so much alike, and the passages leading out of them so confusing, that I could only guide myself by the names of the busts of Wellington's generals which repose in niches round them. The whole of the ground floor is devoted to class rooms, with the exception of the Prefects' room, a comfortable-looking abode, the common room of the Prefects, in which also the chief school magnates have breakfast and tea. For dinner all assemble in the Hall, the Prefects at a raised dais, the rest of the

the idea of what such a corpsshould be—a school institution in which the leading fellows take a prominent part.

I was then attracted by the shimmer of water at a distance, and on making for it, found three large lakes, in the upper of which boys were fishing. The lower lake is divided into two parts, one of which is railed off. This is the out-door bathing place, consisting of a large cemented square of water of graduated depth. Beyond, I found a large covered swimming bath, which the boys frequented during the colder seasons of the year.

By this time I had done enough with the exterior, and therefore returned towards the main building. I there came across something I had never seen in a public school before. A Fire Brigade, with helmets, duly be-hatcheted and be-belted, was hard at work extinguishing an imaginary fire at Mr. Allcock's house. On enquiry, I found that the Brigade was not without employment. The neighbourhood has been unlucky in fires,



THE SOUTH FRONT OF THE COLLEGE.

School at tables below according to their Dormitories. The word dormitory is at first misleading to a stranger. The two upper storeys are devoted to them. They represent in college what one understands by a House outside. They contain about thirty boys, and have their distinctive caps and badges, and play matches against each other. A wide passage goes down the middle from the door to the balcony at the end, ensuring



EXTERIOR OF THE CHAPEL.

perfect ventilation. On either side are cubicles, some ten feet high, with doors to them, so that each boy has practically a room to himself, though the whole construction allows of easy government by Prefects. The adornment of the rooms vary: some are very much decorated with trophies, pictures, Japanese umbrellas and the like; others trust to the symmetry of four square walls. I visited many of them, and found the inhabitants all equally cordial.

I had not as yet seen the chapel, and for the purpose secured a Prefect to conduct me thither. After leaving the dining hall, we went down a long corridor, passing the masters' common room and the school library, and then arrived at the chapel, which interested me as much as anything that I saw. It was originally planned by the late Sir Gilbert Scott, and, roughly speaking, represented the upper part of the Sainte Chapelle in Paris, though the window space is much less. The harmony of idea in the decoration is due to

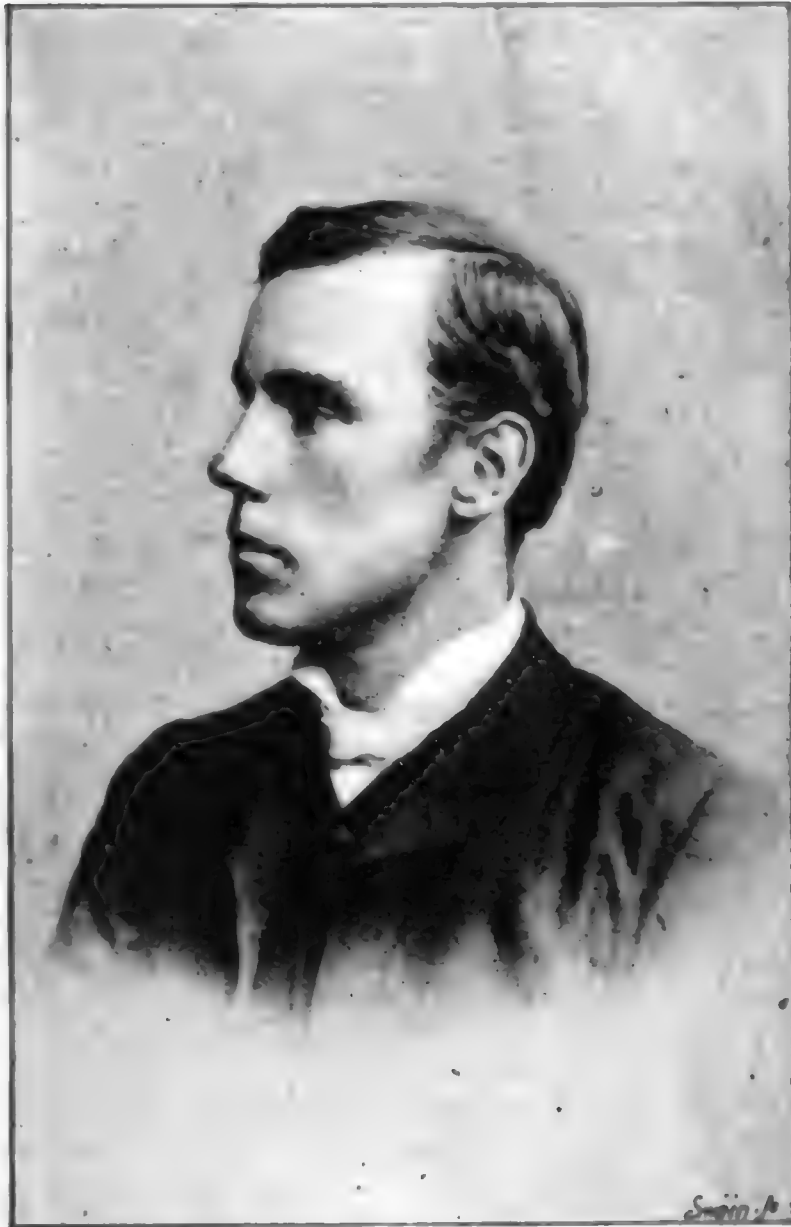
the Archbishop of Canterbury, who devoted much time and thought to the mosaics and the windows. As time went on, it proved too small for the number of the school, and in 1883 it was enlarged by Sir Arthur Bloomfield, by throwing out a side aisle. Although, for the moment, this gives the building rather a one-sided appearance, there is a feeling of greater space, and when the other aisle is added it will look very well. In the meantime, the present master, the Rev. E. C. Wickham, has not neglected the

adornment of the building. Through his instrumentality, and largely owing to his munificence, the Sacarium has been beautifully decorated, as may, in part,



INSIDE THE CHAPEL.

be gathered from the illustration that we give. I lingered for a while in the ante-chapel, and, from the numerous brasses there affixed to the walls, I gathered that the school had not entirely failed in its function, for I noticed many tablets to Old Wellingtonians who had fallen in battle. I began with an allusion to the change of Headmaster and will end with it. Mr. Wickham, so well known to many Oxonians as a leading tutor of New College, to the world at large as the scholarly editor of Horace,



THE REV. BERTRAM POLLOCK (MASTER-ELECT).

is about to retire, after twenty years of mastership. During his time the school has increased in number, and, apart from University distinction, I noticed in a late number of the *Broad Arrow* that for the last seven years Wellington had the highest average of boys passing direct from school to Woolwich and Sandhurst. He is to be succeeded by the Rev. Bertram Pollock, an assistant master of Marlborough, who is coming with a reputation, from which one may augur a great future for the school.

WELLINGTON FIRST ELEVEN v. MASTERS.



1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10
11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18
19 20 21 22 23

1. H. W. Boys.
2. O. T. Perkins, Esq.
3. Rev. E. Davenport.
4. R. Moore, Esq.
5. E. R. M. English.
6. R. O. H. Livesay.

7. B. Beard.
8. J. W. Cave, Esq.
9. P. Christopherson, Esq.
10. L. G. Monev.
11. Rev. H. Wood.
12. C. W. Parry, Esq.

13. E. E. Forbes.
14. T. H. K. Dehwood.
15. Rev. A. E. Allcock.
16. H. W. Brongham, Esq.
17. A. E. Broomfield, Esq.
18. E. H. V. Weigall.

19. F. R. Benson.
20. H. Awdry, Esq.
21. H. C. Armstrong.
22. E. A. Upcott, Esq.
23. K. D. Thornburn.

COLLEGE CHAT.

It has been suggested that a page or so of THE LUDGATE, devoted to the doings and current topics of our Public Schools would form a popular addition to our Illustrated School Article each month. Space, therefore, will be set apart at the end of the School of the month for this object, and we invite those interested to forward contributions, which should be as condensed as possible.—(ED.)

ETON.—The Musical Society, under the conductorship of Dr. Lloyd, gave a most successful Concert on 27th May, a crowded house rewarding the efforts of those engaged. A Violin Solo by Quilier *mi*, and Beethoven's Pianoforte Concerto in C, by Wilson, deserve especial mention. Egerton *ma* gave the song "Love me, sweet, with all thou art," with much feeling, and Herz rendered Thomas's "Je suis Titania" (Mignon), with marvellous clearness of voice. The programme consisted of thirteen selections, concluding with Parry's Ode, "Eton," charmingly rendered.

Lord Roberts, who has been visiting our Headmaster, reviewed the Eton College Volunteer Corps on the 5th June.

Our Rifle Team visited Wellington College on 18th May, where, on the Wokingham range, we compiled the aggregate of 392 points to our opponents 356—Eton thus winning by 36.

On 23rd May, against the 2nd Coldstream Guards, we totalled 390 to the Coldstreams 428. The Victorias sent a very strong team to meet us on 27th May, when they ran up 455 points to our 382. The School shot very badly, particularly at the 200 yards.

The Fourth of June was observed this year on Saturday, June 3rd, and favoured by fine weather, the festivities were carried through without a hitch, and a goodly company witnessed the proceedings. After the speeches, recitations, etc., lunch was taken; then followed a general promenade through the playing fields, enlivened by the band of the Scots Guards. Later on, the usual procession of boats to Surly and back took place, after which the display of fireworks brought to a conclusion a brilliant and successful day, just as the storm-clouds above burst into a tremendous downpour of rain.

Cricket.—Eton played Magdalen College, Oxford, on 8th June. Magdalen, winning the toss, went in first and compiled 171, of which C. S. M. Teesdale contributed 32, F. H. Stewart 24, and B. N. Bosworth-Smith, 21. Pilkington, for Eton, took 4 wickets for 31 runs. Mitchell and Meeking opened the Eton innings, making 24 for the first wicket; Kettlewell added 75, not out, in dashing style, and when time was called Eton had knocked

up 155 with 4 wickets to fall, thus having by no means the worst of the game. A. J. Boger, for Magdalen, securing 5 wickets for 37 runs.

HARROW.—Our present term ends 1st of August. The College register shows 623 boys at Harrow, which is the largest number on record.

At an influential meeting held at Mr. C. G. O. Bridgman's Chambers, in Lincoln's Inn, on 2nd May, it was decided to invite subscriptions to a Memorial to the late Rev. William Law. A Sub-Committee was appointed, consisting of the following gentlemen, Messrs. W. H. Heale, T. Greatorex, I. D. Walker, H. O. D. Davidson, A. J. Webbe, G. Macan and A. R. Pennefather. It was decided to place a Memorial Tablet in the Mission Chapel, erect a Pavilion on the Nicholson Ground at Harrow, and erect a Hostel for the use of those engaged in the work of the Mission. Cheques should be sent to the Hon Sec., the Rev. T. Greatorex, the Cloisters, Westminster Abbey, or to the London and County Bank, Harrow, and made payable to The "Law" Memorial Fund. The approximate sum required will be about £1,800.

The Eton v. Harrow Cricket Match will be played at Lord's on 14th and 15th July.

RUGBY.—Speech-day is fixed for June 24th, and the term will end August 2nd. This may appear at first sight to pertain to Old Moore's Almanac, but I fancy it would be a good idea if the other schools would (with the permission of the Editor of THE LUDGATE) head their notes in somewhat similar style, as owing to irregular terms it would be very convenient to know where to find such facts. A contingent of the Rugby School Volunteer Corps will go into camp at Aldershot on August 1st.

The Rugby v. Marlborough Cricket Match is set down for 2nd and 3rd August.

ST. PAUL'S.—The Oxford Classical Moderation List contains the names of three Paulines in the First Class—H. L. Braidwood, I. C. Fergusson and P. W. Sergeant.

A most excellent portrait of our High-Master, by J. C. Rooke (Gold and Silver Medallist of the

Royal Academy), has been presented by Dr. Collison Morley to our gallery.

The windows in the large hall are rapidly being filled with stained glass. In the Parents' window have been lately added shields with coats of arms of the following Old Paulines: Sir Francis Vere, Admiral Sir Thomas Trowbridge, Ralph Warcop (Ambassador for James I.), Sir Frederick Thesiger, Bishop Howson, of Durham, Bishop Hooper, of

Bath and Wells, Philip Ayscough (High-Master), and the arms of St. Mary Hall, Oxford, for William Wyatt, Principal and Public Orator.

Cricket.—On 3rd June we played Bedford Grammar School and received a beating, although we put together 192 runs, of which Ogilvy made 47 and Sutton 36. Bedford then put together 226 for the loss of 2 wickets (C. A. Harris, 101; C. L. Beasley, 51; and H. M. Beasley, 51).

CRICKET PRIZES.

The Proprietors of "THE LUDGATE" will present a Leather Cricket Bag, a Bat, a Pair of Pads, and a Pair of Batting Gloves, all of best quality, and manufactured by F. H. Ayres, 111, Aldersgate Street, London, for the Three Highest Individual Batting Scores made each month of the present season (June, July and August) in matches played between any of the recognised Public Schools.

Applications are invited by post-card, giving the following details—NAME AND ADDRESS OF BATSMAN; NAME OF SCHOOL; NUMBER OF RUNS MADE; NAME OF OPPOSING SCHOOL; WHERE PLAYED AND DATE OF MATCH.

The post-cards must be received on or before the 5th of month following that in which the match was played, and should be addressed "CRICKET," THE LUDGATE MONTHLY, 53, Fleet Street, London. Entries for June will close 5th July.





"OLD NAILS," the clerks called him: not to his face however.

Of course not. They were not blessed with a superabundance of intelligence, these city youths, but they had sense enough to know that that would never do. Certainly he had not a pleasant face, for his heavy overhanging eyebrows and compressed lips hardly looked as if he was good tempered. Then his face was pitted with small-pox, and his eyes were like small beads. That he was not to be trifled with his subordinates well knew, and as he was manager of the bank, the clerks had to mind their Ps and Qs, for he was down on them at once if he found them out in the slightest dereliction of duty.

He was a most methodical man himself, and somehow always thought others should be the same.

"Silly old geezer," said Gregory Nithsdale. "He can't understand anyone not being as withered up as himself. I wonder what he was like when he was young?"

"He can't be very old now; certainly not more than fifty," replied Charles A. Whitely.

"Well, at any rate he looks as old as Methuselah," retorted Nithsdale.

The others laughed. They always laughed at Nithsdale's remarks when they had the least suspicion that they were meant to be funny, because Nithsdale was a "bit of a swell," and his colleagues looked up to him with respect, as was only natural, considering he had "private means," which counts for a good deal, and was related to a peer, which counts for a good deal more.

When he first came to the bank, the clerks had ridiculed his pretensions, but when they privately looked up a peerage and found that his second cousin, or half-uncle, or something of the kind, really possessed a title, they accepted him as their mentor at once.

Consequently they always laughed at his wit, however thin it was, and, truth to say, it was generally so remarkably attenuated that it took a disposition of a very humorous turn, or perhaps not humorous at all, to see his jokes.

But all this hasn't much to do with "Old Nails." It need hardly be said that this was not the manager's real name.

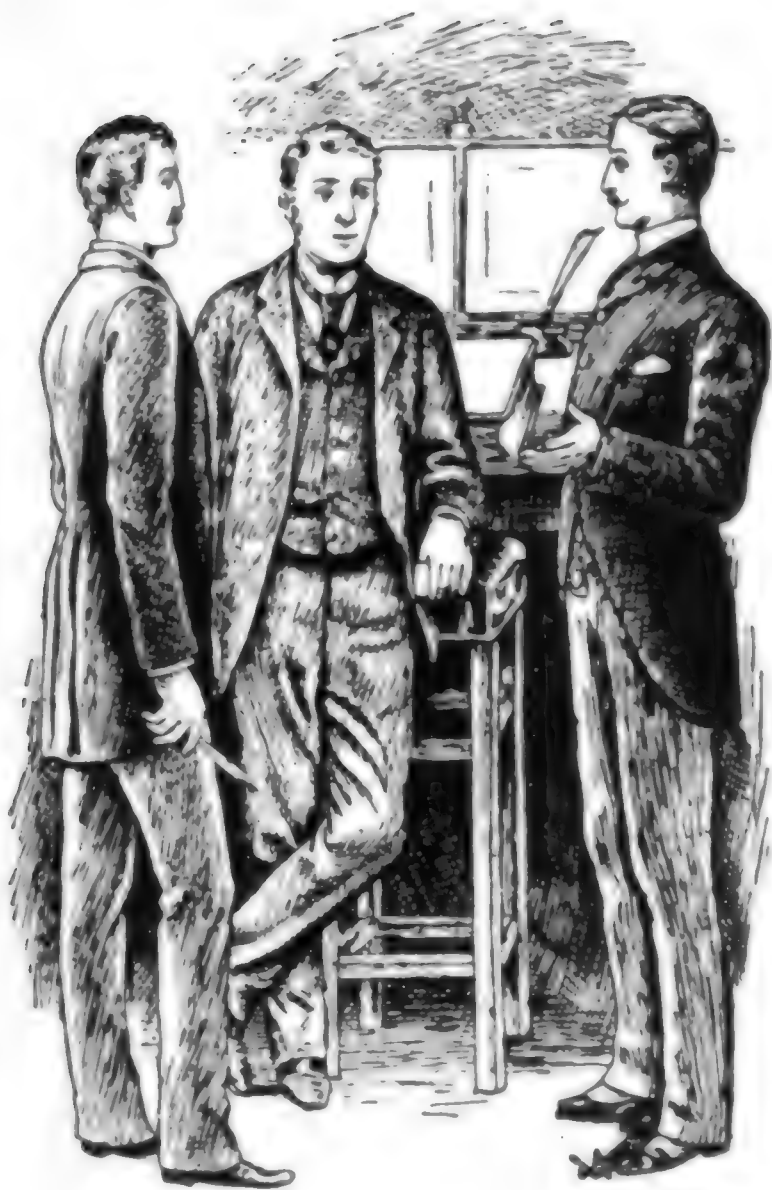
It came about in this way. Soon after Nithsdale condescended to accept an appointment in the bank, he took to being late in the mornings, feeling himself too important to keep time like clockwork. He laughed when it was suggested that the manager would "go for him," and freely declared that if he did, he would give him a piece of his mind. The manager one morning did "go for him," but whether Nithsdale gave a *quid pro quo* will never be known. The young man came from the interview looking rather crestfallen, and simply remarked:

"Surly brute, he's as hard as nails. By Jingo, that's a good name for him, 'Old Nails.' I'll call him that from this day forward."

Whitely ventured a protest, but the wit of the office remarked:

"Charley always has a soft feeling for anything ugly. A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind."

The others laughed, Whitely was shut



THE MANAGER WAS KNOWN AS "OLD NAILS."

up, and Nithsdale's admirers as usual took the cue from him; so henceforth the manager was known as "Old Nails."

Not a bad name either, for if anything is annoying to the average bank clerk, it is a strict task-master who compels them to keep at work when they wish to be idle.

No one could deny that "Old Nails" was a most solemn individual. He never smiled or joked, nor for that matter even conversed with his juniors. First thing in the morning, he went to his own room and set to work without delay. He was, as has been said, a most methodical man, and seemed to revel in accounts, records and statistics of all kinds.

The clerks knew nothing about his private affairs; but Nithsdale said he was sure he was a bachelor, because no woman would be fool enough to marry such a surly creature: otherwise, he added "I should think he was hen-pecked at home, so wanted to retaliate on us here."

One day, Nithsdale saw "Old Nails" escorting a blind woman across the road at the Mansion House. This was a source of great amusement to him; and, of course, he told his fellow-clerks.

"Depend upon it he was trying to mash her, having found out that ladies who can see don't seem to appreciate his charms."

"Look here," said Whitely; "why should you be so down on the manager? Surely he was doing a kind action."

"Hee, hee," laughed Nithsdale; "fancy 'Old Nails' doing the gallant."

"You certainly are uncharitable," retorted Whitely. "I suppose you consider it clever to make fun of your elders; but I think it——"

"Oh, shut up, Charley. Don't start preaching; keep that for your Sunday school ragamuffins!"

Whitely collapsed. He was very sensitive. It had got known in the bank that he gave up his spare time to religious work; and above all things, he detested sneering references to it.

A few mornings later, as Nithsdale was walking to the bank, he met with a little adventure. His costume, as usual, was immaculate. His silk hat shone with all the lustre that characterises this form of head-gear when in good condition. His black coat and vest served to show off the snowy whiteness of his shirt-front, relieved by a single diamond stud. Not a spot of mud marked his light trousers, which was something extraordinary, considering that it had been raining all night and the roads were frightfully slushy. He had passed unspotted through the streets, despite the

rush of vehicles to and fro, and as the portals of the bank came in sight he was congratulating himself on his good luck. His satisfaction, however, was a little premature, for just at that moment a small street arab threw his peg-top from its string. The top happened to alight in the gutter. A shower of dirty water deluged the fastidious clerk's nether garments, and the top itself



ESCORTING A BLIND WOMAN.

ran up his leg, leaving a trail of mud behind it. Nithsdale acted promptly: he seized the urchin by his collar and soundly boxed his ears. Then, as a further punishment, he picked up the offending toy and carried it into the bank with him. For a moment the boy stood astounded, although he had commenced to snigger directly he felt the young man's hand upon him. Hard knocks he was quite used to, and held them of little account, but as he saw his top, which represented the greater part of his worldly possessions, disappearing from sight, he set up a hideous and ear-piercing wail of anguish. "Old Nails" happened to be approaching at the time, and had been a spectator of the comedy, or, from the lad's point of view, tragedy.

He grasped the urchin's arm, who looked up with surprise and uttered a louder yell as he saw the forbidding countenance above him. Visions of further blows and yet more awful punishment flitted through his infantile brain, and he tried hard to wriggle out of his captor's clutch, but in vain. Then he began to whimper, "I 'ain't done nothing, I 'ain't." "Old Nails" made some reply that appeared to somewhat mollify the boy, but he was still suspicious.

The strange couple spent a minute or two in conversation, and then something passed from the man's hand to the boy's. It might have been a half-penny, or it might have been a shilling; but, whatever it was, it filled the urchin's soul with joy, and proved an effectual salve to his wounded feelings.

The delay had given Nithsdale time enough to tell his colleagues of his heroic deed, and he was just about to try his hand at spinning the confiscated top on the office floor when the manager entered.

His brows contracted, and as he crossed to his room, he said sharply, "Mr. Nithsdale, if top-spinning is an amusement of yours, I must request that you will not indulge in the pastime during office hours."

"Good gracious," muttered the young man, somewhat taken aback. "I'm hanged if Old Nails isn't getting funny. I wonder what next?"

"Old Nails" *had* been married. Perhaps in his younger days he had been agreeable, both in looks and ways, sufficiently to account for a woman being

willing to link her life with his. Be that as it may, he had no one now to criticise his appearance, for, of all his family, only one was left to him. This was his granddaughter, a fair-haired child of five years. Strange as it would have seemed to the clerks, the man loved the girl with all the intensity—however much that might be—of his solemn nature. How Nithsdale and the others would have laughed could they have seen hard-hearted "Old Nails" caressing and playing with the child. Somehow, his frowning brows and ugly face did not awe her. But then possibly she was not old enough to appreciate the sternness of his disposition, for even the household servants looked on him with fear and avoided his austere glances.

That "Old Nails" should be fond of the little one was only an illustration of the well-known fact, that stern men are often more attached to their grand-children than they ever were to their own immediate offspring. Perhaps they recognise in advanced age the beauties of childhood more fully than they could in the days of their prime, when they possessed the full strength and vigour of health.

The manager usually spent the hour after his return home, with the child. But about a fortnight after the top episode, on reaching his house, he was "informed that the child had not seemed well, and had been put to bed." "Send for a doctor," he said curtly.

The medical man was sent for, and pronounced the complaint scarlet fever.

"Old Nails" did not go to the bank after this. Very likely he feared that he might carry infection to his clerks; although, considering the small affection he had for them, he would probably not have regarded that as a great calamity.

However, he stayed at home and insisted on taking a share of the nursing. This, of course, upset everyone. He had no idea what to do, and continually grumbled at the others. He frowned at the nurse and scowled at the medical man, until the former wished she had never undertaken the case and the latter made his visits as short as possible.

One evening, after the child had fallen asleep, "Old Nails" sat reading a periodical in his library, when he came across some verses. He read them through, although, being a very matter-of-fact man, as a rule he did not like poetry. They evidently took his fancy, however, for he

read them again, and then cut them out and placed them in his pocketbook. Whatever would Nithsdale and Co. have thought if they could have read the simple little rhyme? Probably that he was "going off his dot," as they would have put it. The verses were commonplace enough; in fact the merest doggerel; but for some reason or another they appealed to the man. Most likely he couldn't have told you why they did so, even if he had been willing to discuss the matter at all. Well, here they are: the reader can judge them for himself, and will doubtless fail to find any peculiar merit in them:—



HE CAME ACROSS SOME VERSES.

"MY GIRL."

A LITTLE corner with its crib,
A little mug, a spoon, a bib,
A little tooth so pearly white,
A little rubber-ring to bite.
A little plate all lettered round,
A little rattle to resound;
A little creeping—see! she stands!
A little step 'twixt outstretched hands.
A little doll with flaxen hair,
A little willow rocking-chair,
A little dress of richest hue,
A little pair of gaiters blue.
A little school, day after day,
A little "school-ma'am" to obey,
A little study—soon 'tis past,
A little graduate at last.
A little muff for wintry weather,
A little jockey-hat and feather,
A little sac with funny pockets,
A little chain, a ring, and lockets.
A little while to dance and bow,
A little escort homeward now,
A little party somewhat late,
A little lingering at the gate.
A little walk in leafy June,
A little talk while shines the moon,
A little reference to papa,
A little planning with mamma.
A little ceremony grave,
A little struggle to be brave,
A little cottage on a lawn,
A little kiss—my girl was gone.

The next night "Old Nails" was summoned in haste to the child's bedside. She was much worse. The doctor shook his head gravely, and deigned to prolong his stay. The nurse moved backwards and forwards, and after a time, when the manager would have retired, gently said he had better stay. Strangely enough, he complied. He stood beside the little bed, and now and again bent down and spoke to the child, but she was unconscious. He evidently did not know what to do. Towards eleven o'clock, a change came over the pale face of the little sufferer. He recognized it at once. He turned to the nurse

and asked, "Is she dead?" The woman inclined her head. "Old Nails" frowned and looked defiantly around. Then he went to his library again. He got out a bottle of brandy and drank three strong glasses of it. He lighted his pipe and smoked violently, almost savagely. He read the silly little verses again and again, until the servant tapped at the door, and asked whether her master would come down to supper or have it sent up to him. He said sharply, "I will come down as usual." The woman said nothing, but thought, "Well, he is a hard 'un." She didn't know he was called "Old Nails," but would at once have recognized the appropriateness of the name.

He went into the dining-room, and cut a large plateful of cold beef, and helped himself liberally to vegetables. Then he actually read the paltry verses again. His dog, Ponto, came and pushed his cold nose into his hand; "Old Nails" started, laid the paper down, and proceeded to feed the animal on the beef and vegetables. Ponto enjoyed the repast, and eagerly

took the food. After that, "Old Nails" went upstairs again, and drank more brandy. When the servant came to clear away the supper things, she couldn't help saying to herself, "Well, he 'as got a appetite. It takes somethin' to affect it, that it do."

This went on for some days, in fact until after the child had been buried. "Old Nails" was just as disagreeable and particular as ever. He insisted upon having his meals served punctually, and always spent a good time at the table; but, curiously enough, he seemed to be getting paler and thinner. Perhaps staying indoors so much wasn't good for his health. Very likely too he was anxious to get back to his work at the bank, but for some reason or another he didn't go. Ponto, on the other hand, was getting absurdly fat.

"Old Nails" spent most of his time in the library. What he did there the domestics didn't exactly know. It was evident that he smoked, for the fumes escaped and tainted the whole house. Could they have seen him they would have been shocked, for he very frequently applied himself to the brandy bottle. No one suspected this, however, for it never affected him: he was always as hard as nails, as Nithsdale said.

One morning when the young men took their places in the bank, the senior clerk announced, in what he imagined was a sad and grieved voice, "Gentlemen, I am sorry to have to tell you that our manager has died suddenly. I have no par-

ticulars of the sad event, having only just received a telegram stating the bare fact. I shall of course remain in charge until another appointment is made." Then he left them.

"Poor old fellow," said Whitely, "after all, he was not a bad sort."

"Poor 'Old Nails,'" mimicked Nithsdale, "I don't know where we'd find a worse."

"I wonder what he died of?" said another.

"Apoplexy, I expect," said Nithsdale. "He always looked as though he could take care of No. 1 and appreciated the pleasures of the table."

"Drink, perhaps," said another clerk with a smile.

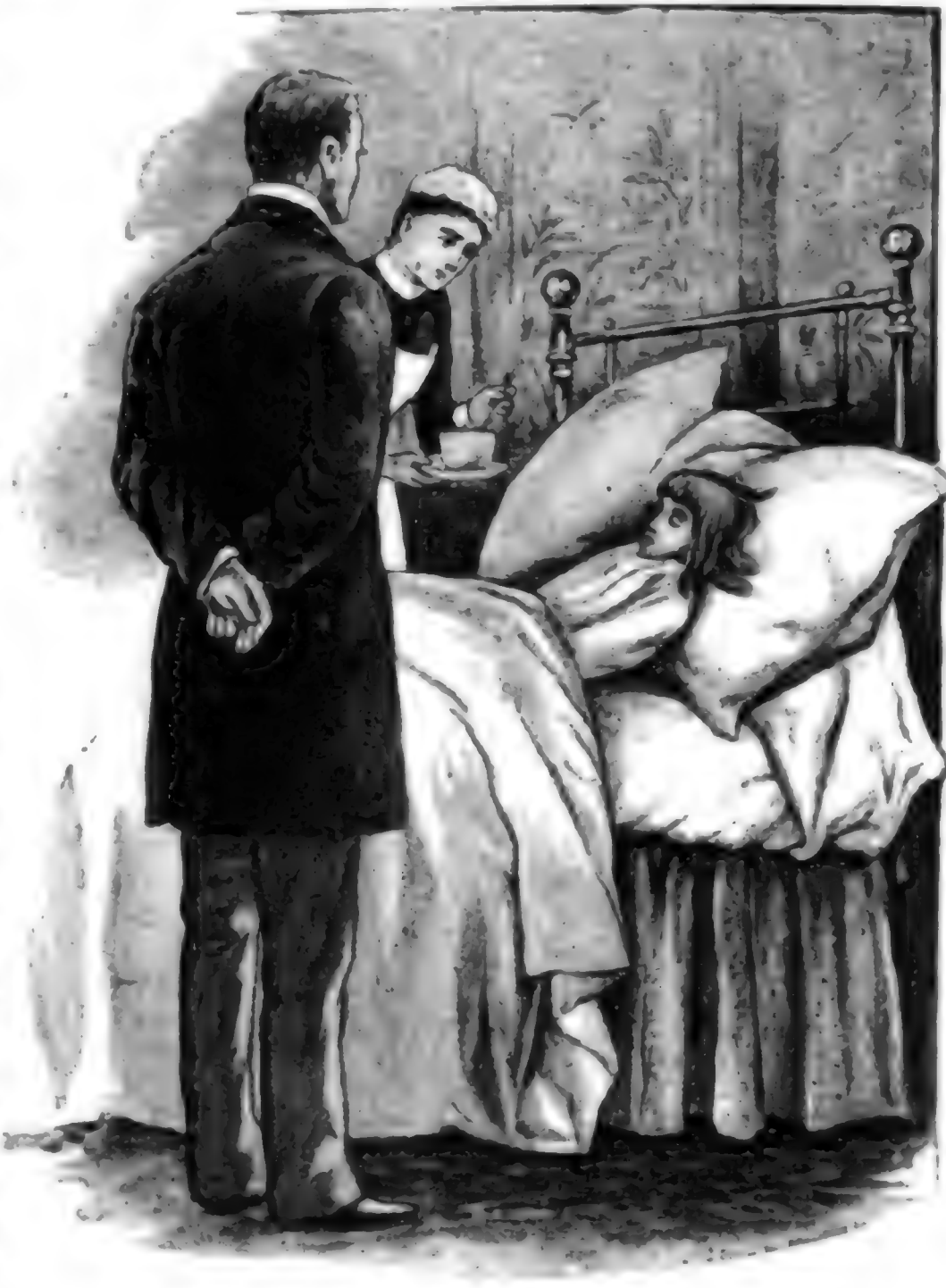
"Wouldn't it be better to wait until we hear something definite?" said Whitely.

"At any rate, this is hardly the time to cast reflections on the man's character."

"Oh, if Charley's on the preach I've done," replied Nithsdale.

How had "Old Nails" died then? He had gone into his library as usual one

evening, just a week after the child died. The servants had not seen him again that night, but in the morning found his bed undisturbed. Wondering, they knocked at the library door, but received no answer. Then they entered the room and found "Old Nails" lying dead on the floor. Quite a dramatic way for him to die, only the effect was rather spoilt by the half-empty bottle of brandy on the table and a broken wine-glass beside him. Will it be believed that he



SHE WAS MUCH WORSE.

still grasped those ridiculous verses in his hand? But when they straightened out the paper, they found that the last five verses had been crossed out and the following bit of doggerel written on the margin :—

" A little head and limbs that ache,
A little medicine to take,
A little tossing on her bed,
A little gasp—my girl was dead."

Fancy "Old Nails" turning poet at the last; really it gave quite a humorous aspect to the affair.

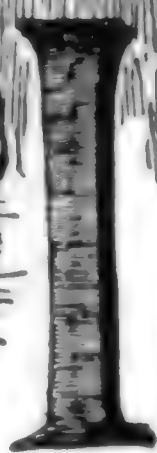
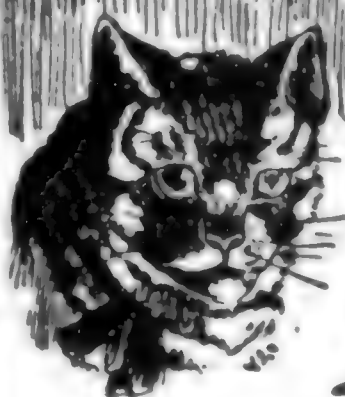
The medical men who examined the body stated that death was due to failure of the heart's action, accelerated by want

of proper nourishment. Of course the latter part of the report was ridiculed. Imagine a man in his position not having had enough to eat. It was too absurd. Besides, the servants were willing to swear that he had taken his meals as usual, and appeared to have quite a hearty appetite. Ponto couldn't speak, or he might have given important evidence. In a romance, "failure of the heart's action," might very likely be described as a "broken heart." Only this is not a romance. Then again, if anyone ever did die of a broken heart, surely the last person to do so would be disagreeable, cantankerous, hard "Old Nails."



LYING DEAD ON THE FLOOR

MUSINGS ON CATS



HAVE always been of a most trusting and believing disposition.

It hurts me to have old theories and beliefs rudely overturned. Yet, walking the streets of London, a short while ago, I suffered the pangs of having a very old belief ruthlessly disturbed.

It was, perhaps, a belief without foundation, still it had its origin in a book!

In a gutter I perceived, a miserable, bedraggled, starved, dying cat—no very uncommon sight! But in a flash these words occurred to me: "The cat is a household favourite!" Mark the "is," not "sometimes is" or "generally is," but "is" pure and simple!

All I can say is the cat in the gutter did not convey that impression; so either the words or "it" were a sham.

I remember the very look of the page on which those words appeared, also the sleek cat facing them.

After this, I mused awhile on cats, as to the possibility of the book and my old belief being true.

Is the cat a household favourite?

Possibly a household favourite, but I



A. J. Gough
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take the liberty of doubting its being a householder's (male householder's) favourite.

Certain remarks occurred to me: "That precious cat of yours has been rolling in my aster bed." "There's that cat of yours under my feet again; I wish you would drown it!" "Confound that cat, I nearly sat on it!"

The remembrance of these (quite mild) remarks was followed by the shadowy vision of a rapid and dangerous journey through the air of a cushion, book, or boot! Of course an entirely justifiable proceeding, under the circumstances.



THE VISION THROUGH THE AIR OF A CUSHION.

It is unpleasant to find a cat crawling around one's feet; still more unpleasant to find oneself crawling on hands and knees, brought to that lowly position by the first crawler, the cat. It is most annoying to

have one's new flower-beds spoilt. It is indescribably annoying to find a cat in one's chair, *after* one has sat down. I remember this happening once to a very irascible large man. The remembrance is still harrowing! I will not unfold that tale.

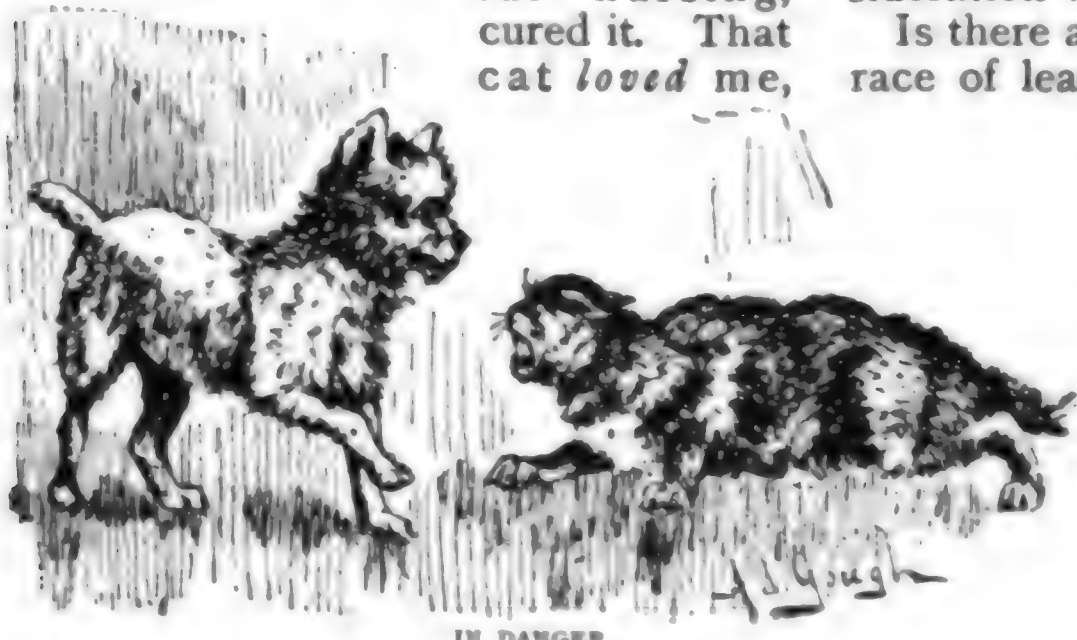
True it is "When the cat's away, the mice will play." I firmly believe many people keep cats on this principle alone. They put up with them, as a rather

troublesome but effective mouse-trap. Yet, even setting aside the question of mice, puss has good points. It is cheerful and homely to come down of a morning, to a bright fire, and a contented purring cat—always supposing you too, are in a contented purring mood.

Again, a tabby Persian, a white Angola, or a blue (chinchilla) tabby is a thing of beauty. Black cats I do not so much admire, though in truth I have found them affectionate.

In spite of the general judgment of condemnation, I maintain the cat is affectionate; and I have had many, very many. They have all come to a bad end—evil communications, etc., with the surrounding woods, you understand.

One cat, an inveterate poacher, had had, at separate times, both front legs broken in traps. I was known to the keepers, so was my cat, so its life was spared. Home it came in misery, refusing assistance in a marked manner, and was condemned to death, when its owner appeared. No teeth and claws were offered to me. I carried it triumphantly to my room, bound up the broken limb in a cabbage stump, and after long and careful nursing, cured it. That cat loved me,



IN DANGER.



A WHITE ANGOLA.

and its affection was returned.

'Twas in the days of my youth.

The same animal, after its second accident, when it walked with two stiff front legs—due, I fear, to my amateur surgery—used to

bring home occasionally as many as three rabbits a day; also, occasionally, some-

thing heavier and of more value than a rabbit.

Away with reminiscences! It is of the cat of the present I would speak; more particularly of a race of cats, known in



THE LEAN, THIEVING CAT.

towns, whose lives are a misery to themselves and human beings—a minor consideration we will take first.

Is there anyone who does not know the race of lean, miserable, cowering, thieving creatures who apparently belong to no one, and exist only to make night hideous, to steal, and to rend the tender hearts of children and pitying humanity? If any know not this species, let him visit London during the month of August, or any very poor district in a big town, in winter time in preference, for the deserted fashion-

able cat soon degenerates into a slum cat.

Once, doubtless, these poor wretches had homes and belongings. But who cares to travel with a cat, or would establish a caretaker especially to look after a cat, when there are neighbours all round? And who cares for the charge of one's neighbour's cat? In this case distinctly charity begins at home; and as few bear in mind that most admirable institution, the Home for Cats and Dogs, or would bestow the trouble or money to place the household favourite there, the deserted cat obtains small share of mercy, and a smaller share of provisions, and becomes nothing short of a nuisance.

As to the cats of the poor. Well, in the country they do fairly well—near preserves, they live in a state of warfare with the keepers, and generally end—"Shot for stealing." A merited fate, when one considers the death of two-hundred rabbits a-year are laid down as due to cats, on one estate of one thousand acres. Now, according to some, rabbits are good food for human beings, putting aside the question of sport, therefore this is distinctly wicked of the cats.

But the cat of the poor in town, has a still more lively life. Hourly in danger of men, dogs, boys, tins and string, wheels and feet; ill fed, little loved. Poor cat!

Now cats are useful, cats are pleasant, in moderation—and in their proper place, which is neither in our neighbour's larder or woods, nor in a house where the children themselves cry for bread!

And as regards use, mouse-traps are plentiful and cheap, far cheaper than a cat, more especially if there is a poultry yard next door. And a mouse-trap will keep mice away, if not as well as a cat, at least as well as is likely to be necessary in a house where a cat grows thin. Yet cats are the best mouse-traps, and we would preserve, not exterminate Pussy; do we not believe "the cat is a household favourite!" But cats in moderation please. It is a well

known fact that cats increase very fast, and that there are too many cats!

Let us tax the cat! Splendid idea. "Tax the Poor Man's remaining comfort?" Well we would not be very hard on the poor man who finds puss a comfort. Say one shilling, or even two shillings a year, for the privilege of cat keeping!

The tax on dogs is seven and six, bringing in a return of £343,135, a year. Probably there are twice as many cats as dogs; at two shillings each, this would bring a return of about £180,000.

View the question however from the Cat's point of view. A taxed commodity, no matter how small the tax may be, becomes doubly valuable in its owner's eyes. We should then keep a cat—one cat—because we really feel a pleasure in the sight of a contented purring puss, and because we object to mice. When we leave home we shall provide for our cat—for, the tax being paid, we will have our money's worth of cat, being English. In short, we take better care of our cat altogether. No longer allowed to rove at night, for chance it should be lost or killed; for this our neighbours are grateful. The keepers and maiden ladies of a village live on better terms. The haunting, harried, distressing slum cat disappears, *thereby lessening the dangers of hydrophobia.*

One has only to compare the free dog of a foreign country with the taxed dog of England. The one is a trusty, valued friend, the other is a miserable outcast.

If the cat is really a domesticated animal, let us treat it as such, either as a household favourite, or as an ornamental mouse-trap of set value. Night would become more peaceful, neighbours more neighbourly. Government would be richer by £180,000, and cats of all ranks and stations would mew in grateful chorus to



HYDROPHOBIA.

A MUSER ON CATS.

Whispers from the Woman's World.

By FLORENCE MARY GARDINER.

PERSONAL BEAUTY.

FROM the time when Jezebel "tired her hair, painted her face and sat at a window," with the sole object of attracting the admiration of the lords of creation in general and of Jehu in particular, women have used every means in their power to increase their natural charms.

In Nineveh the practice of enamelling was quite common. The skin was made smooth with pumice stone, and then covered with a layer of white chemical preparations; and a toilet case found in the ruins at Thebes was well supplied with bottles of perfume and complexion medicines. The matrons and maids of Athens painted themselves with white lead and vermilion; while the fair ladies of Rome bathed in asses' milk, and Ino, the favourite wife of Nero, took herds of asses with her whenever she set forth on a journey, so as not to be denied her accustomed luxury. Ovid refers to the curious methods they had for beautifying their eyes, and the philosopher Pliny speaks of a concoction of flour of peas and barley, eggs, hartshorn, etc., which fashionable Italian women wore on their faces during the night, to purify the skin. The custom of tinting the face was brought to Gaul, Germany and Britain by the Romans, though from a still earlier period woad and other vegetable dyes had been used there for staining the skin and hair; and the latter, in many Anglo-Saxon MSS., is painted blue, and even in rare cases green and orange. Strutt of this custom, says: "I have no doubt in my own mind that arts of some kind were practised at this period to adorn the hair, but whether it was done by dyeing it with liquids prepared for that purpose according to the ancient Eastern custom, or by powders of different hues cast into it, agreeable to the modern practice, I shall not presume to determine."

To pass on to the time of the Stuarts, we read of the rich belle, that:—

" . . . she buys perfumes at any price—
storax and spikenard she burns in her bower, and
daubs herself with civet, musk and amber."

" Waters she hath to make her face to shine,
Confections eke to clarify her skin;
Lip salves, and clothes of a rich scarlet dye
She hath, which to her cheeks she doth apply.
Ointment, wherewith she pargets o'er her face
And lustrifies her beauty's dying grace."

An unfortunate husband writes to the *Spectator* in 1711 for advice on this subject.

"Not to keep you in suspense," he says, "as for my dear, never was man more enamoured than I was of her fair forehead, neck and arms, as well as the bright jet of her hair; but, to my great astonishment, I find they were all the effects of art. Her skin is so tarnished by this practice that when she wakes in the morning she scarce seems young enough to be the mother of her who went to bed the night before. I shall take the liberty to part with her at the first opportunity, unless her father will make her a portion suitable to her *real* not her assumed appearance." He further enquires if the law is likely to assist him in the event of his father-in-law refusing to accede to his reasonable demands. That this unhappy husband was not a solitary exception is amply proved, as in 1779 the following Act of Parliament was passed in England:—

"All women, without distinction as to age, position and condition, be they maids or widows, who beguile into matrimony any male subjects of Her Majesty by painting their cheeks or lips, or using toilette creams, artificial teeth or hair, Spanish wool, corsets, crinolines, high-heeled shoes or padded hips will be amenable to punishment under the paragraph of the law which deals with witchcraft; and such a marriage shall be declared null and void if the woman

in question is proven guilty of such an offence."*

Now to be strong and healthy and to preserve such beauty as kindly Mother Nature has endowed us with, is a question of vital importance to every woman; and these attributes, it should always be remembered, are largely dependent on personal cleanliness, regularity of exercise, equality and purity of atmosphere, moderation in eating and drinking, and at least eight hours' sleep in the twenty-four. A sufficiency of work without undue fatigue, and congenial surroundings and avocations, which to most of us spell "Happiness," are also very important factors in personal beauty. Happiness has a distinct æsthetic and hygienic value. The proverb which formed the heading of our copy-books in days of yore said, "Be virtuous and you will be happy." But the old order changeth and giveth place to the new, and the modern gospel preaches happiness and material prosperity as the basis of morality.

To insure beauty, which is mainly dependent on a clear and healthy skin, regular and constant ablution is absolutely necessary, and, fortunately, both sexes in Britain have an hereditary predisposition towards soap and water. Piecemeal washing of the human cuticle, although the surface looks fairly clean, is not what is required, but complete immersion at least once in the twenty-four hours in water of a higher temperature than the human body, followed by a vigorous application of a mild and super-fatted soap, friction with an Egyptian loophah, and a final sponge with tepid or cold water. Under this regimen the muscles develop, the flesh becomes firm, the appetite good, the digestive organs strong, the sleep more sound and healthy, and the complexion fresh and pure. The cold bath as a tonic may be beneficial under some circumstances, and the same remark applies to sea bathing; but in the vast majority of

cases the severe shock to the system does more harm than good, and is a frequent forerunner of internal inflammation, arising from chills to the most vital organs of the body. They should never be used by delicate women or children, for whom the warm or tepid bath is in all respects more suited.

I trust the time may yet come when rich and poor alike will be able to indulge, *ad libitum*, in the pleasures of bathing, and that it will be considered as necessary to supply even the smallest cottage with a bath and hot and cold water as it is to provide a kitchen, a weather-tight roof and a chimney.

Another important preservative of beauty is regular and systematic exercise in the



A MODERN BATH-ROOM.

open air. I do not mean a slow and short stroll through a crowded thoroughfare for the purpose of gazing at the shop windows, but a rapid walk, which can be gradually extended from two to six miles a day, and which will stimulate the circulation and reduce the tendency to accumulating superfluous adipose tissue.

I have so often dwelt on the necessity of proper ventilation—the lowering of the top window sash in bed and sitting-rooms, and other means of ingress for pure air—that it is unnecessary to refer to the matter here further than to urge those who do me the honour to peruse these pages to live in rooms that are in direct and free communication with the outer atmosphere, and to avoid inhaling dust and other organic impurities.

* In the interests of readers of the fair sex, I feel bound to state that I have been unable to find that this Act has ever been repealed.

With reference to diet, I feel it will be readily granted that most of us take more food than is necessary to sustain health, and do not pay sufficient attention to the quality and cookery of such food. Surely there is something repugnant about absorbing into our systems various products which are not absolutely pure in themselves, and we might with advantage follow the example of our Jewish countrymen, whose hygienic and religious laws make them more careful than Christians in the selection of their diet.

I consider a Kosher butcher in a neighbourhood a perfect godsend, as one can be always sure that the seal of the Rabbi would not be placed on anything which was sullied by spot or blemish. Milk and bread, in London at least, can generally be depended upon, though even here the qualities vary to a considerable degree; and a little care will insure fresh ripe fruit and vegetables, and owing to rapid railway communication in most places, various kinds of fish and dairy produce can be obtained at a reasonable price. These are, after all, the necessities if they are not the luxuries of life, the moderate use of which will tend to maintain a healthy and, indirectly, a beautiful body. I hardly care to touch upon the subject of stimulants, as such different opinions exist on their advantages or otherwise. From personal experience, which is, after all, the only experience one can depend upon, I think the majority would benefit by dispensing with them. Abundance of milk, where it suits the constitution, the free use of lemons, various medicinal and aerated

waters, and a moderate supply of quickly infused tea, coffee and cocoa of a superior quality, seem to me to meet all the requirements of life, and so far as I can judge, those who adhere to them appear to have better complexions, and consequently more personal beauty, than those who imbibe "not wisely but too well." On this point, however, I am open to conviction.

Finally, Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep, a happy disposition, and enough congenial work to drive away that terrible demon, *ennui*, are three very important components in the production of Beauty with a capital "B," and without them all our other efforts are in vain: for they are the three brave friends who ever round us vigil keep and drive away temptation.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

Just as carefully chosen and becoming clothing improves the physical form, so do pretty and artistic surroundings shed a soothing and refining influence upon the mind; and though I am aware that many of the readers of *THE LUDGATE MONTHLY* are not able to indulge their aspirations regardless of cost, that does not deter my putting the best models I can procure before them, feeling sure that they will appreciate what is really good, and take a hint here and an idea there till they have evolved something perhaps very different from the original design, but suited in all respects to their own requirements. The bathroom, of which a sketch is given, is a perfect example of its kind. Both ceiling and walls are covered with encaustic tiles,

while the floor is of tessellated pavement. This form of decoration is of a rather costly character, but, on the other hand, it never requires renewing, is always fresh and clean, and impervious to moisture. The bath is of Doulton ware, which is preferable to any other substance for such a purpose, and the various fittings of mahogany form a pleasing contrast to the cool walls.

The decorations of this dainty little room, which forms the second illustration, would be suitable for the drawing-room of a



DECORATION FOR A BOUDOIR OR SMALL DRAWING-ROOM IN THE ADAMS' STYLE.

small house. The predominating shades are deep yellow and white, relieved here and there by touches of moss green, the latter tint being introduced in the upholstery. It is a charming interior, which cannot fail to appeal to anyone with refined tastes, and yet it has a homeliness about it, often wanting in more elaborate schemes of decoration.

How out of place, I hear my readers saying, to have a smoking-room in an article devoted to the interests of the fair sex. But one moment, my friends; when alterations and purchases are made in the household, whose taste is generally consulted? Is it Paterfamilias, who is in the city half his time and asleep the other half, and who, owing to the circumstances of the case, is unable to spend more than three or four hours of the day in the bosom of his family? No, he is perfectly content to leave the ordering of his household to his faithful spouse and daughters on the one condition that the lumber in his own particular den is left untouched by sacrilegious fingers. He can offer no possible objection to the smoking-room being supplied with comfortable divans, convenient coffee tables or quaint Moorish screens of fretted wood. Neither can he have a rooted dislike (once he has resigned himself to the expense) to soft Persian rugs, antique lamps of hammered iron or brass, and windows partially filled with stained glass. In these *fin de siècle* times it is not an unheard-of thing for the ladies to join their husbands, fathers, brothers and "nearer and dearer ones still" for an hour or two after the evening meal, especially if (as they often are in houses of moderate size) the smoking and billiard rooms are combined; in which case there can



A MOORISH SMOKING-ROOM.

be no reason for its remaining, as it so often does, so nearly akin to the apartments used for this purpose in second and third rate hotels and utterly devoid of those feminine touches which are difficult to define but which we know make all the difference between the home and a place of public entertainment.

I recently came across a very neat arrangement for the fireplace for summer use which, while concealing the grate, by no means interfered with ventilation. It consisted of a double-folding screen of Moorish lattice work made exactly to fit the aperture, and behind it a fire could be laid ready for lighting, a great advantage in a climate like our own, when one can never tell from one hour to the next when such a luxury will be required. The flower-box of brass, iron or tiles which can be adjusted to the bars, and of which I gave an illustration in this magazine some time ago, also has its advantages. Another good plan is to have a low deal box, lined with tin, made the size of the hearthstone, and, after painting, to edge it on three sides with virgin cork. It can then be filled with soft peat. Sink into this (in



A SUMMER FIREPLACE.

the pots) first a row of palms, which should be tall enough to conceal the grate, next, four or five pots of spirea, or marguerites, then some ribbon ferns, which are very hardy, so do not require frequently renewing, and, finally, a row of white lobelia. By graduating the sizes of the plants you have a bank-like mass of bloom, which forms an attractive feature in the room and which will not quarrel with the prevailing shades in the paper and carpet. Of course where there is



love for the beautiful, and an intense desire for a settled home in which they can satisfy their very natural cravings. This sentiment expresses itself in a thousand different ways, but more particularly by a lavish display of Nature's ornaments, the flowers of the garden and the field, by subtle drappings of rich fabrics, by alternations of light, shade and colour and by the juxtaposition of various articles of furniture which have a distinct decorative value. Some, of course, possess this gift to a greater degree than others, but I believe *all* women have the germ hidden in their natures, but whether the opportunities arise for its due cultivation is another matter altogether.

FASHIONS AND FRIPPERIES.

Now let us briefly consider the outward adorning of the body and the putting on of apparel, for even beauty cannot afford to be behind the fashion and must keep an eye on the weather-cock of the highest pinnacle of its temple.

Most of us are now thinking of suitable travelling costumes, for this bright and prosperous season of 1893 is nearly over, and we are anxious to escape from the glare and heat of London to the

"Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood";

or to idly muse by the sad sea waves in *dolce far niente*. For such a purpose nothing could be more suitable than neat, tailor-made serge or tweed gowns, of which the three sketches are excellent examples.

The fancy silk blouse, with folded front and ends fastened under a rosette at the back, is another useful possession and much cooler than the ordinary bodice, as it gives with every movement of the wearer and is so light in texture that its weight is infinitesimal. The double-puffed sleeves are a pretty addition and



a fixed curb fender and tiled hearth, the box can be dispensed with; but when this is so I would advise the use of art pots of the same shade, and that the grate should be enveloped in greased paper to prevent it rusting.

An old Turkish proverb tells us that "a house without a woman is a house without a soul." The majority of women certainly possess an innate



TAILOR-MADE GOWNS.

a change from those in gigot form, which have long been fashionable. Children's dresses are more picturesque than ever, and are made in all the pretty cotton materials which are to be met with in such endless variety this summer. Indeed, the manufacture of cotton goods has been brought to such a high state of perfection that it is almost impossible to distinguish them from fabrics made from pure silk. Printed French satteens are particularly charming, as they are woven with shot, shaded and ribbed effects, and in a variety of tints which harmonise perfectly. Crepons of the palest and most delicate hues are made in many cases with light stripes, spots and points, and irregular plaids are also to the fore, especially in black on pale green and heliotrope grounds. Figured muslins, barèges and striped grenadines, with insertions of lace, are frequently made with coloured silk linings, which are also invariably used for brocatelles, cachemires, lustres and similar materials. The bell-shaped skirt is still in vogue, but sleeves are gradually assuming more modest proportions. Neither is it now considered good form to be half as broad as one is long. Gowns are often ornamented at the skirt seams by cordings, rows of sequins or passementerie, a fashion which prevailed some twenty years ago; and evening dresses are embellished with jewelled lace in many cases, while others are furnished with simple folds of satin or velvet at the neck and sleeves.

The summer sales offer ample opportunities for acquiring various accessories of the toilette, at prices which compare favourably with those asked earlier in the season. For example, a smart jacket, or mantle, which has been used as a pattern, can often be met with for the proverbial old song, and will prove a useful garment when the days begin to shorten, and an additional wrap is necessary for the after dinner stroll on the pier, or for a visit to one or other of the numerous friends or acquaintances whom we are sure to meet, however far from home we may be. To



A CROSSOVER BLOUSE.

use a rather vulgar nautical expression, it is also well to keep one's weather eye open for a pretty tea-gown, for never is a loose dress so acceptable as when that irresistible drowsiness attacks one between luncheon and five o'clock, and for which sunshine, sea air and the absence of our ordinary daily avocations are mainly responsible. White and pale-tinted délainés, with floral designs, are very appropriate for such a purpose, as they do not get tumbled with packing like many other materials, and have a very dressy

appearance, especially if they are lavishly trimmed with Irish guipure, or some similar lace which does not easily get out of condition. Delicate lingerie is another good investment. The objection drapers have to accumulations of stock, and the very natural desire to have as large a balance as possible available for the purchase of next season's goods, make the alarming sacrifices (of which some are inclined to be dubious) matters of fact. Hosiery, gloves, handkerchiefs, boots, etc.,



CHILDREN'S DRESSES.

are none the worse for keeping, and are not likely to go out of fashion, so they may be bought with a clear conscience, and without any of those qualms which beset us when we have been beguiled into extravagances which the state of our finances hardly justify.

ENTERTAINING UP TO DATE.

Nothing forms such a delightful contrast to the heat and turmoil of London life as a day spent on the river, and those who wish to entertain in a moderate way, during July and August, have within their power the means of affording those from whom they have received similar benefits, an amount of pleasure infinitely in excess of the pecuniary cost thereof.

Water parties, of course, can be organised in many different ways. First, there are the luxurious occupants of house-boats, who receive in semi-royal state, and on regatta days especially, vie with each other in providing for their guests every dainty in and out of season. Less ostentatious hostesses engage a saloon carriage and take their party down by train to Henley, Maidenhead, or some other favourite river resort, where boats or a steam launch await them, and in which the guests dispose themselves according to their own sweet will, landing at some convenient spot, previously agreed upon, in true picnic fashion. In such cases servants are taken to attend to the catering arrangements, so neither hosts nor guests have any trouble; and the only responsibility incurred by the givers of the entertainment is in the proper amalgamation of the party, and the avoidance of uncongenial spirits, who would act as a wet blanket to the more adventurous and amiable guests. In the cool of the evening they assemble for high tea at a popular riverside hotel, and afterwards return to London by train. Then there is the family party, consisting of a man and his wife, one or two children, and two or three intimate friends, who quietly row up the stream, provided with a picnic basket containing a light, but appetising repast, which they partake of when and where they please, lying under the shade



STYLISH TEA GOWNS.

of the trees by the side of the bank. How lovely are the woods, and the scent of flowers and new-mown hay as the boats proceed on their way, and how refreshed one feels after a day of perfect rest in the fresh, pure air, "far from the madding crowd."

Again, who would despise a well-arranged coaching party? Most of the four-in-hands running daily from the Metropolis to the neighbouring towns, are available for such a purpose, and can be reserved for a party of a dozen for fees varying from eight to twelve guineas, according to distance. Of course the longer journeys, as to Oxford or Brighton, require the greater part of the day, and necessitate returning by train. But there is a delightful run from London to Dorking and back, which can be accomplished between 11 a.m. and 6.30 p.m., allowing an hour and fifteen minutes for luncheon in the middle of the day. By this route one passes through Kingston, the quaint old town of Leatherhead, between which and Boxhill there is some of the most picturesque scenery to be found in England. Those who prefer the county of



A PRETTY JACKET.

Kent will be delighted with the drive to and from Tunbridge Wells, in which one has an opportunity of obtaining a passing glance at Bromley, Farnborough and Seven Oaks. The "Old Times" runs to Virginia Water, leaving the Hotel Victoria at 10.45, and returning from the Wheatsheaf Hotel, Virginia Water, at 3.30.

Another pleasant way for Londoners to entertain is to invite their friends to a little dinner which may be taken at the table d'hôte, or in a private room, as desired, in a first-class restaurant, or one of the leading hotels, and followed by an evening at some popular theatre, for which seats have been previously reserved.

The Métropole, Hotel Victoria, the Grand and Savoy are convenient for such a purpose, and can be depended upon, in all respects, while the Holborn, Criterion and Frascati's Restaurants are, as regards *cuisine*, all that the most fastidious can require. This form of entertainment finds special favour with country friends to whom the novelty appeals; but such invitations are rarely refused under any circumstances.

I am indebted to Messrs. Hampton, Pall Mall, for their charming designs for the decoration of a Bath-room, a Boudoir, a Smoking-room, and a Draped Corner, and to Messrs. Godfrey Giles, Old Cavendish Street, W., for the Summer Fireplace.



A DRAPED CORNER



The past month has been very prolific in productions and withdrawals. The chief event in the theatrical world has been the appearance of Miss Eleanora Duse at the Lyric Theatre. This eminent Italian actress has given us samples of her ability, both in tragedy and comedy. Though the prices have been doubled, yet the Lyric Theatre has been full throughout. The Independent Theatre has blossomed forth once more and has given us "Leida" and a one-act play entitled "At a Health Resort;" both were very much below the mark and were but indifferently acted. Since the production of "The Gold Fish" the Independentites have given us nothing worth seeing.



MR. PENLEY.

"Charley's Aunt" is going, if anything, stronger than ever at the Globe, and it looks as if Mr. Penley has secured a second "Private Secretary" in this very amusing play of Mr. Brandon Thomas's.

Jack Chesney, Charles Wykeham and Lord Fancourt Babberley are three undergraduates at St. Olde's College, Oxford. Charles Wykeham is an orphan, and has an aunt whom he has never seen—who has brought him up, having sent him first to Eton and then to Oxford. This aunt is expected home and has wired to Charley that she will be in Oxford on a certain day to lunch with him. This affords a good opportunity for Charley and his friend, Jack Chesney, to ask the objects of their affections to lunch, the excuse being "to meet Charley's aunt." As there will be an odd party in the person of the aunt, Lord Fancourt Babberley, commonly called "Babs," is also invited to lunch. He is about to take part in some private theatricals, and is to enact the part of an elderly lady, so he avails himself of the opportunity to try on his costume in Chesney's rooms. The young ladies arrive to lunch, and so does a wire from

the aunt putting off her arrival. "Here's a how d'ye do?" If there is no aunt to act as hostess the girls won't stay. Happy thought! Babs has his make-up on, and makes an excellent old lady; trot him out to impersonate the aunt. No sooner has the idea been born than it is put into execution, and Babs is forthwith introduced as Donna Lucia d'Alvadorez, Charley's aunt from the Brazils, where the nuts come from, don't cher know. To complicate matters, Jack Chesney's father, Colonel Sir Francis Chesney, arrives on the scene and determines to marry this millionairess for the sake of her shekels. Stephen Spettigue, an Oxford solicitor, and uncle and guardian



MISS ADA BRANSON.

Photo. by]

[Bassano.

respectively of the two objects of affection aforesaid, also turns up. He also is smitten with the charms of the dollars.

The love scenes that take place between this fraud of an aunt, and the Colonel and the solicitor, are screamingly funny.

Later on the real aunt arrives, accompanied by her friend and adopted niece, Miss Delahay. She, finding someone is masquerading under her name, adopts that of a friend, and introduces herself as Mrs. Beverley Smythe. She somewhat staggers Charley's aunt (pro tem.) by telling her, or him, I should say, she knew her late husband, Don Pedro. Eventually, the young couples having paired off, they confess the fraud they have perpetrated, and while Spettigue is vowing vengeance on his deceiver, Babs reappears, clothed and in his right mind. Sir Francis Chesney discovers an old sweetheart in Donna Lucia, Babs ditto in Miss Delahay. Charley and Jack succeed in obtaining the consent of Amy and Kitty, and everything ends happily.

Mr. Penley as "Babs" and Charley's aunt (pro tem.) is inimitable and keeps the house in one continual ripple of laughter. It would be useless to describe his performance, for it beggars description; it must be seen to be appreciated.

Mr. Walter Everard makes a handsome and pleasing Sir Francis Chesney; Mr. Reeves Smith, as Jack Chesney, makes the most of his opportunities, his love scene with and proposal to Kitty Verdun in the College quad being ex-



MISS EMILY CUDMORE.



WALTER EVERARD.

cellent; Miss Ada Branson is the stately and real Donna Lucia d'Alvadorez; and Miss Emily Cudmore, as the gentle and timid Ela Delahay, contributes to the success of the piece. It is so dangerous to prophesy, yet I feel tempted to say that this day twelve months will still see "Charley's Aunt" in the bills, for the public have got what they want; two hours of hilarity and amusement, and they are showing their appreciation by the fact that the house is packed nightly and money turned away from the doors.

Another piece which is drawing is "Morocco Bound," at the Shaftesbury. Now, this is a piece of a very different kidney. It has no pretensions to be anything else than a hotch-potch of tuneful music, quips, and old chestnuts strung together. It, however, succeeds in its object, it pleases the public and draws the shekels to the treasury; that being so, it is out of my province to analyse the piece. The idea is simplicity itself: an English, or rather an Irish, adventurer and his sister having failed to, or rather having succeeded so well in, their endeavours to bleed the British public, find the game played out and seek new pastures. They arrive at Morocco, where the adventurer gets into a good position, and is known by the cognomen of Spoofah Bey. In the first act he and his precious sister have returned to England entrusted with five thousand pounds by the Grand Vizier of Morocco to obtain musical and dramatic talent for his palace. The money having been used for every purpose but the legitimate one, Spoofah Bey has

H. REEVES SMITH.
(Photo. by Window and Grove.)

to cudgel his brains to discover some means to fulfil his master's behests. Every means having failed, he invites Squire Higgins and other friends he meets at Mokeleigh Hall out to Morocco, to his palace, as he describes it. Act two shows how they all arrive. Spoofah Bey then explains to each one individually that the Grand Vizier is to be his guest, and he purposes giving a sing-song, and would be obliged if his guests would favour his company with some of the latest English songs, etc. He per-



TEMPLAR SAXE.
(Photo. by Stereoscopic Company.)

suaues the Grand Vizier to confer the order of "the Red Morocco Boot" on the Squire, and he makes the Squire pay five thousand pounds for the privilege of obtaining the order. This is the whole plot; but much opportunity is afforded and licence given to each actor and actress to introduce his or her special business: thus Miss Letty Lind gives some of her up-to-date skirt dancing; Charles Danby and J. L. Shine have frequent chances of showing off any number of comical wheezes, excruciating puns and jokes, while Miss Violet Cameron and Mr. Templar Saxe delight and enchant the audience with their vocal contributions, Mr. Saxe's "Come, my Love" being excellently rendered. Dear me, how many years ago is it now since I saw Miss Cameron with poor Fred Leslie in "Rip Van Winkle?" One line in the piece deserves recording. Lady Walkover, talking about skirt dancing, is saying how popular it is becoming in society, and how some young ladies have



MISS VIOLET CAMERON.

do save bring on his bull-dog in nautical costume. The ladies have but little to say, with the exception of Miss Violet Cameron, who has several ditties, and Miss Letty Lind, who has a dance or two. Miss Agnes Hewitt and Miss Jenny McNulty look well; they have little else to do.

The production of the last month has been Mr. Pinero's play, "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray." I hope to tell my readers more about it next month.

Madame Adelina Patti succeeded in filling the Albert Hall the first Saturday in June, in spite of the weather and other counter attractions. Madame Patti, among other items, sang a new Ave Maria, specially composed for her by Mr. Angelo Mascheroni. It was both effective and original, and had for accompaniment parts violin, harp and organ. Madame Patti was supported by Madame de Pachmann, Madame Alice Gomez, Mr. Santley and Mr. Ben Davies.

Last Whit Monday I took a trip down to the Crystal Palace; and what a bill of fare had been provided for the public. The same public mustered in their thousands—some 55,000. The gates were thrown open at ten a.m., and from that hour till half-past ten at night there was some constant attraction—and these attractions were varied enough to suit all tastes.



CHARLES DANBY.
(Photo. by Stereoscopic Company.)

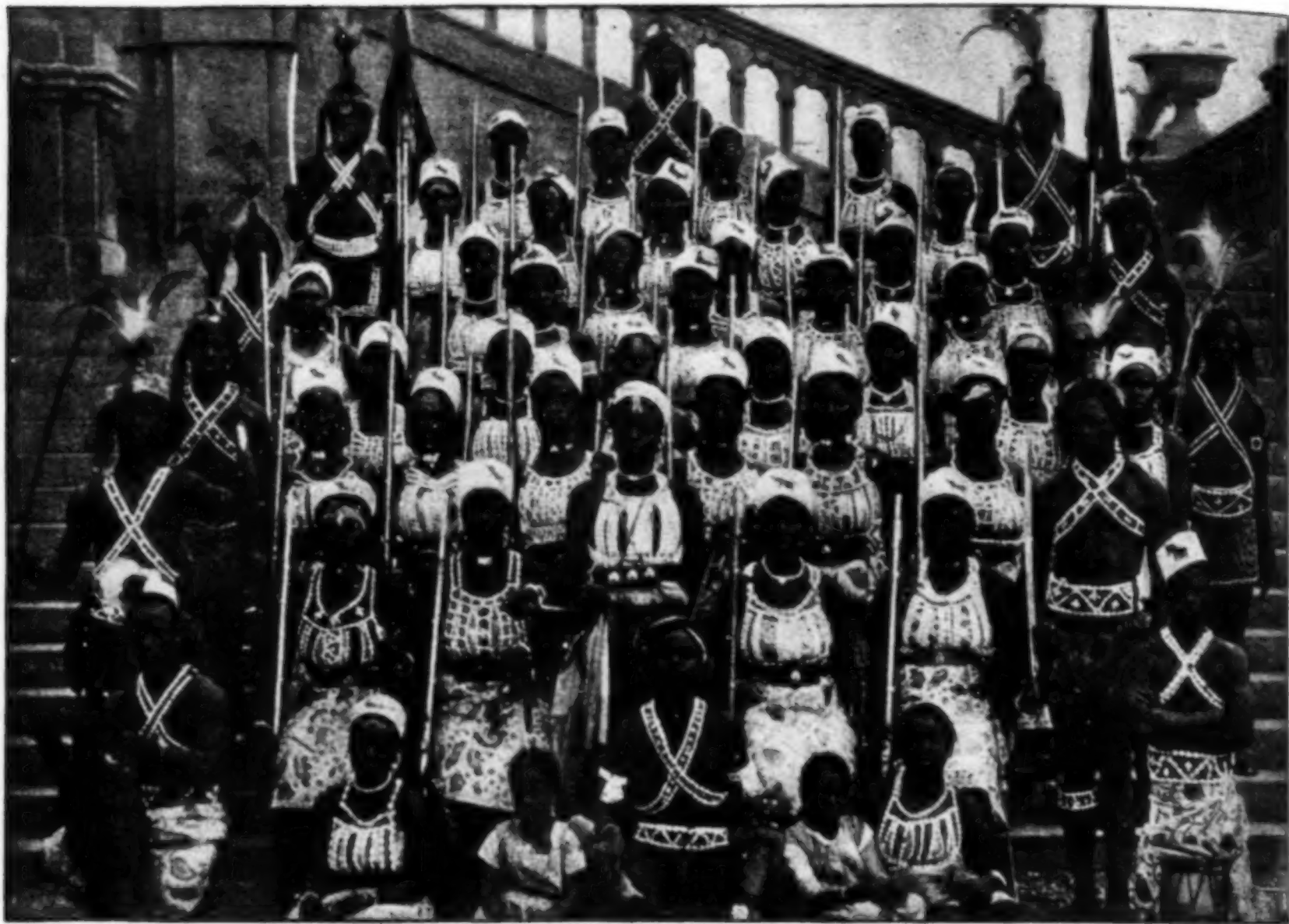


Photo. by]

FEMALE WARRIORS AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

[Negretti and Zambra.

Dancing, racing, games, balloon ascents, boating, skating rink, switchback and aerial railways, organ recitals, variety shows, nigger minstrels, marionnettes, promenade concerts, wound up by a grand display of fireworks, constituted the chief items on the programme.

To my mind, one of the most interesting side shows was the troupe of Dahomian Amazons. This troupe numbers some fifty odd, mostly women—well-made, strong, muscular women. They go through a programme which consists of warlike exercises, military march, sword dance, sham fight and grand march past, and they go through all their movements with much alacrity and smartness. These lady-warriors might not be of much service against the bullet of the European rifle, but if they

got to close quarters, they would, I think, be most formidable and disagreeable opponents.



THE CHIEF GUMMA.

(Photo. by Negretti and Zambra.)

It was during the last campaign of the French in Africa that these interesting people were taken prisoners, but they were afterwards released. They are curious specimens of a tribe which intends henceforth to abandon its traditions of fighting, pillaging, and massacring, and to devote itself to peaceful labour.

The army of King Behanzin, of which this troupe formed a very small part, was almost unique in the world, inasmuch as its strength rested on the corps of Amazons, or the regiment of women. These were chosen by the king himself from amongst the girls of Dahomey. These extraordinary women have great muscular strength, and are

extremely agile, as will be seen from their performances.

Their food consists principally of fish, rice and tea. It is well worth a journey to the palace to see these warriors.

* * *
The anniversary of the opening of the Crystal Palace, in 1854, was celebrated on 10th June last, and, as a memento, we give a reproduction of an old photograph of the Emperor Napoleon, the Empress Eugénie, Her Majesty the Queen, and the Prince Consort, taken shortly after the opening of the Palace in 1854.

* * *
One of the most pleasant trips out of London is afforded by the line of steamers running from London Bridge to Clacton-on-Sea. The public appreciation of this trip on the "briny" has necessitated the addition of yet another boat on the route named; the new steamer, *The London Belle*, of which we give a photo., is a magnificent specimen of modern shipbuilding: she is just under one hundred yards in length, with a breadth of thirty feet. Her builders, Denny and Brothers, of Dumbarton, are celebrated for the sumptuous passenger steamers they turn out, and the whole fittings and furnishing of *The London Belle* are carried out with great taste and regardless of expense. The Lord Mayor and a select company of friends were entertained by the owners on the maiden voyage to Clacton.

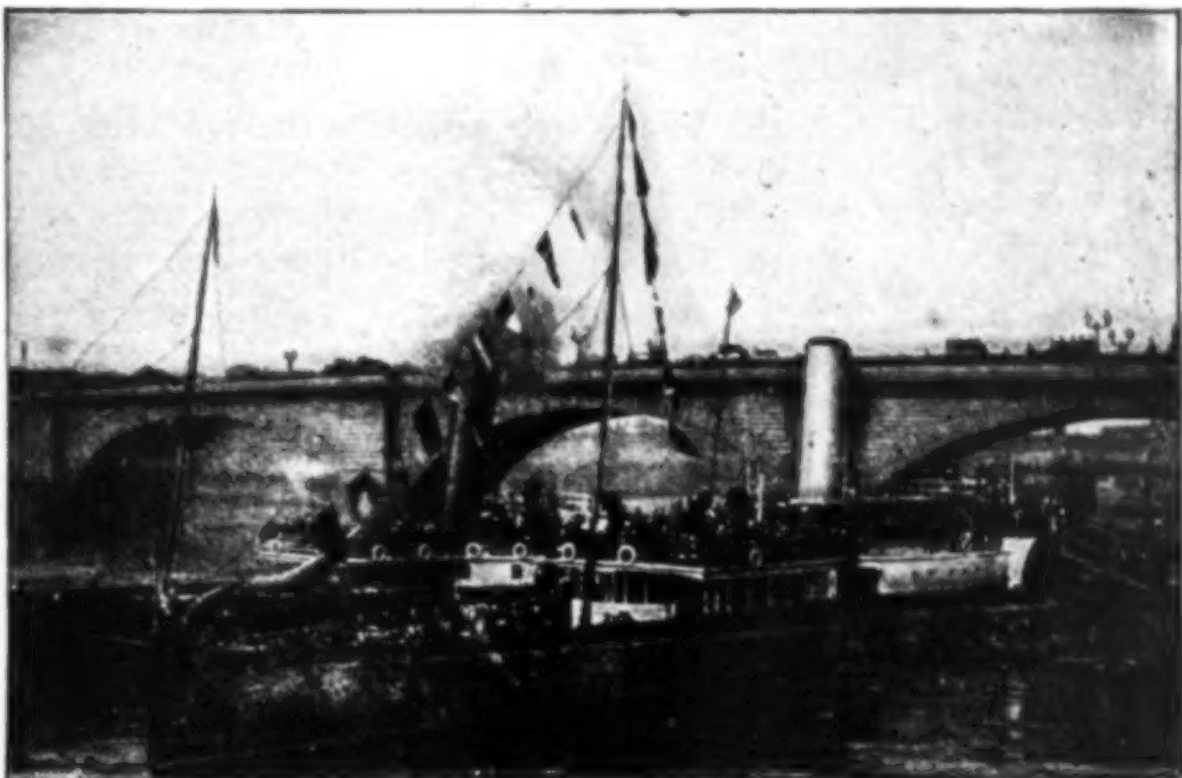
* * *
The following is the official position as-



EMPEROR NAPOLEON. QUEEN VICTORIA. EMPRESS EUGENIE. PRINCE CONSORT.
(From a Photo. taken in 1854 by Negretti and Zambra.)

signed to the clubs in the Football League after the final match of the season, 1892-'93. The competition for the gold watch offered to our readers, has proved more difficult than anticipated, and no one has succeeded in placing all the teams correctly; in fact, few managed to place more than six teams

in their correct position. There were 4,793 competitors, and the watch has been won



From a Photo. by]

"THE LONDON BELLE."

[R. W. Thomas.

by G. Harston, 251, Edge Lane, Liverpool, a copy of whose post-card is given below:

OFFICIAL RECORD.		WINNER'S LIST.	
1	Sunderland.	1	Sunderland.
2	Preston North End.	2	Preston North End.
3	Everton.	3	Everton.
4	Aston Villa.	4	Aston Villa.
5	Bolton Wanderers.	5	Notts Forest.
6	Burnley.	6	Sheffield Wednesday.
7	Stoke.	7	Stoke.
8	Blackburn Rovers.	8	Blackburn Rovers.
9	West Bromwich.	9	Notts County.
10	Notts Forest.	10	W'hamp. Wanderers.
11	W'hamp. Wanderers.	11	Accrington.
12	Sheffield Wednesday.	12	Derby County.
13	Derby County.	13	Bolton Wanderers.
14	Notts.	14	West Bromwich.
15	Accrington.	15	Burnley.
16	Newton Heath.	16	Newton Heath.

❖ Puzzledom ❖

43.



With eight pieces of card or paper of the shape of fig. a, four of fig. b, and four of fig. c, and of proportionate sizes, form a perfect square.



44. What is that which although black in itself, yet enlightens the whole world?

45. Why are washerwomen most inconsistent?

46. What is the difference between a baby and a pair of boots?

47. Why should a spider be a good correspondent?

48. Why are some widows like good gardeners?

49. Seven people agree to dine together daily so long as they could be differently arranged when they sat down to table. How many days would they dine together?



Five Prizes of Three-Volume Novels, cloth bound, will be awarded to the First Five Competitors sending in correct or most correct answers by 20th July. Competitions should be addressed "July Puzzles," THE LUDGATE MONTHLY, 53, Fleet Street, London. Postcards only, please.

ANSWERS TO JUNE PUZZLES.

36. *Bluebottle.*

37. (1) *Liverpool.*

(2) *Baltimore.*

(3) *Dresden.*

38. *Short—Shorter.*

(4) *Marseilles.*

(5) *Athens.*

(6) *Algiers.*

39. *He has a head and comes to a point.*

40. *Both reflect well.*

41. *Because however frank, she cannot be plain.*

42. *In hash.*

The following are the names and addresses of the five winners in Puzzledom in our May Number, to whom the Three-Volume Novels have been sent:—Mrs. A. Gittos, Yelverton Road, Bournemouth; E. G. Henderson, Fordoun House, Waltham Abbey; Miss Newsam, Oswald House, Ilkley; Miss Reid, Galloquhine, Fordoun, N.B.; James Thain, 35, Noel Street, Islington, London.